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# REMAKING THE FRANKENSTEIN MYTH ON FILM

## BETWEEN LAUGHTER AND HORROR

CAROLINE JOAN S. PICART

# Remaking the Frankenstein Myth on Film

SUNY series in Psychoanalysis and Culture

Henry Sussman, editor

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*Between Laughter and Horror*

Caroline Joan S. Picart

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# 1

# *Frankenstein* as Enduring Cinemyth

> The dark cavern of the cinema is reminiscent of a ceremonial sweat lodge, an initiation pit, the dark soul of the night, the belly of the fish, the alchemical grave, or the wilderness of the night journey.
>
> —Geoffrey Hill,
> *Illuminating Shadows: The Mythic Power of Film*

The origins of this book date back to the 1980s, when I realized that the Frankensteinian cinemyth[1] had spawned far more than classic horror renditions, producing, among others, comedic and science fiction variants. It occurred to me that these "hideous progeny" were an unruly lot, often defying classification, ranging in a continuum across horror and laughter. This ability to elicit a complex range of reactions—from fear, terror, and awe to laughter, ridicule, ironic sympathy, and distance—has fascinated me; these form the heart of this inquiry. I was drawn to how the Invisible Man's dark laughter that "closes" *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* leaves the nature of what laughter signifies, at the end of what had appeared as a standard comedy, disturbingly unsettled. I was ambivalent about how Elizabeth's (Madeline Kahn) ecstatic and melodious, "Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I have found you," as she and the creature engage in an implied rape-turned-seduction, elicits laughter rather than terror. In addition, the attractive-repulsive magnetism of the transgressive sexuality of Dr. Frank-N-Furter's transvestite mad scientist in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* cries out for further examination.

Prior work I have done on the cinematic retellings of the Frankenstein narrative have remained limited, for the purpose of clarity, to films that do not blur the genre boundaries of "straight" or "classic" horror.[2] This work diffuses beyond the traditional cinematic depiction of the evolving Frankenstein narrative with an eye to clarifying the relationships binding comedy to horror that are made manifest in comedic versions, such as *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein;* science fiction versions, such as *Alien;* and iterations in which horror and comedy hang in a tight, oscillating balance, such as *The Terminator* and *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*.

Two elements bind my previous work to this project: (1) the emphasis on parthenogenetic births (male self-births, such as Frankenstein's birthing of his creature), and (2) the focus on the third shadow, or representations of the female monster and the feminine-as-monstrous, as a crucial site of ambivalence revelatory of tensions regarding gender, power, and technology. Briefly sketched, what I found in prior work is that traditional Frankenstein films in the horror genre generally attempt to excise, or severely delimit, the novel's embedded critique of the Romantic politics of gender, as hiding a politics of masculine domination and narcissism. In place of the novel's complex characterization of the monster, these straight horror films often substitute a grotesque creation doomed to criminality and isolation; in place of the ambivalent relationships binding Victor to his mother and his bride-surrogate mother, these films obliterate the M/Other, and establish a more conventional love triangle between male figures, such as Henry Frankenstein and Victor Clerval, who seem monstrously cobbled together from fragments of Mary Shelley's novelistic characterization of them.

Yet this severe repression backfires. At the center of these horror films is a retelling of an exaggerated myth of male self-birthing—a myth whose classic analogue may be glimpsed in the story of the birth of Dionysus from the thigh of Zeus. I argue that contemporary Frankensteinian films draw from a hybrid heritage of pre-Socratic and Romantic narratives, both of which mythically configure the natural world as one of strife, in which gendered antagonisms comprise a crucial component. Pre-Socratic myths, as Nietzsche tells us, are narratives "beyond good and evil," whose "morality" derives from an unadulterated expression of the will-to-power. Romantic myths, as the novel shows us, can constitute a masked and murderous domination of nature, woman, the Other, done in the name of the pursuit of Scientific Truth or Artistic Creativity. Although pre-Socratic myths give evidence of a tense and creative agonism between matriarchal and patriarchal myths, Romantic

myths (and straight horror film renditions of the Frankenstein story) have a predominantly patriarchal cast in which manifestations of the feminine or M/Other are severely delimited and disciplined, often with a great deal of narrative strain. Ironically, this immense narrative strain conjures up something other than a simple victimizer (male)/victim (female) model. Rather, what we occasionally glimpse are the outlines of the feminized/tortured male body, which requires, to sustain the borders of masculinity versus femininity, a radical repression of the powerful female body, negatively reenvisaged as what I call the *third shadow*—embodied typically in the female monster (as in the female creature in *Bride of Frankenstein*) or the feminine-as-monstrous (for example, the ambitious and seductive Justine in *The Curse of Frankenstein*).[3] Yet this repression, even as it gains an uneasy victory, attests, in the vehemence of its negation, to its dark underside. As Deborah Wilson writes: "Victor never quite makes maternity *exclusively* male; the womb may be displaced, the maternal body reinscribed, but it will not remain subsumed."[4] This strain on the intertwined patriarchal myths of parthenogenesis and of science as an unambiguous guarantor of progress is even more obvious in comedic, science fiction, and horror-comedic film versions of the evolving Frankenstein myth.

Stated differently, these more contemporary offshoots of the Frankenstein narrative allow a fuller emergence of what Janice Rushing and Thomas Frentz[5] call the *dystopian aspects* of the Frankensteinian complex. In comparison with their horror film counterparts, which strive to stamp out any hint of sexual ambiguity and to create traditionally "happy" endings, these more contemporary renditions, which range across comedy and horror, tend to unleash these problematic elements (for example, gender blurring and not-quite-so-happy endings)—at least for a longer time, and in a more overt fashion, than their classic horror counterparts. Even in these more subversive and open-ended narratives, when some form of conventional closure is reached, this closure is unstable. For example, Frank-N-Furter is savagely sentenced to death because his "lifestyle is too extreme" in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show;* nevertheless, the full-blooded romp this larger-than-life transvestite has wreaked on traditional gender categories has not been negated. Although Janet, Brad, and Dr. Scott survive their adventures in Frank-N-Furter's castle, no traditional conclusion of the narrative is achieved. The last shot in which we see them does not show Brad and Janet getting married; nor is the professor shown safely ensconsed in a laboratory setting, his masculinity reinstated. Rather, we have an extreme high-angle shot, which looks down from the point of view of Frank-N-Furter's castle blasting off, revealing how tiny their figures are, amidst

the rubble and gaping hole; the professor's stockinged leg sticks out from the rubble—an absurd and laughable spectacle defying conventional closure.

Thus, I carry on this genealogy of the transformations of the Frankensteinian myth into its more contemporary renditions, and more important, into selected examples of its comedic, science fiction, and hybrid progeny, which constitute horror-comedy. Once again, the guiding question is what these transformations reveal about the evolving depictions of "masculinity" and "femininity," particularly when the revisioning of the Frankenstein narrative shifts from straight horror to comedy, science fiction, or horror-comedy. Unlike their horror counterparts, where Mary Shelley's critique of patriarchal politics is predominantly silenced (although not without tension), I argue that more contemporary comedic, science fiction, and horror-comedy offshoots effectively unleash, at least for a time, the transgressive powers of the parthenogenetic birth's twin myth, the story of Baubo's *anasuromai* (Baubo's lifting of her skirts to reveal her genitalia and belly as a defiant act celebrating female reproduction and sexual desire). In taking this position, I argue that Rhona Berenstein's position on classic horror is actually more apropos for describing the comedic, science fiction, and horror-comedy offshoots of the Frankenstein narrative. ". . . What I do not argue is that classic horror is transgressive from a larger ideological perspective. . . . To claim that the genre is *either* politically progressive or conservative oversimplifies one of its most important qualities; namely its function as a site of ideological contradiction and negotiation."[6]

Given my hypothesis that particularly the hybrid offshoots of the Frankenstein horror cinemyth draw from contradictory and competing meaning systems—as evidenced in the perpetual war between ideologically progressive and conservative forces—I approach these hybrid films with multiple sources of evidence. Among the texts I examine are the evolving scripts compared with the released or "final" film versions, and when available, the analysis of publicity campaigns, censorship files, and reviews. In drawing from diverse sources, I avoid a simplistic and linear interpretation of what monstrosity in such movies entails, and instead explore the dynamic and contradictory relationships rooted in social, institutional, economic, and creative discourses and contexts that are reflected in, and constitutive of, such hybrid genres.

I also show that, even more so than their horror counterparts, these genre departures from straight horror disrupt the following canonical assumptions concerning horror spectatorship: (1) that the sadistic male viewer is the genre's ideal implied spectator; (2) that all women in films

are necessarily terrorized, passive objects and the archetypal female patron is incapable of sharing the Mulveyan "male gaze"; and (3) that classic horror's stories are principally about heterosexual, even if monstrous, desire.

In so doing, I draw from Noël Carroll's explorations into the nature of the monstrous in relation to humor. In his *Philosophy of Horror,* Carroll observes that monsters "are beings or creatures that specialize in formlessness, incompleteness, categorical interstitiality, and categorical contradictoriness. . . . Horrific monsters often involve the mixture of what is normally distinct."[7] In a more recent piece, Carroll turns to affinities binding humor and horror as conventionally configured antitheses to beauty.[8] He notes that both horror and humor root themselves in the terrain of the ugly[9] (that is, the not-beautiful clown and not-quite-human monster) and in category violations for creatures of horror (for example, simultaneously alive and dead; animate and inanimate; human and animal), and conceptual incongruity for humor. An example of a category violation Carroll cites to illustrate how humor operates is how the word *test* means "experiment" and "exam" in the joke: "Why did the moron stay up all night? He was studying for his blood test."[10] In addition, Carroll's comments on the unseen political effects of seemingly value-free aesthetic pronouncements are instructive: "If beauty—the perfect realization of the concept of the human—rhetorically implies goodness, [then] ugliness and category violation encourage the suspicion of evil and moral defectiveness. Where beauty can be used to valorize, horror and humor can be used to dehumanize and vilify and, for that reason, they are diabolically effective levers of ethnic and racial hatred—ones that operate pretty close to our nerve endings."[11] Although Carroll is right to point out the similarities and differences between comedy and horror based on category violation and its political import, he makes essentially the same assumption that Zakiya Hanafi does in *The Monster in the Machine*.[12] Briefly characterized, a major equivocation is at the heart of Hanafi's characterization of what constitutes the "monstrous." She repeatedly characterizes the monster by negation from the very beginning—"A monster is whatever we are *not*";[13] "what is monstrous is simply radically other, nothing more than 'nonhuman,'"[14] until her Afterword: ". . . the monster is a concept that we need in order to tell ourselves what we are *not*."[15] Carroll states a similar view, based on a radical opposition between what the human/normal is versus the monstrous, when he writes: "Horror, at least in popular fictions, is a compound emotional response. It is made up of two components: fear and disgust."[16]

Both Hanafi and Carroll voice sentiments similar to those other theorists hold. Robin Wood draws from Freudian and materialist theories to claim that the monster is the "repressed," generally understood from the point of view of a monogamous, patriarchal, bourgeois, heterosexual, and capitalist society. Thus, the real plot of traditional horror is the repressed-oppressed struggle for recognition and its subsequent vanquishing, which constitutes the return of the "normal" order.[17] Steven Neale uses the lens of gender to point out that the monster either exceeds masculinity or femininity or dangerously mixes them (as opposed to the homogenously "pure" masculine and feminine entities the monster imperils), thus unsettling the boundaries between sexual identity and difference.[18]

Although these analyses are highly insightful, they constitute only a partial explanation of monstrosity. This characterization of the monster as a "not-I" would explain the fear and suspicion with which monsters have been increasingly treated as their sacred origins have been sundered, but it does not adequately explain the continuing fascination with, and ambivalent admiration of, monsters. Hanafi observes in her Afterword: "Our favorite contemporary monster of all—the extraterrestrial—always arrives in a spaceship born from a superior technology. More often than not, we envy their superior advancement. Perhaps the truth is that we all secretly yearn to be aliens."[19] I argue that monsters are the liminal point of not only what we are not, but also what we are; they reveal and conceal not only what we fear, but also what we hope for, and they allow us imaginatively to excavate the depths of not only who we could be in relation to nature and divinity, but also who we are in relation to the demons that lurk within. This continuum of attraction/repulsion, same/otherness, fear/awe-ridicule is clearly seen in hybrid genres, such as the comedic, science fiction, and horror-comedic offshoots of the Frankenstein cinemyth. Both humor and horror have progressive and regressive political tendencies. Humor and horror destabilize and problematize—through comic explosion, numinous rupture, and fluctuations—only to fall back, many times, but not all the time, on some iteration of a conventional "ending." Nevertheless, this traditional "conclusion" undercuts itself as a final closure, signaling the eternal return of comedy and horror as alternating with conventional "closure" as a never-ending spiral.

The term *monster* has at least two etymological roots: *monere* (to warn) and *monstrare* (to demonstrate).[20] Yet Virginia Jewiss points out other dimensions to the characterization of monstrosity: "Exegetes of the Vulgate followed the Ciceronian understanding of the term as an omen, a sign of things to come, while common usage, derived from Aris-

totle's observations in the *Generation of Animals,* held that the monstrous was anything deviating from the natural order."[21] This etymological hybridity is apropos because the "essence" of monstrosity appears to be hybridization. "By their very nature monsters escape classification, frustrate the possibility of linguistic precision, embody an ontological ambivalence, and make visible the process of mutation."[22] Yet this slippage is not only threatening, but also potentially liberating because as Donna Haraway points out, if our postmodern way of being in the world is cyborgian (that is, multiply hybrid), then monstrosity (understood as pluralistic category violation) is a way out of a maze of dualisms that somehow seem inadequate to describe the chiaroscuro of lived (and culturally imagined) existence: "A cyborg body is not innocent; it was not born in a garden; it does not seek unitary identity and so generate antagonistic dualisms without end . . . it takes *irony* for granted"[23] [italics mine].

This emphasis on plural hybridity is crucial to my analysis of how horror is configured in relation to comedy, as instantiated particularly in the horror comedies, science fiction-horror, and comedic-science fiction-horror offshoots of the Frankensteinian cinematic saga. To explain this, I borrow from Arthur Koestler's notion of the continuum binding the ha-ha experience (comedy) and the aha instance (artistic creation and scientific discovery). Briefly sketched, the psychological "mechanics" of comedy are essentially the same as other "creative" acts: these mechanics involve the sudden clash between two mutually exclusive codes of rules, or associative contexts, which are suddenly juxtaposed. What results is "bisociation"—a condition that compels us to interpret the situation in "two self-consistent but incompatible frames of reference at the same time; it makes us function simultaneously on two different wave-lengths."[24] The tension caused by bisociation is purged either through laughter, scientific fusion, or artistic confrontation. As Koestler writes: "The conscious or unconscious processes underlying creativity are essentially combinatorial activities—the bringing together of previously separate ideas of knowledge and experience. The scientist's purpose is to achieve *synthesis;* the artist aims at a *juxtaposition* of the familiar and the eternal; the humorist's game is to contrive a *collision.*"[25] Instead of the continuum binding humor (the ha-ha experience), scientific discovery (the aha experience) and artistic creation (the "ah" experience), I substitute a continuum in which horror-comedy, comedic-science fiction-horror, and science fiction-horror blur into each other. Yet the continuum I construct has a slightly different configuration. Koestler briefly tabulates some of the essential characteristics of his continuum in the following fashion.[26]

| *Ha-Ha* | *Aha* | *Ah . . .* |
|---|---|---|
| comic simile | hidden analogy | metaphor |
| caricature | diagram | stylization |
| impersonation | empathy | illusion |
| pun | word games | rhyme |
| collision | synthesis | juxtaposition |
| coincidences | serendipity | deus ex machina |
| self-assertive | self-assertive/ self-transcending | self-transcending |

Adopting selected features of his schema, my own tabulated summary looks like this:

| *Ha-Ha* | *Ah/Ooh-Ha* | *Ah/Ooh* |
|---|---|---|
| comedy-horror | comedic-science fiction-horror | science fiction-horror |
| humor/ridicule/ fascination | humor/ridicule/ fascination-fear/terror/ disgust/awe/fascination | fear/terror/disgust/awe/ fascination |
| verbal and musical puns | menacing and sudden shocks, alternating with verbal and musical puns | menacing silences and sudden shocks |
| fast-talking dames, crones, and transsexuals | female monsters; monstrous females; androgynous monsters | hypermasculinized or hyperfeminized aliens and cyborgs |
| politically progressive and conservative | politically progressive and conservative | politically progressive and conservative |

Thus, my principal argument is that at one end of the spectrum, in films such as *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein, Young Frankenstein,* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* the juxtaposition between comedic elements, such as the practical joke or slapstick *(Abbott and Costello),* impersonation (Fronkonsteen in *Young Frankenstein*) and parody (Frank-N-Furter, Rocky, Janet, Brad, and Dr. Scott in *Rocky Horror*), and elements of horror, such as the deformed, ugly, and menacing monster, create a hybrid genre that allows for a simultaneous destabilization of the boundaries of power, gender, and sexuality. At the other end of the spectrum, films such as *Alien, Aliens, Alien*[3]*,* and *Blade Runner* involve a fusion of science fiction narrative elements (futuristic dystopias) with "horror" and "terror"[27] narrative techniques (for example, the predatory, stalking gaze the audience implicitly sees from the perspective of the unseen alien; the unexpected resurrections of the Ter-

minator).[28] Such films, I argue, are not simply sensationalist and sadomasochistic splatter films set within a futuristic context, but repositories of Rudolf Otto's notion of the "numinous" as intersecting with Tzvetan Todorov's notion of the "fantastic." Briefly outlined, Otto describes a primitive "demonic dread" to which one becomes prey when one encounters the "unheimlich"—the uncanny, weird, eerie, mysterious, incomprehensible—that is: "'wholly other,' that which is quite beyond the sphere of the usual, the intelligible, and the familiar, which . . . falls quite outside the limits of the 'canny' and is contrasted with it, filling the mind with blank wonder and astonishment."[29] Such a demonic dread is "numinous" and "irreducible," and intersects with Todorov's characterization of the fantastic as entailing a "hesitation experienced by a person who knows only the laws of nature, confronting an apparently supernatural event."[30] Both Otto's numinous experience and Todorov's encounter with the fantastic entail wonder, astonishment, and awe (alongside fear, terror, and disgust), which can serve to unfix commonsensical demarcations of gender, power, and humanness. However, these elements of the uncanny and marvelous are sustained only by the indeterminacy of the phenomenon and the uncertainty of the viewer; once the phenomenon has become classifiable or explainable via traditional categories, the potential for destabilization becomes harnessed, resulting in a semblance of conventional closure.

Finally, the intermediate category of comedic-science fiction-horror is instantiated in films such as *The Terminator, Terminator 2: Judgment Day,* and *Alien: Resurrection*. Precisely because the monsters (the queen in *Alien* and the T–800) have long been "explained" through semiscientific discourse and have been rendered visible through precursor films, sustaining the element of the numinous principally through these characters is no longer possible. New monsters have to be spawned: Ripley is reborn as a hybrid cloned from a mixture of human and alien genes, and the T–1000 emerges, possessing not only the tenacity and indestructibility of the T–800 but also higher level lethal talents for simulation, metamorphoses, and trickery. Interestingly, in *Terminator 2* and *Alien: Resurrection* for example, the humorous elements are directly aligned with monstrosity: Arnold Schwarzenegger's reformed T–800 and Sigourney Weaver's human-alien clone and mother have the best comedic lines. Yet with their emergence as bearers of humor comes an openness to vulnerability. The T–800 learns to understand what tears signify; and Ripley, the powerful alien-human mother, tenderly engages in an embrace with the newborn as if it were a lover-child prior to killing it.

A crucial part of the dynamic in these hybrid genres of the Frankenstein cinemyth is that the categories of first (or "inferior" or "femi-

nized") shadow; second (or "technologized" or "hypermasculinized/demonized") shadow, and third (female monsters and the feminine-as-monstrous) shadows blur into each other. Thus, Dr. Sandra Mornay and Joan Raymond in *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* mirror each other as fast-talking dames whose feminine attributes mark them as "inferior" shadows, and yet whose ambition, wit, manipulative intelligence, and physical beauty render them instances of the feminine-as-monstrous. Later, when Dracula bites Mornay, she makes the transition into female monster as a formidable vampiress, and yet she remains Dracula's servant and ultimately proves ineffectual at hypnotizing even the not-too-intelligent Chick Young (Budd Abbott), thus maintaining her position as a "feminized" shadow at the same time. As another example, Sarah Connor in *Terminator 2: Judgment Day* occupies the site of what Mary Russo calls the "female grotesque"[31] by being simultaneously dangerous and endangered. With her muscle-clad body, expertise in warfare, and fanatical adherence to stopping Skynet at all costs, she has been transformed into a female Terminator and thus occupies the site of the third shadow. Yet she is still very much flesh and blood and a woman who must be rescued from danger, just like any feminized shadow, as the ending of *Terminator 2* shows. Finally, in *Blade Runner,* Roy Batty, the best and last of the rebel replicants, who are "more human than human," appears as an avenging angel-demon when he confronts Tyrell, the Frankensteinian "biomechanical god." In this version of the Frankensteinian myth, the creature demands "more life" for itself and its mate and in an elegant game of genetic chess with its father, explores all possibilities for prolonging its life. When all such possible moves seem fruitless, Roy Batty becomes a Judas figure who kisses his father tenderly on the lips (with ambiguous homoerotic tinges) before he crushes his skull. Yet the next sequence aligns him with a howling, avenging beast and a Christlike figure, with his bloodily spiked hand and the white dove that he releases as he expires, granting the gift of life to the stunned Rick Deckart, the blade runner assigned to terminate all rebel replicants. *Blade Runner* ends up radically problematizing the boundaries of the *Frankenstein* narrative. The replicants, rather than the humans, emerge as more genuinely free, more committed to life and passion, than their human counterparts. In contrast, the conventionally "heroic" figure, Deckart, is feminized in his fumbling and puny attempts to complete his mission. Because clear hints are incorporated, at least in the director's cut, that Deckart, too, is probably also a replicant, both Deckart and Batty once again mirror each other, occupying the intersecting spheres of technologized and hypermasculinized shadow, and feminized shadow (sacrificial and vulnerable victims). These hybrid gen-

res enable this fluctuation-juxtaposition of different types of shadows, which the straight horror cinematic narrative tends to keep distinct. In the long run it is precisely from such blurring that these "hideous progeny" of the horror genre derive their abilities more radically to unfix, and yet ambivalently reinstate (with several significant exceptions, as I shall point out), the conventional borders of power, gender, sexuality, and monstrosity.

Still from *Young Frankenstein* appears courtesy of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences, Twentieth Century Fox, Crossbow Productions, Gruskoff/Venture Films, Jouer Limited, 1974.

# 2

# (Un)Leashing Laughter

## *Gender, Power, and Humor*

> The mise-en-scène [in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*] is all Hammer Grand Guignol, but this central character [Dr. Frank-N-Furter] definitely is not. Peter Cushing had been effete, but Tim Curry plays the role with so much sexual gusto and recklessness that it can only be called lust. He is so gleefully transsexual, so raucously alive, so husky beneath the sequins, that it's hard not to be swept along.
>
> —James B. Twitchell,
> *Dreadful Pleasures;*
> *An Anatomy of Modern Horror*

### SLAPSTICK AND SCAPEGOATS: *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN*

*Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* (1948) ends the Universal Studios's Monster run; it is thus the culmination of a genre whose style is immortalized in James Whale's German expressionist inspired black-and-white productions.[1] Yet the film works as a genuine horror-comedy insofar as it "equally represents"[2] both genres. As an enthused reviewer of *Variety* wrote: "*Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* is a happy combination both for chills and laughs. The comedy team battles it out with the studio's roster of bogeymen in a rambunctious fracas that is funny and, at the same time, spine-tingling."[3] Donald Glut echoes the *Variety* critic's comments: "*Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* emerged as an almost logical example of what would

occur if the comedy team did encounter Frankenstein's Monster, the Wolf Man, and Dracula. Remove Abbott and Costello and a legitimate horror plot remains."[4] Naturally, the film was not without its detractors, with the main criticism hinging on its predictability. Marie Torre of *World-Telegram* wrote: ". . . as a whole, the picture doesn't offer any particular departure from the sort of thing these clowns were playing six or seven years ago . . ." and Otis L. Guernsay of the *N.Y. Herald-Tribune* declared: "There is not quite as much imagination in the slapstick routines as one might wish, and as a result the picture does not begin to realize the comic possibilities of this situation."[5]

*Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* has often been critically demarcated from the earlier Universal *Frankenstein* productions because it is an unabashed comedy, complete with slapstick antics and stand-up routines. Yet, principally in terms of the creative representation of the politics of gender in relation to the imagination of the "monstrous," the film constitutes a porous continuation rather than radical departure from its precedents, particularly Whale's *Bride of Frankenstein*. Its use of humor hyperbolizes and unleashes tensions that manifest themselves as mere glimpses in the earlier "straight" horror renditions of the Frankensteinian narrative.

The fulcrum of this section roots itself in my prior work, which essentials I review briefly to further their initial analyses.[6] I view the question of these filmic rebirths of the changing Frankensteinian myth through the prism of how gender is continually constructed, deconstructed, and reconstructed. In particular, I trace a shifting (although nonlinear) emphasis from bodily reproduction (female) to technological production (male) in the reenvisaging of Shelley´s novel into film. Such an approach necessitates an examination of what lies at the heart of Shelley´s Romantic tale: the critique of the masculine attempt at parthenogenesis or male self-birthing (instantiated in the myth of Dionysus's birth from the thigh of Zeus). Furthermore, Shelley's tale is an attempt to excavate the traces of the covering over of the myth of Baubo—the refractory image of woman as whore, mother, and goddess of disruptive humor and sexual energy. Recognizing the twofold motion of hyperbolizing the Dionysian myth (that is, the prototypic myth of male self-birthing and the appropriation of the female power of birthing that precedes the Frankenstein myth) and muting or eradicating the myth of Baubo is crucial to doing a genealogy of the metamorphosing forms of the Frankensteinian narrative, particularly in terms of its hybrid offshoots that span the continuum of laughter and horror. What I specifically want to illustrate with respect to *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* is how the film's comedic bent, for a while,

actually allows for a greater disruption of gender stereotypes and how a significant part of the "butt" of the joke flows from contradictory attempts to demarcate the masculine from the feminine in relation to the monstrous.

A crucial conceptual tool I use to dissect this simultaneous repression and hyperbolization of the tensions surrounding the reimagination of gender and technology is the concept of "shadow" I appropriate from Rushing and Frentz's work. Borrowing from Jung, Rushing and Frentz lay the groundwork for an approach that attempts to speak of a "'cultural shadow,' born in response to the limitations of the conscious perspective of an era and often appearing in the guise of archetypal symbols."[7] In other words, Rushing and Frentz adopt Jung's term for that which is hated, feared, and disowned, yet which is responded to with intense attraction and repulsion, particularly as projected on to a scapegoat. That term is *shadow*.

Rushing and Frentz differentiate between two types of shadows, or two ways through which the psyche alienates itself from what it wishes to repress or disavow. As explained briefly in chapter one, these two shadows are the inferior (or first) shadow and the overdeveloped (or second) shadow. In the first case, the ego sharply sets itself against the Other, or not-I. As postmodernism has laid bare, these "not-I" are instantiated in the realms of the feminine, body, people of color, and anything else that deviates from rational ego consciousness. The overdeveloped or second shadow results when the ego sets for itself the mission of absolute control of the Other. To accomplish this task, the ego extends itself, first to create tools and later to (d)evolve into a tool itself. However, this results in a radical splintering of the psyche, where the inflated ego acts like a God, and its split off alter ego possesses the same devilish power as the inferior or first shadow. For Rushing and Frentz, "the primary form of the overdeveloped shadow . . . is Frankenstein's monster—the ultimate tool, the replication of our bodies and our intelligence through scientific technology."[8]

My analysis takes Rushing and Frentz's work a step further. I hypothesize that a third type of shadow actually exists, one more crucial to the resolution of Frankenstein film plots. This third type of shadow has two faces: the Medusa-like visage of the female monster and the sirenlike form of the feminine-as-monstrous. Both Sandra and Joan in *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* are first introduced as versions of the second type (the feminine-as-monstrous) in their conscious wielding of proverbial "feminine wiles," youth and physical attractiveness, and erotic power over the men. As the narrative progresses, Sandra, the brilliant criminal surgeon, becomes converted into the first type (a

female monster) when Count Dracula feeds on her blood to force her submission. In contrast, Joan lives and becomes romantically paired with Dr. Stevens, but at a high price: she loses her independence and spunk, and becomes at the end less the active investigator of a crime than a passive damsel in distress who requires rescuing. The Frankensteinian filmic narrative needs this third type of shadow, which forms a conjunction between feminine and Monstrous shadows, most to resolve its tensions. This third type of shadow is the most ruthlessly scapegoated, particularly by the straight horror Frankensteinian film narrative. Unlike the other two shadows, where reconciliation or resolution appear to be viable options alongside denial, this third type of shadow is marked as irremediably alien and threatening, and as such, its violent death is often naturalized as simply in keeping with its own hubris or innately destructive potencies.

Nevertheless, I also argue that particularly in hybrid genres, such as horror-comedies, this third type of shadow blurs into other types of shadows, and is even, albeit temporarily, ambivalently empowered by the narrative. That is, the Koestlerian juxtaposition of the types of shadows within the fluctuating contexts of the ha-ha and the ah/ooh-ha experiences simultaneously empowers and domesticates characters with hybrid sexuality, such as Sandra, Joan, and Wilbur.

In particular, both Sandra and Joan are what Maria DiBattista describes as typical "fast-talking dames" characteristic of romantic comedies. They possess erotic and intellectual mastery over male characters (at least prior to marriage); they also possess the Pygmalion gift of recreating their malleable men in the image of their desires. Both in speed and wit, they more than match Abbott and Costello in verbal quips, and they display an affinity to the film noir's spider woman in their ability to combine dominance and danger (particularly Sandra). However, they differ from the noir's femme fatale by being figures of pleasure and enjoyment as well (particularly Joan, Sandra's foil). DiBattista outlines the crucial characteristics of the "dame" in this fashion: "The association between fast talk and loose morals that lurks in the popular imagination is made overt in the conventions of pantomime. . . . As a figure of fun as well as authority . . . , the dame is credited with that power Chaucer's Wife of Bath identified as *maistrie*—mastery over the male, particularly in sexual matters. . . . The word 'dame' seems to attract, like a magnet, all the free-floating anxieties—as well as erotic interest—inspired by license with, or reversal of, sexual roles."[9] As such, both Sandra and Joan occupy the site of the feminine-as-monstrous or third shadow. However, insofar as their roles are ultimately circumscribed within the confines of the conventional

romantic comedy and horror narratives, they also simultaneously occupy the sphere of the inferior or feminized shadow. Sandra, the "bad girl," gets bitten by Dracula and is killed; Joan, the "good girl," is rescued from Dracula's spell and thereafter disavows her former role as audacious investigator. Nevertheless, Sandra's and Joan's mirror-image similarities and differences—their Koestlerian fluctuations-juxtapositions across the spheres of the empowered and disempowered, the monstrous and the beautiful, the humorous and the horrifying—grant them their ambiguous power. This ability to move across associative contexts (romantic comedy and horror) and roles (fast-talking dame, female monster, and damsel in distress) is usually denied to their straight horror counterparts.

In terms of production history, by 1946 Universal Studios had merged with International Pictures to become Universal-International, which almost went bankrupt during its first year of operation.[10] William Goetz, Louis B. Mayer's son-in-law and owner of the near-bankrupt empire, decided, despite his artistic reservations, to cash in on the popularity of Abbott and Costello and the Universal creatures, which in his view gave the studio a "tacky" image. Bud Abbott and Lou Costello had risen from performing classic baggy pants routines between strippers[11] to become Universal's top-grossing comedy team. However, revenues from the slapstick team's films were declining, as were earnings from the Monster films. Thus, the plan to capitalize on both, in a blend of comedy and horror, crystallized in a script originally entitled *The Brain of Frankenstein* (1948). The script is officially attributed to Robert Lees, Fred Rinaldo, and John Grant, well-known Abbott and Costello writers, although Oscar Brodner originally developed the concept and Bertram Millhauser further refined the script before it passed to the Abbott and Costello writers.[12] The earliest versions of the script included not only the "Big Three" (the Wolf Man, Lon Chaney; Dracula, Bela Lugosi; and Frankenstein's Monster, Glenn Strange), but also Kharis the Mummy, Count Alucard (Son of Dracula—"Alucard" is "Dracula" spelled backward), and the Invisible Man. Eventually the title was changed to *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* in the unabashed attempt to cash in on the well-known key words. The final screen version discarded both the mummy and the vampire's son; the Invisible Man (Vincent Price's voice) had a very short role that concluded the film. In a fascinating turn of events, in place of Kharis and Count Alucard, the final version features two female characters: Dr. Sandra Mornay (Lenore Aubert), a beautiful, renegade surgeon who has a penchant for carrying on brain transplants in the Frankensteinian tradition, and Joan Raymond (Jane Randolph), an

attractive, strong-willed insurance investigator hunting the missing "exhibit" of the bodies of Dracula and the Frankensteinian monster. Both women fall under the spell of the vampire, who is the central villain in this film; only one of them escapes his hypnotic spell unscathed. How the two women are "marked" for salvation or damnation, as the narrative unfolds, is a crucial thread.

Charles Barton's *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* begins with a cartoon that openly plays with stereotypes developed within Universal's treatment of the Frankenstein legend. In this precredit sequence, the box-headed monster knocks on two coffins, which Abbott and Costello, who are depicted as skeletons, open. Scared silly, the two skeletons run into each other, and their discombobulated bones form the names of the two stars. Cartoon versions of the Wolf Man, Dracula, the Frankenstein monster, and finally, a curvaceous woman with strangely glowing eyes follow, as the credits are shown. The cartoon stresses the proximity of the feminine and monstrous shadows; despite the film's comic power, it fails to disperse the ominous convergence of these shadows and the character who plays that part is predestined to a terrible demise. Even this early, it converges with Linda Williams's observation that in horror films, the monster is in effect a double for the woman who dares to gaze, as *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*'s Sandra Mornay does, on both Wilbur, the comic hero, and Dracula, the creature of horror. "There is a sense in which the woman's look at the monster is more than simply a punishment for looking, or a narcissistic fascination with the distortion of her own image in the mirror that patriarchy holds up to her; it is also a recognition of their similar status as potent threats to a vulnerable male power."[13]

The film proper begins in London, where the full moon rises ominously behind the tower of Big Ben as a policeman patrols the midnight streets. Larry Talbot's (Lon Chaney) eyes peer anxiously through the blind; then he impatiently pesters the telephone operator (again) concerning attempting to make a long distance call to La Mirada, Florida. His manner, as it was before his miraculous cure in *House of Dracula,* fluctuates between pleading and demanding; he is simultaneously vulnerable and obnoxious, pathetic and compelling. The reason for Talbot's agitation is kept mysterious as the scene shifts to a baggage station at La Mirada.

The script features Chick Young (Bud Abbott) busily checking crates of oranges against a bill of lading while Wilbur Brown (Lou Costello) amuses himself by tracing intertwining hearts with the names "Sandra" and "Wilbur" on the windowpane. Wilbur starts guiltily and wipes off everything but "Sandra" when he hears Chick's voice ordering him to

answer the phone. In a sudden close-up, Sandra Mornay's head then appears at the windowpane, evidently watching Wilbur intently. In comparison with the more detailed script, the final film version leaves much of this elaboration out, reserving the revelation of Sandra's darker side for later. The narrative focus predominantly remains on the two male comic stars, whose antics both hyperbolize and deviate from the original script.

Chick is established early as the ostensibly more dominant of the two as he rudely bosses Wilbur around and sends him on impossible errands, such as attending to a customer and answering the phone at the same time. Yet Wilbur is the more incongruously compelling character—a fascinating blend of clumsy and not-too-bright buffoon, helpless child, corpulently aspiring Romeo, and swooning teenager. Although he follows Chick's orders, he does so with impudence, imitating Chick's voice with a malicious snarl. He picks up the phone, pretends to place the person on hold, hangs up, and then proceeds to attend to the woman at the counter. Chick does not seem to have a lot of trust in Wilbur because he immediately checks on the label and directs Wilbur to a baggage truck piled high. Wilbur howls at the lady's stole (not in the script), and then proceeds to the baggage truck where he instantly spies the right luggage. He unthinkingly pulls it out from the bottom of the pile, and the stack collapses on top of him. Chick angrily grabs the luggage away from the fallen Wilbur and hands it to the lady with an apology.

In keeping with the spirit of the film thus far, a publicity release paints portraits of Abbott and Costello as comedic antiheroes whose strengths and weaknesses complement each other. "Lou Costello's character was basically that of an overgrown little boy. He was a most endearing character to movie audiences of the 40's—a mischievous kid, incapable of feeling hatred, who will nevertheless often take a dislike to someone in a pouty, childish way. . . . By contrast, Bud Abbott was not a terribly likeable character in the team's films. He was a genius primarily at concocting ideas that would throw all the risk on the shoulders of his partner while guaranteeing all the rewards to himself if things went well."[14]

Sandra suddenly arrives and hurries to Wilbur's side. The beautiful woman seems quite concerned, and Wilbur capitalizes on her sympathy by complaining like a little boy: "Sandra, I hurt my poor little head." The original script has Wilbur actually groggy, muttering, "It's my head—."[15] The shift, which is again probably a result of Costello's ad libbing, not only keeps the focus on him, but also changes his character from brainless klutz to craftily manipulative child-man. In some senses,

the internal structure of the joke does not break the straight horror version's patriarchal mold: Wilbur not only exploits Sandra's (apparently) maternal-erotic attentions, but also shows off his mastery of women to his bossy colleague, Chick.

Sandra, a little too solicitously, kneels beside Wilbur and does a quick check on whether he has suffered a serious concussion. When he responds well, she sighs in relief: "Oh, thank heaven. If anything happened to you dearest, I'd never forgive myself." She kisses him tenderly, not on the lips, but on the forehead, and helps him to his feet. He is touched by her attentions, and boastfully remarks that she worries "an awful lot" (again, Costello's hyperbolizing at work because this does not appear in the script) about him. She dutifully replies that he means an awful lot to her, a double entendre in her words the audience is yet to decipher. Wilbur attempts to extract more feminine affection, but Chick steps in and orders his coworker to his feet.

In the script, Sandra then takes her leave by giving Wilbur a playful pat on the cheek. However, the finished version enhances the ambiguity of the relationship between the beautiful, mysterious woman and the rotund postal clerk by having her blow him a kiss, a gesture somewhere between the maternal and the erotic. Before she goes, she assures Chick that Wilbur's head is fine. In proper comedic style, he pointedly asks whether her head is fine, directly stating his bewilderment over her choice of his short, fat colleague over himself. To his "I frankly don't get it," she, the fast-talking dame and noir woman, coldly quips, "And, frankly, you never will." Sandra's character as a proud, independent woman who exercises her right to choose is established very early. She is immediately typecast as a femme fatale—strikingly elegant, clever, mysterious, arrogantly manipulative, and thus, deserves her fate as Dracula's eventual slave.

In the script, the two men walk back to the counter under the scrutiny of Sandra's gaze. In contrast, in the film, Sandra is long gone, and she becomes the object, rather than the subject, of the conversation. Chick again expresses his puzzlement over why a "classy dish" such as she would bestow her affections on Wilbur. When Wilbur asks what the matter is with that, Chick roughly tells him to look at himself in the mirror sometime. Wilbur, contrary to his image as a bumbling idiot, quips: "Why should I hurt my own feelings?"—implying a greater sense of self-awareness than the general impression of his behavior would impart. Wilbur emerges as a complex character—one castrated (feminized by the male gaze because of his short stature, unattractive figure, and lack of physical power) and simultaneously disempowered and empowered (infantilized and hypermasculinized by the apparently adoring female gaze).

The phone rings and Chick again dispatches his pudgy underling to answer it. With no explanation, Talbot vehemently orders Wilbur to hang on to two crates addressed to the McDougal House of Horrors until he arrives. In the middle of his impassioned monologue, Larry's transmogrification into a werewolf begins. This transformation from man to beast is shown in painstaking detail; to break the tension, Costello's Wilbur first objects to what he thinks are sounds of McDougal gargling his throat, and then to those of a dog snarling like a wolf. Wilbur actually barks back at the receiver (not in the script), indignantly muttering about the nerve of some people as he turns to another customer who has just arrived.

Production history trivia has it that director Charles Barton was determined to keep the depiction of the creatures as authentic as possible and not to have them simply lampooned.[16] Thus, meticulous detail went into the creation of the monster makeup, just as if it were a straight horror film. "On Monday, February 16 [1948], Chaney worked on Stage 6 from 9:00 a.m. to 5:15 p.m., going through four phases of Wolf Man makeup. And the next day, Chaney went through two more phases of makeup, from 9:55 a.m. until noon, finishing that afternoon at 2:40 by clawing apart a hotel room chair."[17]

Apparently, the monster makeup was so convincing that numerous stories abound concerning not only children,[18] but also adults, displaying terror when they suddenly encountered these creatures. "Well, this tourist suddenly came round the corner and saw us [Glenn Strange, in Frankenstein monster makeup, and Ann Blyth, dressed as a mermaid]. She took one look at the crazy sight of a Monster and a mermaid eating lunch together, let out a screech, and hit me in the face with her purse! Then she ran off screaming bloody murder, leaving me with lunch all over my face and costume."[19]

The customer turns out to be the real McDougal (Frank Ferguson), who possesses the same impatience and hot temper Talbot displayed. Wilbur expresses his puzzlement over how he could have talked to the same man via a long distance call only a few minutes ago, only to have the irate gentleman now standing in front of him. McDougal naturally does not know what Wilbur is talking about, and simply rages about claiming his crates. In another outrageous ad lib, Costello's Wilbur embarrasses McDougal into lowering his voice by admonishing him, as one would a naughty boy, that raising one's voice is not polite. Wilbur then yells, "Chick!" then whirls around to find his colleague is just behind him (another hyperbolization of the script), and hands him the man's ticket. Chick whistles as he reads that the crates are insured for $20,000. As he and Wilbur turn to look for

them, Sandra returns to the counter. In another modification of the original script, Wilbur attempts to fawn over Sandra, but Chick pulls him away. McDougal then boasts of his valuable collection in an effort to impress Sandra: it contains the bones of the original Count Dracula and the remains of the Frankensteinian Monster. He makes a curious slip: "The combination's enough to scare the pan—(catches himself)—the shirt off your back, ain't it?" Although McDougal modifies his referent from masculine ("pants") to androgynous ("shirt"), his veering away from the decidedly feminine ("skirt"—which would be the logical counterpart to "pants") again points to Sandra's masculinized femininity. She remains forbiddingly unimpressed: "I don't scare easily." To McDougal's clumsy attempt to shore up his virility by claiming that he possesses the (masculine) courage to take chances on unorthodox business prospects, she simply replies frigidly, "Very interesting," and walks off dismissively.

In contrast, her manner swiftly changes as she walks up to Wilbur. She unexpectedly breaks their date gently, saying that something important has come up. Wilbur anxiously asks whether she is meeting another man, but she quickly dispels his jealousy and suspicion by laughing at him and by affectionately pinching his round cheeks. Wilbur sighs dreamily as she leaves. Chick attempts to jolt him out of his lovesick reverie by initiating a few of the slapstick routines for which Abbott and Costello have become known. The crashing of the crate makes the indignant McDougal rush forward; he demands a direct delivery to his House of Horrors so that he can have the insurance agent check for damages before he accepts delivery.

The scene shifts to reveal Chick and Wilbur at McDougal's House of Horrors. Wilbur follows orders from Chick; he opens the door and finds the wax displays momentarily lit up by a flash of lightning. The wax figures, as described by the script, are as follows: ". . . A giant hairy ape carries a girl under one arm . . . King Charles kneels beneath the masked headman's axe; Joan of Arc is tied to the stake; Captain Kidd and Dillinger stand among torture relics of the Spanish Inquisition, etc. . . ."[20]

The plethora of ominous wax figures in the film are more difficult to identify precisely; what is clear is that a woman is lying on top of a stone slab and a man with an axe stands threateningly above her. In the semidarkness, Wilbur backs into the axe (a gun in the original script), and freezes with fear, claiming that someone has pressed a knife against his back. Chick scoffs, turns on the lights, and gloats that Sandra should see him now. Again, the comedians depart from the script. Chick is supposed to force Wilbur to look behind him; Wilbur

is supposed to object to Chick's hands on him, claiming that that constitutes excess baggage when he wants to run, and the sight of the gun is supposed to drive Wilbur wild, as he runs about, encountering one horror after another. Instead, Wilbur looks at the axe, almost faints, is revived as Chick lifts him bodily to his feet, and calls the "dummy . . . smart enough to scare [him]." The modifications once again establish Chick as the undaunted masculine one and Wilbur as Chick's cowardly feminized counterpart. The characterizations make it evident that the monsters will manifest themselves to Wilbur, who is reluctantly receptive to them, rather than Chick. The scene continues with more gags, and Chick leaves Wilbur with stern instructions to unpack the first crate.

Wilbur pries the first crate open to find Dracula's coffin. Chick comes running back in response to Wilbur's comically hysterical yelps, which are reminiscent of Minnie's (Una O'Connor) high-pitched shrieks that both create and break tension in Whale's *Bride of Frankenstein*. He gruffly (and semipaternally) assures Wilbur that Dracula is simply a legend and again goes off. Wilbur decides to read the legend card. What transpires next is a spontaneously orchestrated set of comic moves, in which Wilbur reads aloud well-known aspects of vampire folklore, and Dracula slowly attempts to emerge from his coffin, thus causing the candle on top of the coffin to slide toward the shaking postman. Wilbur repeatedly calls the unbelieving Chick, who, of course, does not see anything out of the ordinary.

The two men finally wheel in the second crate, and Chick scoffs even more loudly when he reads that the box is supposed to contain the remains of the Frankenstein Monster. He reads aloud the legend card concerning the Monster's genesis, and laughs loudly, exclaiming: "Now, who would be silly enough to believe that?" Wilbur laughs even louder than his colleague, and then admits that he would be. Again, the film departs from the script: what is simply another stand-up routine with quips about getting "shocked" with the Monster's "spark of life" becomes an action sequence. As Wilbur begins to take the nails out from the crate, Dracula lifts his coffin door. Wilbur freezes as he hears the creaking sound, but Chick dismisses it as the sound of nails being pulled out of the crate. Wilbur uncovers the Monster's face. He immediately attempts to conceal what he has seen. In the script, Chick is supposed to take the very same piece off, only to find it back in place, returned when he was not looking by the frightened Wilbur. The film, however, does the uncovering of the Frankenstein Monster's face only once, and Wilbur immediately loses his composure and frantically proposes they box up the exhibit again. Chick tells Wilbur to look away, which makes things

worse. Wilbur accidentally causes the guillotine to drop on a wax figure as McDougal finally arrives with his insurance agent. Chick angrily tells Wilbur to conceal the wax head while he goes off to meet the owner of the exhibit. Wilbur runs around frantically until he gets the idea of throwing the wax head into Dracula's coffin. Naturally, as Wilbur lifts the cover, Dracula sits up. Keeping the rest of his face veiled, a gesture that simultaneously feminizes/exoticizes him and emphasizes his monstrous power (that is, rendering him a fusion of hypermasculinized and feminized monstrous Other), the vampire fixes his hypnotic glare on Wilbur, who then stands by in a trance.

Unimpeded, Dracula now turns his attention to the Monster. In the script, he simply concentrates his willpower on the creature to infuse him with life; in comparison, in the film, he brings out a gadget with which he stimulates the Monster's electrodes to reanimate him. Although the vampire is the more dominant of the two creatures, his supernatural abilities have new limits; he, too, must harness scientific power, which is why he needs Sandra Mornay, the beautiful Frankensteinian surgeon. Awakened, the Monster, with a gravelly voice, murmurs "Master!"—one of the only two lines of dialogue uttered by the creature, with the other being "Yes, Master!" Dracula helps the Monster out of the crate, who then starts in comic fear when he glimpses the transfixed Wilbur. In the script, Wilbur is still supposed to be under Dracula's hypnotic spell. However, the film shows him regaining consciousness and feigning hypnosis; Wilbur pretends so effectively that he genuinely appears to fall back into a trance and has to be shaken out of it by the irritated Chick when he arrives later with McDougal and the insurance agent. Although the others have not yet arrived, the vampire protectively reassures his monstrous slave that Wilbur will do him no harm. In the script, the two creatures then move off, both helping each other carry the coffin because it is too heavy for the weakened Monster to carry. In the film, however, the familiar paternal-tyrannical pattern recurs with Dracula instructing the obedient Monster to carry the coffin with him.

In the meantime, outside a castlelike house on an island, a bat hovers. Inside, attractive Dr. Stevens (Charles Bradstreet) thoughtfully studies blueprints; he is surrounded by the ubiquitous Frankensteinian electrical equipment that fizzes and crackles. The bat flutters to the front door, transforms into Dracula, and bangs the heavy knocker. Sandra opens the door, and it is the first time the audience is informed that she is a doctor as she is warmly greeted by the vampire. She looks genuinely pleased to see him, as if she had been anticipating his arrival for some time; she invites him in, calling him "Count Dracula." He immediately

corrects her, insisting that she use the name "Dr. Lejos," so as not to alarm her technical assistant. Dr. Mornay scoffs, saying that Dr. Stevens is too preoccupied with his work to notice anything and will soon leave. She expresses some concern over Stevens's express curiosity concerning their project, and the vampire soothingly reassures her that he will take care of that problem.

Sandra and the vampire then head for a cove, where the female doctor nervously examines the Monster. Dracula inquires if Sandra is nervous, and she replies that this is risky business. He reminds her that this is less risky than those experiments that rendered her infamous to the European police and baits her with a promise: "Restore the Monster for me and you shall have anything you wish."[21] Sandra briskly advises that they should begin their experiments quickly, and the vampire inquires whether she has mastered Dr. Frankenstein's notebook. Sandra displays the same hubris that heirs of the Frankenstein legacy in the straight horror renditions did: "Let me get my hand on a scalpel again and you shall see."[22] The central plot of the film unveils itself. Dracula expresses concern that they must not repeat Henry Frankenstein's mistake and transplant the wrong brain into the Monster. Sandra smugly replies that the new brain (Wilbur's) she has chosen will be as pliable as a trained dog's. Sandra is thus marked as a female Frankenstein—a woman several times monstrous, particularly because Dracula is dependent on her in ways that no one has been able to stand in relation to him thus far.

The scene shifts to a hotel room, where Chick and Wilbur prepare for bed after their detention in prison. Costello's Wilbur changes his lines from "I said that's what I saw and that's what I saw!" to the more rhythmical and comic, "I tell you, Chick, I saw what I saw what I saw." He then goes into an exaggerated miming of the Monster's walk and Dracula's hypnotic stalking—none of which is detailed in the script. Wilbur's description-imitation of Dracula's burning eyes is so effective that he inadvertently hypnotizes Chick, who remains rigid in an unseeing trance. Wilbur suddenly realizes what he has done, and pleads that Chick return to his former self. Chick then slaps Wilbur, which tells the relieved Wilbur that his friend-rival has recovered. In addition to giving Costello and Abbott more maneuvering room for delivering gag lines, the modifications strongly associate Costello's Wilbur with the monsters. He not only sees them; he is also capable of mimicking their characteristics and inadvertently appropriating Dracula's power. Again, a schizophrenic blend of the feminine and the monstrous occurs in an ambiguously masculine persona. In relation to Chick, Wilbur is feminized; yet unlike Chick, he bears an unmistaken kinship with the hypermasculinized-feminized monsters,

which are freaks like him. Chick, despite the fact that he is a comedic (anti)hero, is also a Koestlerian juxtaposition of effeminized potential victim and unbelievably lucky trickster.

Talbot arrives and introduces himself as the man who had warned them against delivering the "exhibits" because he knew they were "alive." Wilbur looks triumphant, but Chick still remains unconvinced and suggests that Talbot tell his story to the police. Talbot suddenly looks worried as he realizes that the moon will rise at any moment; he desperately pleads that the two postmen lock him in his own room and not let him out. After Talbot is locked in, Wilbur finds that Larry's luggage is in their room. He goes back, carrying the suitcase, and knocks on Larry's door. The script details how Larry is already halfway through the transformation and runs to the bathroom. The film omits this, and simply remains focused on the unsuspecting Wilbur, who unlocks the door and steps into the bedroom, searching for the stranger. As Wilbur emerges from the bedroom, the Wolf Man's hairy claws are shown on the bathroom door. Wilbur, mercifully oblivious to the supernatural this time, writes Talbot a note as the werewolf leers at him murderously. Just as the Wolf Man lunges, Wilbur heads for the door and locks it behind him, playfully tossing and catching an apple as he leaves. The spectacle of Wilbur's rotund body replaces the proverbial bait, the apple. The Wolf Man misses Wilbur as he disappears behind the door. In the script, the werewolf snags the retreating man's coat and rips it but Wilbur does not notice that the coat is ripped until later and innocently shrugs it off. In the final version of the film, Wilbur escapes unscathed. In an improvised section missing from the script, Wilbur guiltily wonders whether he should return the apple to Talbot's room, while the Wolf Man lurks on the other side of the door. Just as Wilbur turns the key in the lock (and tension is at its highest), he changes his mind, and both the Wolf Man and the audience are disappointed. The modifications serve to heighten Wilbur's invincibility against the attacks of monsters; they also establish how unstable his perspective is. One minute, he is the conduit between the realms of the natural and supernatural; the next minute, he remains as impervious as the rest of the populace. Wilbur is fickle (caricatured as a "feminine" trait), and that is one reason why he is funny.

What transpires next in the film is completely missing in the script; it was the last scene shot and tacked on after the whole film had been shot. At the police station, McDougal bellyaches about the two "morons" being out on bail. Just as the policeman at the desk is about to try to appease him, a pretty blonde swivels her chair around and authoritatively admits that she was responsible for their release. The

policeman nods and smilingly introduces her as "Ms. Raymond." Before McDougal can continue complaining, she gets up and walks sensually over to where he stands and smiles: "It's my job, Mr. McDougal, to find those missing exhibits. I'm sure I can persuade the chubby little fellow to lead me right to them. Naturally, I couldn't persuade him in jail." Joan and Sandra are proverbially cut from the same cloth: beautiful, cunning, and confidently aware of their powers. They mirror each other, and as such, are destined to be rivals.

In the script, the scene shifts to reveal Joan walking down the corridor leading to Chick and Wilbur's room. Just as she is about to knock, she hears footsteps and sees Sandra coming toward her; she decides to walk away as Sandra looks after her curiously. This entire sequence, again emphasizing the battle of wits between the two women is completely taken out in the film; the potentially liberatory power of the fast-talking dames' gifts for quips and witty repartee is toned down, resulting in a domestication of these instantiations of the "feminine-as-monstrous." In addition, the archetypal comedic heroine's limber movements and adeptness at slapstick are replaced by the less athletic skill of flirting—a characterization that again renders both Sandra and Joan as simultaneously third (feminine-as-monstrous) and first (inferior, or feminized) shadows. Instead of showcasing the dames' capabilities for witty rejoinders and slapstick, the film jumps straight into another comic argument between Chick and Wilbur concerning the veracity of what Wilbur had seen at the wax museum. Sandra knocks and is ushered in by the grateful Chick, who thanks her for paying their bail. Sandra is surprised and admits she had just heard of their imprisonment and was not their benefactress. She then turns her feminine charms on Wilbur and coyly asks if he has remained true to her; he feigns hurt, and she changes the topic to the upcoming masquerade ball. Sandra calls him "dearest" and gives him express orders to come alone and to pick her up at about sunset. Chick is standing by the door as Sandra prepares to leave. "I'd like to know what he's got that I haven't got," he says. "Brains," is Sandra's reply in the script, but she changes this to "A brain," a more precise double entendre, in the final film version. Chick mutters, "I'd like to know where it is," as soon as Sandra is gone.

Just then, someone again knocks at the door, and Wilbur excitedly claims: "She forgot to kiss me bye-bye." He opens the door and stands there with his eyes closed and his lips puckered, ready for a kiss. Joan obligingly gives him a kiss, and he is speechless with surprise when he opens his eyes. Chick asks who it is, and Wilbur can only blurt out, "She's beautiful!" (another ad lib from the hammy Costello). Joan

introduces herself and reveals that she arranged their release from jail. Chick asks why she would do that for complete strangers, and she replies, gazing softly into his eyes, "Do you believe in love at first sight?" He beams with pride, thinking that he is the object of her affection, but then she crosses over to Wilbur and addresses him as "darling." Wilbur nonchalantly asks when this "mad feeling" overcame her, and she takes the offensive, wooing him with the words: "The instant I saw you at the baggage room, I knew then that I wanted to be with you every moment that I'm in town. What are we doing tonight?" Chick butts in, saying that Wilbur will be going to a masquerade ball but he is free. Joan, however, refuses to take the bait and gently coerces Wilbur into promising that he will take her to the ball. Chick grabs Wilbur, moves to the window, and looks at him in the light, wondering what these beautiful women could see in a short, fat man. The crux of the humor is precisely this: how an unattractive and apparently less than masculine man could cause these arrestingly glamorous women to fall for him without his even trying to impress them. Yet part of the humor is also how these women appear to fall in love with him because he is more feminized/manipulable than the other male characters; their vehement testaments to his virility are the most compelling proof of his lack thereof, and they can thus safely assert their masculinized feminine wiles without fear.

Chick glares angrily and enviously at Wilbur when they are alone. Calling him a bigamist as well as a "sawed off" Romeo, Chick fluctuates in between the languages of rivalry and friendship to try to bludgeon and flatter Wilbur into "giving him" one of "his" girls. Wilbur remains impervious, and as the two head out, they suddenly remember Talbot. When they open the door, they find the apartment in shambles, and Talbot, looking weary and haggard, sprawled on the bed. Wilbur assumes Talbot is suffering from a hangover, and paternally scolds him. Talbot sits up with effort, and confesses his lycanthropy to the unbelieving men. When Wilbur quips, "I'm sort of a wolf myself," Talbot excitedly grabs him and slams him against the wall. In the script, a more mild-mannered Talbot replies wearily: "I hoped you at least would know I spoke the truth. You saw the living dead!"[23] Suddenly animated, Talbot declares with urgency that they must find and destroy Dracula. Both Chick and Wilbur protest, with Wilbur saying that he's busy with two dates tonight. Talbot dramatically states they have a date with destiny (in a baroque heroic flourish that unmistakably marks this film as a horror spoof) and Wilbur tries to weasel out of it by shifting the responsibility to Chick. The scene ends with no overt resolution. The portraits of Talbot and Wilbur are opposingly sketched: Talbot is tor-

tured and heroic; Wilbur looks like a child reluctantly and guiltily trying to get out of doing homework.

The scene shifts to the island where Sandra Mornay's castle is located. Chick, Wilbur, and Joan climb out of a small rowboat. The original script features a three-way conversation, with Joan wanting to be alone with Wilbur, but with Chick unwilling to leave them alone. However, the film version radically cuts out Joan's part, and what transpires instead is another classic gag routine between the two men, as Wilbur brings up how Chick had given him the woman with only one tooth during that occasion when it was Chick who had two dates. Joan finally cuts in and insists that they all go to the castle together.

Dr. Stevens opens the door in response to Wilbur's knocks. In the script, the sight of Joan's beauty casts a spell on him, and he is incapable of comprehension for the first few minutes. The film version revises this, and he is shown simply ushering them in politely. Stevens introduces himself, although with greater restraint than in the script, and Chick in turn does the introductions from their end. Chick makes it clear they are waiting for Sandra and the doctor takes his leave. In the meantime, Sandra, wearing a white, low-cut, and slinky costume, calls Wilbur over and inquires concerning Joan's identity. Wilbur fumblingly replies that Joan is Chick's date for the masquerade ball; Sandra, who had forgotten about the ball, hisses that they will have to get rid of them.

Joan and Sandra finally meet and exchange quizzical looks. As the two women suspiciously size up each other, Wilbur compares their looks. Sandra invites Joan to "powder her nose," and both women take turns affectionately taking leave of Wilbur. Left alone, Chick again tries to press his case for having one of the girls as his date and another stand-up routine follows. The phone rings; it is Talbot calling for a Dr. Lejos. Wilbur asks if there is a Dr. Lejos in the house, and Chick exasperatedly replies that he would not know. Talbot, however, has recognized Wilbur's voice, and confides in him that he has traced Dracula's trail to a "Dr. Lejos" who appears to reside in that very castle. Wilbur frantically drops the phone and is about to run off when Chick stops him. Chick is disgusted, picks up the receiver, and rather protectively, gruffly orders Talbot not to scare Wilbur (not in the script), but Talbot has already gone.

Chick is now determined to prove to Wilbur, once and for all, that those monsters only exist in his fat friend's head. He insists that they search the place, starting with the basement. Another series of gag routines occurs, as Wilbur attempts every trick to fool Chick into letting him go, but Chick is adamant. Chick opens a door; it turns out to be a

coat closet. Wilbur opens a door, revealing a long flight of stairs leading into darkness. Wilbur immediately shuts the door and pretends it is simply another closet, but Chick is unconvinced. He decides to take a look and glares at Wilbur when he finds the steps. He orders the cowering Wilbur to accompany him; as they descend, Wilbur accidentally hits a hidden lever on the wall. The step with Wilbur and part of the wall turn as Chick continues to descend without looking back.

The script has Wilbur noisily talking to himself as he feels his way through the darkness. Instead, what transpires in the film is a hilarious and wordless action sequence. Wilbur somehow ends up sitting on the Monster's lap and playing "handsies" with him, confused about why there is an extra pair of hands close to the chair on which he sits. The original script has a segment in which Wilbur touches the Monster's face, then touches his own before he finally begins screaming hysterically. However, this is excised in the film, perhaps because the intimacy of the gesture would have dangerously identified them as doppelgängern (evil twins or doubles). Both men are freaks, schizophrenically effeminized and hypermasculinized; both are objects of desire as means to power. The Monster then gets up, and Dracula joins him in stalking the terrified Wilbur. Wilbur's luck does not run out, and he again finds the hidden lever. However, when he swings himself and Chick to the secret room, the monsters simultaneously swing to the outside. Again, Wilbur finds himself with no proof to convince his skeptical friend.

Production history notes reveal that the actors underwent numerous takes to create these scenes. As Charles Barton recounts: "Do you remember that pantomime scene, where Lou sat up in a chair on the Monster's lap, and he got his hands mixed up with the Monster's? . . . Well, we began shooting the scene, and right in the middle of it, Glenn started to laugh. And by God, he couldn't stop! . . . Lou said, 'Dammit, Glenn, you're trying to do that just to make it worse for me!' Glenn said, 'No, of course not. I don't know what the hell it is about you, but even on the back of your head I can see what's going on.'"[24]

Meanwhile, Joan, snooping around as Sandra dresses, comes across Frankenstein's diary in one of Sandra's drawers. The script has Joan pressing her ear against the laboratory door to listen to the obscure sounds emanating from the machines. The film's modification marks Joan as a dangerous woman—one who has acquired a clear, rather than vague, knowledge of the subterranean affairs of the castle. In the film, as Joan hurriedly reads through the material, Sandra sees her and decides to do her own snooping. She opens Joan's purse and discovers the ID card that identifies Joan as an insurance investigator, which is the

same as in the script. Both women decide to conceal what they have found out about each other. However, it appears that Sandra, rather than Joan, is more composed and in control. The script makes this obvious: Sandra hands Joan her purse and narrows her eyes as she watches Joan walk ahead of her. From this moment onward, the narrative begins sharply to demarcate them with Sandra increasingly becoming a more ominous female monster and Joan becoming a more conventional horror film damsel in distress.

Meanwhile, Chick and Wilbur are awaiting the return of the women. Abbott and Costello again ad lib, making a fairly tame script into one madly over the top. Wilbur screams, then suddenly comes to himself, as he asks who has screamed. Chick replies that Wilbur himself had screamed, and then threatens to bring Wilbur to see a psychiatrist if he insists on hallucinating. Joan immediately sees that something is wrong with Wilbur and inquires what is the matter. Chick throws Wilbur a warning glance and Wilbur replies vaguely about imagining that he saw something in the basement. Sandra immediately asks what he was doing in the basement, but Chick comes to the rescue, stating that Wilbur had opened the wrong door and had fallen down the steps. Dracula makes his elegant entrance, and Sandra introduces him to everyone, drawing special attention to Wilbur. The count showers compliments on Wilbur, like a prospective father-in-law inspecting his daughter's choice. "Wilbur . . . I've heard so much about you, I feel as if we have already met. And I must say, my dear, I approve very highly of your choice. What we need today is young blood and brains," the last being a double entendre not in the script.[25] The count's flattery inflates Wilbur's insecure narcissism and he forgets the fear that hit him when he first heard the name "Dr. Lejos." Dr. Stevens suddenly reenters, bent on asking Dracula about the machinery, but the count skillfully deflects his questions by suggesting that Stevens join the other young people who should "make the most of life—while it lasts." Stevens smiles, admits that he would normally decline, but then asks Joan's permission to join them.

The plot thickens; there are now two love triangles, whose intersection point is Joan. She says she does not mind, and Dracula, aware of the tension, smoothly suggests that Joan, Dr. Stevens, and Chick go ahead in one boat, while Wilbur and Sandra could follow in the next. Sandra, however, suddenly begs off, saying she has developed a huge headache. Despite Dracula's prompting, she stands her ground obstinately refusing to go. In the script, as a result of Sandra suddenly bowing out, Joan suddenly becomes the sole center of attention. Dr. Stevens and Chick burn with jealousy as Joan accepts Wilbur's arm.

When Sandra and Dracula are finally alone, she coldly explains the need for patience in carrying out the operation. Joan is an insurance investigator; Wilbur must have been "up to something" in the basement. Dracula is incensed at her resistance, and he declares: "I must warn you, Sandra, I am accustomed to having my orders obeyed—especially by women with a price on their heads." Sandra taunts him, holding out Frankenstein's diary, telling him scornfully to do the operation himself if he is in such a hurry. Dracula warns her in a dangerous tone that he has other ways of ensuring her cooperation. In the script, Sandra sounds unsure, but utters the following lines with forced bravado: "You're wasting your time. My will is as strong as yours." The film version simply has her brazenly uttering these lines, although she keeps her back turned to the count—one of the few times her character is strengthened. But such a "strengthening," within context, is set up as excessive hubris. Sandra's resistance is a hyperbolic gesture that is narratively set up as foolhardy, and therefore deserving of punishment, which reestablishes the borders of masculinity and femininity that Sandra has imperiled. Dracula then turns his hypnotic gaze on her and commands her to look into his eyes. The script details a battle of wills, with Sandra uttering "No!" several times as the vampire penetrates her psychic space; the film version simply has her falling silent, mesmerized, as the vampire reaches for her neck. The film thus deletes the violence implicit in the vampire's forceful taking of Sandra's blood and identity; in its place, the film naturalizes the act, making it seem the just and inevitable conclusion to her sinister collaboration with Count Dracula.

At the locker room, Talbot eagerly pounces on them and asks if they have met Lejos. Chick protectively tells Talbot not to put such "things" into "this boy's" (Wilbur's) head; he also describes Dracula as simply someone who told them to run along and have fun. The script has Talbot disappointed and on the verge of giving up his search for Dracula. However, in the film version, Chick's resistance simply inflames Talbot, and he grows more agitated, trying to convince them of how dangerous the count is. Wilbur suddenly dons his Monster mask, scaring Chick; Chick retaliates by whipping out his Wolf Man mask. Talbot, seeing Chick's costume, earnestly requests him not to wear that particular costume, repeats the story of how he became a werewolf, and again begs to be locked in a room. Chick agrees, but not without a snide remark, suggesting that Talbot hire himself a keeper. The script ends on a different note: Talbot keeps his composure and warns them calmly that unless he locks himself in his hotel room, he would surely tear them limb from limb. The two postmen flee in terror. Ultimately, the modifications from script to film render the

character of the Wolf Man far more unstable; like a stereotypical woman, he is prone to fits of hysteria, and instead of manifesting a menacing self-awareness, he is reduced to begging for physical confinement. He, too, is a hybrid shadow. The shadows of the feminine (the first shadow) and the Monstrous (the second shadow) again momentarily converge in his depiction.

Sandra and Dracula arrive at the ball, and Wilbur delightedly spots them. Sandra looks different: she is deathly pale and her eyes are ringed by dark circles; her hair is loose, unlike earlier, when it had been held up in a classic French twist. The vampire, now fully in control, commands her to take Wilbur back to the castle while he "takes care" of Joan. The script details how both Wilbur and Talbot notice Sandra's unnatural appearance, but the film takes this out. Talbot purposefully marches over with Chick and Wilbur and addresses the vampire as "Count Dracula." Dracula feigns surprise and attributes Talbot's greeting to his "costume." Chick interjects, stating that Talbot meant the greeting in earnest. Dracula paternally treats Talbot as delusional and dismissively suggests that Talbot consult a physician. Joan arrives, and remarks that she is glad Sandra has recovered from her headache. The script records a catfight, in which Joan welcomes Sandra back as Chick's date; Sandra resists this designation, and both women attempt to exact a dance from Wilbur. Instead, the film keeps Dracula as the fulcrum of the plot, and he suavely requests a dance from Joan. Talbot desperately warns her of the vampire's identity and she half-jokingly asks to hear more about it. Dracula charmingly replies that he himself will reveal all to her as they dance. In the script, Joan then begins to pick the vampire's brains concerning where the missing exhibits are, but the vampire smoothly deflects her questions by suggesting they take a walk in the garden. In contrast, in the film, Joan is simply led like a lamb to slaughter; she neither resists nor asks questions. Once again, the modifications from script to film harness Joan's destabilizing power as an instantiation of the feminine-as-monstrous, and instead, move increasingly toward locating her in the realm of the feminized/endangered shadow.

Meanwhile, Sandra lures Wilbur to a deserted bench in the garden bower. There she proposes aggressively that they run away together; passionately, she tells him that she wants to be the only one in his life and that she desires to be "in his blood." Wilbur gulps and in another double entendre acknowledges that he thinks he knows what she means, but asks whether she might prefer a "prettier fellow," acknowledging who is in the masculine role. Sandra strangely describes his physical assets as if he were a well-fed flea: "No! I want no one but you.

You are so full blooded, so round, so firm." Wilbur now acts as if he knows of Sandra's vampirism and hastily remarks that he would like to remain that way. As he tries to move quickly away from her, his hand accidentally picks up a splinter from the bench. Wilbur sticks his bleeding finger into his mouth as Sandra lustfully licks her lips and demands to see it. In the script, Sandra now decides it is time for drastic action, and she turns her hypnotic gaze on Wilbur. Wilbur slowly falls under her influence and puts up no resistance as she leans for his neck. In contrast, in the film, Wilbur never falls under her spell; he resists all throughout and when she reaches for his neck, he attempts to cover it. The film's modifications make it clear that Sandra's power as a Monster is simply derivative, and therefore, ineffectual. Although she is a female monster, she is also ultimately also simply a feminized shadow relative to the significant men in the narrative, such as Wilbur and Dracula. It turns out that only the master vampire can effectively hypnotize Wilbur.

The film also cuts out a compelling image the script details, which harks back to Fuseli's painting *Nightmare,* in which a woman, with her hair awry, hangs over the edge of the bed in an ambiguous posture of sexual acceptance and rejection as an incubus sits on her womb. This scene, which formed the imaginative landscape for Mary Shelley's description of Elizabeth's death-stance and Whale's more antiseptic interpretation of it in *Frankenstein,* becomes transformed into Wilbur's dazed, semisprawled position on the bench when Sandra abandons him, scared off by Chick's and Talbot's raised voices. The film cuts out the image of the male body as vulnerable and grotesque, passively awaiting consummation, and instead emphasizes comic salvation via the sudden entrance of Chick and Talbot. Wilbur magnanimously offers Sandra to Chick, advising him to keep a few bandages handy. In the script, Chick dryly retorts that Wilbur can have Joan—if he can beat Count Dracula's time. Ownership and control over the women continue to remain the central issues.

Talbot urgently coerces them into joining his search for Joan. The three men split up, and as Talbot is moving along, he undergoes the transformation to werewolf. More slapstick occurs as the Wolf Man again unsuccessfully attempts to attack Wilbur, who willfully manhandles the Wolf Man, even going as far as kicking him in the buttocks, thinking that it is Chick with his mask on. The Wolf Man, frustrated, goes in pursuit of less impervious prey. The gaiety at the ball is broken by screams as McDougal is found, bruised, with his jugular vein almost completely severed. Dr. Stevens attends to the irate McDougal, who claims that a man in a werewolf mask had attacked

him. Just then, Chick shows up, with the Wolf Man mask lifted above his face. McDougal accuses Chick of attacking him, and a witness corroborates that Chick had threatened McDougal earlier in the evening. Wilbur arrives and unknowingly stokes the fire when he, too, asks why Chick had tried to bite him earlier. Someone in the crowd cautions that Chick and Wilbur are conspirators, and now realizing the weight of circumstantial evidence against them, Chick and Wilbur make a dash back into the forest. Just as Wilbur has safely eluded the crowd, Dracula stands before him, his eyes burning with an evil glow. Wilbur attempts to make a mad dash for safety, but the Count hounds him into a boat where Joan sits, her eyes glazed. Chick comes after Joan and Wilbur, but the vampire puts him to sleep with a hypnotic glare. Wilbur, too, is rendered unconscious by Dracula. In the script, Sandra is a collaborator in the kidnapping, as she appears from the cabin and casts off the line. The film, relative to the script, thus reduces her role and makes it appear as though Dracula had accomplished the whole thing by himself.

In the meantime, in Dracula's dungeon, Wilbur is locked within a structure that resembles a stockade except that he is immobilized only by his neck. On Wilbur's right, Sandra stares vacantly ahead; on his left side, the Monster sits impassively. The trinitarian structure of Sandra, Wilbur, and the Monster, alongside the centrality of Dracula's coffin, could be interpreted as harking back comedically to Whale's parodic depiction of the birth of the Monster as an ill-fated Resurrection. This time, Sandra and the Monster take the places of the figure of death and the cross in Whale's first film; instead of the coffin of an unknown felon being raised from the ground, Dracula's coffin quietly awaits sunset. The parthenogenetic myth again manifests itself. Dracula, via his beautiful female slave, is rebirthing the Monster as an extension of himself by attempting to give the Monster a new and unquestioning brain. Brain transplant, alongside hypnotic brainwashing, rather than physical reproduction, constitute the ultimate form of self-breeding in this version.

No one pays heed to Wilbur's comic pleas for help. At one point, Wilbur's lines parody Christ's during his agony: "What did I do to get chained up like this?" Wilbur is aware that he has been chosen to play the part of the sacrificial lamb so that a new Adam may proverbially emerge, but he does not go willingly to the slaughter. Dracula emerges from his coffin and greets his waiting slave with the words: "We meet again." She replies, "I've been waiting, master." Dracula then walks over and tries to animate the Monster again by stimulating his electrodes. When nothing happens, he worriedly turns to Sandra to ask if

the Monster would respond to the operation. Becoming converted into a vampire has apparently not changed her confidence in her expertise as a surgeon. She answers that as long as the generators are kept running, the operation should be a success. Dracula then orders her to start operating on Wilbur while he gets rid of Dr. Stevens.

The script details how Dr. Stevens accidentally discovers the entranced Joan in Sandra's room, but this is taken out of the film. The focus instead remains fixed on Sandra as she crosses over to the apprehensive Wilbur. She tries to win his confidence via a Mephistophelean promise: "Soon, instead of being short and chubby, you'll be big and tall . . . and furthermore you'll live forever and never grow old." Wilbur is initially entranced, and in another ad lib, claims that Sandra is still in love with him. When he asks how she intends to accomplish this miracle, she explains that she intends to transplant his brain into the skull of the Frankenstein Monster. In the script, Wilbur then asks the converse question: whether his body would then get the Monster's brain. Sandra replies that they will throw all that away; Wilbur then severely quips: "You can't do that to me. You know you're supposed to save all waste fat," implying a greater awareness of his physicality than his film version. In the film, however, Wilbur, when he hears of the plan, initially laughs, apparently gleefully as he pats Sandra's hand; then he simply gets hysterical. Wilbur, as comic antihero, bears a kinship to the creatures in that he, too, is a hybrid—a man-woman whose desirability lies in his brain's (traditionally masculinized) apparent lack of use (conventionally characterized as feminine) and whose excesses lie in the realms of the emotions and the body (feminine realms).

Chick and Talbot arrive, spot Dracula's boat, and cautiously head for the castle. Wilbur alternately addresses the Monster as "junior" or "Franky" in an attempt to establish intimacy and talk him out of the brain swap but the Monster is impervious. Dracula, Sandra, and the Monster momentarily leave the laboratory; in their absence, Chick and Talbot arrive. In the script, Wilbur, Chick and Talbot cooperate to break Wilbur's arm chains before he goes to the wall, gets a big key, and then undoes his leg chains, to the exasperation of Chick. In the film, the spotlight remains only on Chick and Wilbur as they cooperate and partially bungle releasing Wilbur, whose finger is squeezed as Chick strives to loosen the manacle that secures his friend's neck. Talbot rescues Dr. Stevens, but just as they are close to the boat, Stevens protests that they have to return to rescue Joan. Wilbur, the unchivalrous, hysterical "man," replies that he is not going back because he has too much of what they want: brains. Chick dispatches Wilbur to proceed to the boat ahead of them, to which his chubby friend willingly complies, skipping along merrily.

Dracula comes searching for Wilbur and finds him at the boat. The script details an extended sequence in which Wilbur quite successfully resists the count, but the movie makes the entrancement fairly simple. Wilbur's eyes widen, and he begins to walk back to the castle. Wilbur's feminization must be rendered complete before he can be fused with the Monster.

At the laboratory, Sandra has now donned her operating gear. She resembles Elsa Lanchester's first appearance as the bride of both Frankenstein and his Monster (because the Bride was originally supposed to possess Elizabeth's heart), tightly swathed from head to toe in white, like a mummy. Sandra ominously moves toward Wilbur with a knife, trying to reassure him that he will not feel a thing. Just then, Talbot arrives and grabs her and throws her down. Chick does battle with Dracula by using a chair to block the effect of his hypnotic gaze. Sandra tries to sneak up on Chick, but he hits her with the chair as he swings it behind him to gather momentum to hit the vampire. The description of the melee in the script renders it more graphically violent with Sandra being the recipient of most of it. ". . . Talbot knocks Sandra aside. . . . Near [Sandra] is a surgical knife that has been knocked off the table. She picks it up and sneaks toward Chick. As she raises the knife, Dracula swings on *[sic]* Chick with the metal leg of a broken lab table. Chick ducks and Sandra gets the leg. She drops. . . ."[26]

Wilbur is gratefully thanking Talbot as he hurriedly tries to undo Wilbur's straps but suddenly, Talbot transmogrifies into the Wolf Man. Dracula, for the first time, shows fear, and attempts to get away by shoving the rolling table, with Wilbur strapped to it, at the Wolf Man. The two creatures strategically use the table, with the werewolf doing the attacking and the vampire trying to evade the Wolf Man's grasp. With a mighty heave, Dracula sends the table and the screaming Wilbur revolving at a rapid rate as the vampire escapes through the door. The Wolf Man follows in hot pursuit.

The table finally stops spinning, and Chick unties the dizzy Wilbur. The Monster, in the meantime, struggles against his own strap and breaks free. In the original script, Sandra actually tries to save the men by alerting them to the Monster lurching toward them and by interposing her body between the Monster and them. In the film, however, her actions seem motivated not by concern for the men, but by hubris. She attempts to take the place of Dracula and orders the Monster back. She pays dearly for her transgression: the Monster picks her up and flings her through a window.[27] Chick and Wilbur dash off with the Monster following them. As the pair dash from room to room, they are either hounded by the Monster or are scared off by the continuing battle

between Dracula and the Wolf Man. In one particularly hilarious sequence, the Monster knocks on the door of the room in which the two are hiding. The door suddenly swings wide open, and Wilbur advances, using his coat to cover most of his face, stalking and ordering the Monster back in a perfect imitation of Dracula. The Monster momentarily obeys, but then Wilbur rejoices too soon and drops his coat. The Monster recognizes him and continues the chase. Chick and Wilbur come across a closet door; they feint the Monster into position and lock him in. Just as they gleefully celebrate, the Monster's hand crashes through the door and clips Wilbur squarely in the back of his head.[28] He staggers back, the closet door swings wide open, and the pair run for the steps with the Monster lumbering after them.

Dracula finds himself backed into a corner by the snarling Wolf Man. He desperately transforms himself into a bat and attempts to escape, but the werewolf lunges at the bat (with his jaws in the script, but only with his claws in the film version). Both monsters plummet to what appears to be a watery doom.

With the death of Dracula, Joan snaps out of her trance; it is clear that she now occupies the more domesticated role of the saved heroine destined for marriage. Dr. Stevens and she share a tender moment but that is interrupted by screams from Wilbur and Chick. As they hurry to the pier, McDougal and a police sergeant attempt to stop them. Wilbur asks whether McDougal still wants his exhibits back and when the horror hunter answers affirmatively, Wilbur points out the fearsome Monster, which is making its way toward them. Both the sergeant and McDougal take one brief, terrified look at the spectacle before they dive off the pier into the lake. Wilbur and Chick (who are labeled as "boys" in the script) scramble aboard their boat. Both row frantically as the Monster throws barrels at them. After a few minutes, Chick realizes that the boat is still tied to the dock. In the commotion, the Monster does not see Dr. Stevens sneakily dumping gasoline on the pier. He lights the match, and the Monster wordlessly perishes in flames.

In the script, Joan, who has been passively watching the events, buries her face in Stevens's arms as he comforts her. Joan, by the end of the film, has been twice domesticated—first by Dracula, then by Dr. Stevens. Unlike Sandra who initially willfully opposed and then enthusiastically followed Dracula's commands, Joan has neither asserted her will against Dracula nor has she played an active role in his nefarious activities. Joan lives because despite her potential disruptive power as fast-talking dame and ferociously ambitious investigator, she remains predominantly within the boundaries of the domesticated feminine and does not cross over into the realm of the Female Monster, as Sandra

does. Her character is richly rewarded whereas Sandra's is first mangled and then ruthlessly destroyed. But Sandra, with her exotic European accent, her brilliant surgical skills, and commanding presence, proves to be the more haunting female presence in the film.

In the end, the film completely excises Joan's reaction to the events. It remains focused on the two comedians as they express relief over the apparent disappearance of all of the monsters. But just when they believe they are safe, the Invisible Man lights a cigarette and introduces himself. Both Chick and Wilbur jump overboard and the film ends as the Invisible Man's laughter resounds eerily. The ending is unusual because the type of laughter produced within the film predominantly has been "safe." Within the film, the disturbing and rebellious quality of Baubo's type of laughter is truncated; the alienation of the monstrous shadow is now so thorough that the only way to relate to it is to render it ridiculous. Nevertheless, the principal female characters in the narrative, for a while, display power, independence and intelligence. Yet ultimately, the conventional narrative closure triumphs. Both are doomed to domestication (Sandra, to monstrous slavery; Joan, to marital commitment), and they never come close to approximating Baubo's mocking, refractory, life-giving *ana-suromai*.[29] Nevertheless, the Invisible Man's laughter in the end provides that rupture through which the genuinely monstrous may peer out and confront us; although it is but a momentary glimpse, it is nevertheless a powerful one.

In conclusion, *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*'s use of a horror-comedic frame that consciously deviates from the original novel ironically enables the resurgence of these repressed and gendered undersides of the myth of technology as unambiguous and objective progress. In addition, gender and monstrosity emerge, not as rigid, natural states, but as processes in flux. For example, Wilbur's masculinity is endangered against Chick's, but is hyperbolically shored up in relation to Sandra, Joan, and Count Dracula, who all view him as weaker, "more feminine" than his taller and physically imposing rival-friend. Wilbur is differentially sensitive to visions of the monstrous and the supernatural, the province typically associated with the "feminine"; like a stereotypic woman, he shrieks, swoons, panics, and attempts to flee from danger in a cowardly fashion. Yet in certain strategic instances (such as when the Wolf Man lies in wait for him in Talbot's room), he possesses the masculine imperviousness to such events. Wilbur's gendered behavior ricochets across the realms of the hypermasculinized, the effeminate, and the childlike—behavior that ironically, the silent Frankensteinian creature mimes. It is interesting that when the monster is newly awakened, it displays the same incongruous

behavior that Wilbur does: it jerks back in fear, not at the wax display, but absurdly, at the figure of Wilbur pretending to be under a hypnotic trance. Equally interesting is the fact that Wilbur's ambiguously gendered figure gives him an affinity with the vampire; he is capable of impersonating Count Dracula enough so that he is capable, even if only momentarily, to hypnotize both the Frankensteinian creature and Chick, the worst of his skeptics.

In a similar manner to the way Wilbur's comic figure is marked with the proverbial "?" that characterizes the sign of the monstrous, Joan and Sandra's femininity span a broad continuum: although they are feminized through their physical attractiveness, youthfulness, and flirtatious behavior, they are masculinized as cunning and manipulative, almost to the point of ruthlessness. The only discernible difference between Joan and Sandra is more a function of the circumstances that befall them rather than significant character differences. Joan is saved because she is moved by force of circumstance from occupying the active role of insurance investigator to vulnerable victim incapable of self-defense. Sandra is damned because by virtue of her impulses, she dares to defy not only the masculine realm, but also especially the realm of the monstrous; just before the vampire drains her body of its blood and individual identity, she retains her independence with a stridency the narrative does not allow Joan to display. As such, Sandra's character is the more dangerous and scandalous figure of the feminine; it is she who is slated to become the Monstrous Female, the sacrificial beast on whom the ambivalences of the narrative are meant to be dumped. Yet even when she has joined the ranks of the monstrous, her powers are extremely limited. Unlike even Wilbur, she is incapable of bending the fat little man to her will, and when she attempts to take the authoritative space occupied by the vampire in relation to his creature, she is severely punished: the monster simply picks her up and flings her to a death impaled by shards. That she is dressed in a white outfit that resembles not only a doctor's aseptic outfit, but also the mummy-shroud look of Whale's *Bride of Frankenstein,* grants her murder its appropriate costume.

Although this film ends with the reification of the Frankenstein parthenogenetic myth, with Sandra and all the other monstrous creatures (Count Dracula, the Frankensteinian creature, the Wolf Man) all destroyed, and the conventional coupling of Joan and Dr. Stevens smoothly accomplished, the film is remarkable in its unveiling of the narrative tensions that this resolution demands. There is no definite closure: Wilbur and Chick, the prototypical everymen who both lose the girl, but regain their souls and their agonistic camaraderie, do not row

their way into a rosy sunset. The Invisible Man's ghostly laughter unsettles them enough to cause them to jump into the sea, signifying the film's textual rejection of an unproblematic conclusion. The monstrous, it implies, is bound to resurrect itself, and the politics of gender in relation to technology is far from a set script.

## LOVING PARODY: *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN*

One word seems to describe the way in which many reviews talk about director Mel Brooks's (Melvin Kaminsky) movie *Young Frankenstein* (1974): oxymoronic. Gordon Gow's very first sentence in his review is: "The distinctive thing about the Mel Brooks' brand of parody is its occasional habit of being *deliberately undisciplined*"[30] [italics mine]. In describing Brooks's work ethic, critic Wayne Warga writes: "Brooks at work is *intense, serious and determined*—in startling contrast to the *inspired silliness* of his films" [italics mine].[31] Seventeen years later, similar comments are made in the *New Yorker:* "Filled with high-camp slapstick and gut-busting sick jokes and sex plays, *[Young Frankenstein]* also boasts a kind of *sludgepile elegance*" [italics mine].[32]

In an interview with Annie Nocenti of *Scenario,* actor Gene Wilder recalls how the concept for *Young Frankenstein* began. In a "melancholic" and "stimulated" mood after working on Woody Allen's film *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex,* while he was at Westhampton Beach, he jotted down "Young Frankenstein." "I was very influenced by Frankenstein movies when I was a kid. Of course, like most kids, it was enjoyment but it was also because I wanted to change endings, so I could make things come out the way I wanted them to."[33] Wilder says the initial sketch of two pages he wrote grew from the idea of an innocent, seduced into a calling. That is, the central plot was of a great-grandson of Beaufort von Frankenstein, living in New York, working as a "dental assistant, some silly job, vaguely connected to science."[34] He ends up inheriting his great-grandfather's estate and once he steps on to Transylvanian soil, cannot resist the workings of the mad gene that gets activated. He called Mel Brooks to spin off the idea of working on this project with him, but Brooks did not sound enthusiastic at that time. Luckily, Wilder got a call from Mike Medavoy, then his agent (who would later become the head of TriStar), asking if he could come up with a project involving Peter Boyle and Marty Feldman because Medavoy was also their agent; Wilder leaped on the opportunity. He added two more pages to the initial sketch; the Transylvania station scene and the meeting between the characters "Ayegor" and "Fronkonsteen" are "almost verbatim."[35]

Brooks finally accepted cowriting and directing *Young Frankenstein,* and the two settled down to a diet of digestive English crackers and Earl Grey tea[36] to "get into an Old-English feeling" (that is, the same "brain waves as Mary Shelley")[37] as they wrote the rough script for four months and spent another three polishing it. Brooks mentions some of the movies after which *Young Frankenstein* was patterned. "You can see the knockabout slapstick comedy that Abbott and Costello brought to it, and you can see the slick, wonderful quickstaging of [Rowland V. Lee's] *Son of Frankenstein*. I was very influenced by *The Bride of Frankenstein*. I think that that one, outside of the original [*Frankenstein* (1931)], was probably the best."[38]

Wilder, in yet another interview, added his own thoughts on the "influences" on the film. "I went and got *Frankenstein, Bride of Frankenstein,* which was the most helpful, *Son of Frankenstein,* with Lionel Atwill in it, *Ghost of Frankenstein* and *Frankenstein Returns*. . . . *Frankenstein Returns* was not much use. Primarily, *Frankenstein* and *Bride of Frankenstein,* with a little bit from the Basil Rathbone movie *[Son of Frankenstein]*. . . . And a careful reading of Mary Shelley's book . . ."[39]

Brooks runs a fine line between homage and comic allusion in *Young Frankenstein*. Marty Feldman, the actor who played Igor, the hunchback with the movable hump, saw the film as "a mad tribute to the early Hollywood versions . . . particularly the Boris Karloff hit of 1931."[40] The *Los Angeles Times* Entertainment Editor, Charles Champlin, echoed a similar observation: ". . . the tribute is respectful, loaded with updating jokes but stopping well short of the tear-apart parody which leaves the object of the tribute in a crumpled heap."[41]

Despite its success, the film was not without detractors, whose negative remarks lie largely in an analysis of why *Young Frankenstein*'s humor fails, in their views. Frank Rich of the *New Times* writes: ". . . some jokes fall flat, other jokes (just as bad) are repeated in the vague hope they'll prove to be running gags, other jokes (just as bad) are explained for us (just in case we're not paying attention), and still other jokes (the few good ones) are squandered through mis-presentation."[42] Joy Gould Boyum of the *Wall Street Journal* comments: "[*Young Frankenstein* is] something of a disappointment primarily because too much of the humor is all too predictable. And the film is made to seem even more heavy-handed by the overworking of many of its jokes."[43]

In an interesting contrast, Brooks overtly says that subtlety is the key to making comedy work. He describes his methodology the following way: "I usually do two takes. The one that's perfect, that I love, and then I do one slightly over the top, just in case it's needed in the picture puzzle of the film. . . . The only direction I'd ever have for [Gene Wilder]

is, I'd say "Softer." I'd say, "We want to save your high moments, . . . we can't star them if you're making everything too orange, let's get blue here, or purple."[44]

Brooks reveals a conscious manipulation of the Koestlerian conjunctions of normally separated planes or contexts, generating both humor and melodrama. To him, great comics, to generate humor, must root their emotions in the seriousness of "reality and passion," and cites the example of the climactic scene from *Young Frankenstein* in which Fronkonsteen and Frau Blucher confront each other to illustrate what he means. "'So you were the one that left the cigar!' 'Yes!' 'Then you and Victor were. . . .' 'Yes! He was my . . . boyfriend!' They [Wilder and Leachman] played it very intensely, both of them. After the take they'd fall down laughing, but when they played it, they played it for real. Cloris actually had tears in her eyes!"[45]

Brooks is also one of the few directors (actor/director Kenneth Branagh is another) who actually talks overtly about the parthenogenetic theme at the heart of the Frankenstein narrative. At the very start of the interview with Nocenti, he says: "I always thought . . . that the monster was born out of the scientist's ego and his rage at not being able to do what any woman can do, and that is to give birth."[46]

In addition, Brooks also acknowledges the centrality of the female characters to the generation of the *Frankenstein* narrative, unlike its straight horror predecessors. He notes: "We thought of the two women [Inga, the laboratory assistant (Teri Garr) and Elizabeth, Fronkonsteen's fiancée (Madeline Kahn)] as very important, very strong for the story. There were three women who carried the story—the other of course was Frau Blucher [Cloris Leachman]."[47]

One of the crucial points of this analysis is to focus precisely on the roles these women play in shaping the developing interactions in *Young Frankenstein*. Ultimately, I argue that in this version, the most significant female character is Frau Blucher, in whose character the figures of the crone and the hysterical woman (the first shadow) and the feminine-as-monstrous (powerful, manipulative women) combine to generate perhaps the most formidable cinematic reincarnation of Baubo thus far. Yet, interestingly, this version of Baubo is barren; she is a spinster who prudishly refers to her former lover as her "boyfriend," and thus is not simply the bearer of the jokes, but also the butt of the jokes. Yet, in some senses, no one is immune from being the butt of the jokes in this satire of "misfits in search of perfect love." As Wilder reflects: "Igor's a misfit, Inga's a misfit, the monster is a misfit, I'm a misfit, Cloris [Frau Blucher] . . . is a misfit. But everyone ends up somehow getting what they wanted the most."[48] In spite of this relative "democratization" of status, where heroes and

antiheroes blend into each other through the alchemy of comedy, I shall show once again that in the movement from script to film, Frau Blucher's interventive powers are considerably reduced; nevertheless, she remains one of the most haunting female characters the evolving Frankenstein cinematic narrative has ever produced.

The credits to this movie begin with the usual horror motifs: a bolt of lightning illuminates the towering Frankenstein castle, which, in a manner reminiscent of *Citizen Kane*'s famous beginning, appears in a long shot with one window lighted. As a sad gypsy violin plays,[49] the camera displays part of the Transylvanian landscape as it draws nearer to the lighted window. In both earlier and final scripts, a prologue details the reading of the will of Beaufort Frankenstein, in which he stipulates that if his great-grandson, Frederick, has, "by his own free will, embraced Medicine as his career and acquitted himself [of the stigma of his heritage],"[50] then Freddy would inherit everything Beaufort owned, inclusive of the estate worth $100,000. This scene, which humorously introduces Beaufort Frankenstein's disinherited heirs, was excised in the final film because, as Brooks explains, during the preview, the scene actually generated so much laughter that the next scene, in which Fronkonsteen (Gene Wilder) does his scientific-magic slapstick routine with Mr. Hilltop (Liam Dunn), seemed more like a "dip" than a peak. Brooks comments in a matter-of-fact fashion: "By chopping out that first scene, we gave the movie to Gene, we gave it to the star. You can't advertise a big musical comedy and then you gotta wait twenty minutes for the star to come on."[51]

Thus, after showing a close-up of anonymous hands wresting a metal box from the resistant hands of a corpse, the scene cuts to show Frederick Fronkonsteen giving a lecture on the anatomy of the brain and the differences between "reflexive" and "voluntary" nerve impulses to a class, and then back to the hands bearing the metal box, to reveal the face of the mysterious man on a yet undisclosed mission. In this scene, the often-repressed sadomasochistic element of humor (which Koestler calls an "aggressiveness" or an expression of "superiority"[52]) emerges by effecting a Koestlerian juxtaposition between the serious context of a medical demonstration and the entertaining context of a magic show and slapstick routine. The humorous bisociation seems to work well because it weaves across the older Universal films and the new material effectively. Yet part of the humor also seems to lie in the juxtaposed excesses stressing the differences between the healthy, masterful, and erudite mad-scientist-trying-to-be-God (despite his vehement denials of the heritage that binds him to a famous "cuckoo") and the painfully thin, vulnerable, and basically mute "Mr. Hilltop," who

can barely slide off the gurney when he is instructed to "hop off." Repeatedly, Fronkonsteen's (at this point) unassailable masculinity is displayed: in his ability verbally to spar with and silence a troublesome student; in his masterful command of scientific jargon and his staff; in his ability to assault Mr. Hilltop's thin feminized male body (it is no accident that kicking Mr. Hilltop's groin is the site chosen to illustrate the difference between voluntary and involuntary responses) with his subject's "consent." Yet Fronkonsteen is also repeatedly depicted as hubristic, and his accidental stabbing of his own thigh, a possible comic "thigh birth" allusion,[53] reveals the dark underside of this traditional Frankenstein hero more effectively and directly than many of its straight horror renditions. In line with such a critique, possible allusions to Nazi human experimentation exist because Mr. Hilltop resembles a Holocaust survivor, with his extremely thin and frail body, which is dwarfed even further by the laboratory gown, typical of such human subjects, that he wears. Fronkonsteen, on the other hand, wears the authoritative laboratory coat of the scientist/professor and bears the cultivated nonchalance and erudition characteristic of many of the well-known Nazi doctors. As Gordon Gow notes: "The over-emphasis increases when [Wilder] goes into *Hitlerean hysterics* at the very mention of his late grandfather's ignominy"[54] [italics mine].

The original script actually renders Fronkonsteen even more ridiculous by having an earlier incident in which the scientist dissects a cauliflower to illustrate how to find the brainstem. However, in a manner reminiscent of the Universal series, his bumbling assistant Carlson (probably a derivation of "Carl," a ubiquitous German-sounding assistant's name) has failed to give him the correct specimen, and instead of finding an embedded celery stalk (representing the brain stem), the cauliflower simply crumbles in his hands.

Both the earlier script and the final screenplay have an intermediate scene in which Herr Falkstein, the bearer of Beaufort Frankenstein's will, first dangles the value of his great-grandfather's estate in front of him, and then tries to appeal to Fronkonsteen's sense of family obligation. When both fail, the strains of the "Transylvanian lullaby" waft over from a street musician, and Freddy, as if in a trance, agrees to go—but immediately thereafter, without warning, he smashes the musician's violin and hands it back to him emotionlessly, as if nothing had happened. This scene, which again underlines the scientist's entrapment in his heritage, despite his enlightened façade, was edited out. Wilder recalls why this scene, which had been well shot, was excised: "Mel looked at it and looked at it, and said, 'You're tipping off that you're crazy before you get to Transylvania, and it shouldn't happen until you

arrive in Transylvania. You should be Mister Sane. You're eccentric, but you're not crazy. If you do that before you get on the train, you're crazy before you got there.'"[55]

Thus, what transpires next in the movie is the hilarious farewell scene between Fronkonsteen and his fiancée, Elizabeth (who is described as "beautiful but flat-chested" in the script, but who is played with finesse by Madeline Kahn, who is anything but flat-chested). As they bid each other goodbye, we see that Elizabeth is clearly obsessive about cleanliness, and she objects to any sort of contact that could ruin her hair, her nails, the taffeta dress she wears. The only point of contact she allows is an elbow-to-elbow "hug." Brooks reports that in a fit of comic improvisation, Kahn invented Elizabeth's ducking Fronkonsteen's blown kiss from a distance.[56]

Part of the reason why Elizabeth is strikingly funny is because she juxtaposes Koestlerian oppositions and conjoins characteristics of the first and third shadows. As the first shadow, she is obviously a conventional, hyperrepressed woman, whose entire being seems wrapped up in the frivolous care of her body. Yet she is also an instantiation of the feminine-as-monstrous in her inverse use of her sexual power to prevent men from getting too close to her. She is also obviously very wealthy and is thus used to giving commands. When Fronkonsteen later introduces her to her mirror image-rival, Inga (Teri Garr), he introduces her as his "financier" before he corrects himself and calls her his "fiancée." It is therefore a natural transition that Elizabeth later transforms into the female monster (signaled by the transformation of her perfectly coiffed hair into the Nefertiti-like standing hair with a jagged electric streak running through it, characteristic of Elsa Lanchester's hairdo in *Bride of Frankenstein*).

When Fronkonsteen arrives at the Transylvania station, a bug-eyed humpbacked character dressed in dark robes, who pronounces his name as "Aye-gor," meets him. Igor (Marty Feldman) acknowledges his kinship to the predecessors who have served the Frankensteins. But unlike his predecessors, he mentions that "rates have gone up," revealing a commercial astuteness he shares with Elizabeth, the repressed and bossy feminine-as-monstrous. Yet the humorous exchange, in which Fronkonsteen and "Aye-gor" insist on their own idiosyncratic pronunciations of their names (which constitute a vehement denial of their lineages), reveals the kinship that binds these two. In addition, Igor's unwillingness to acknowledge that he has a hump (and thus own up to his deviation from the "normal") aligns him with Fronkonsteen's unwillingness to acknowledge his Frankenstein lineage.

The relationship between Fronkonsteen and Igor, which ricochets between a father/son and master/slave relationship, is implied rather than

overt in prior straight horror *Frankenstein* films, such as James Whale's 1931 film. For example, in that film, it is noteworthy that Henry does not consider Fritz's presence even worth mentioning during the scene in which Henry invites Dr. Waldman, Victor, and Elizabeth into his laboratory to witness the awakening of the Monster he had sewn together from various sources. "A great scene isn't it? One man crazy—three very sane spectators!"[57] One could argue that a threefold explanation exists for Henry's strange statement that there are four, rather than five, players on the scene: first, that Henry does not regard Fritz significant enough to mention as a spectator to this momentous scene; second, that Henry does not believe Fritz is "human" enough to appreciate the miracle of a nonhuman being coming to life; and third, that Henry does not consider Fritz separate or disparate enough from himself to warrant recognition as a cocreator. These three possible motivations, even if taken singly, and even more so when taken together, point to a high degree of identification binding Henry and Fritz in the film, as opposed to Victor and Henry in the novel. Instead of Henry's being symbolic or reflective of Victor's lighter side, Fritz becomes the personification of Henry's darker side. Fritz is Henry's son, as much as he is Henry's tool in the creation of the Monster; he is, in some senses, already the embodiment of the hidden Monstrosity lurking behind Henry's enlightened façade. Henry's attempts to birth himself, through total absorption in masculine and technological production, via the "birthing" of a supermasculine being, result in monstrous progeny, revealing the dystopian nature of the parthenogenetic dream.[58] All these complex interactions become more obvious, although leavened with a humorous twist, in *Young Frankenstein*.

Marty Feldman interprets *Young Frankenstein*'s Igor as less a sadistic character than a court jester, a "Lear's fool whose jokes zing with truth, whose antics are the reflection of human folly."[59] The humor of *Young Frankenstein* clearly is not immune from standard gags. As Charles Champlin notes: "There are vaudeville jokes which may well be older than Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley herself. 'This way,' beckons Marty Feldman as Igor, limping up the street in a humpbacked crouch. Gene Wilder follows. 'No, no *this* way!' screams Igor, and Wilder dutifully bends into a humpbacked crouch."[60]

Thus, although Feldman talks about his characters in profound, Shakespearean terms, there is a sense in which his character is also a spin off from the Abbott and Costello slapstick types. Once again, his character juxtaposes, in Koestlerian terms, a lower, visceral comedy rather than a dialogue of comedy with the brevity of "Lear's fool."

The next character whom Fronkonsteen meets is the buxom Inga, Fronkonsteen's "liberated" laboratory assistant, who immediately invites

him for a "roll in the hay." As in a James Bond film, the sexual double entendres are numerous in this film. For instance, when Igor raps huge iron wrought knockers to announce their arrival as Fronkonsteen is helping Inga down from the wagon, Fronkonsteen exclaims: "What knockers!" Inga shyly smiles and replies, "Thank you, Doctor." The crux of the joke, of course, is that there is a Koestlerian bisocation of "knockers," meaning ancient castle equivalents of doorbells, and the slang term for breasts.

Yet what is significant, even as early as in this scene, is that Inga is set up to be Elizabeth's foil. Inga is a full-breasted blonde, whereas Elizabeth is a flat-chested brunette. (Madeline Kahn, of course, is not flat chested but her breasts are never prominently on display the way Teri Garr's are.) Inga is a servant, and Elizabeth is a rich, spoiled brat. Inga promises immediate sexual access and fulfillment, and Elizabeth seethes with sexual repression. Inga serves; Elizabeth commands.

Despite their differences, there is a sense in which Inga, like Elizabeth, again involves a Koestlerian juxtaposition of the first and third shadows. As an openly displayed sex object who is supposed to combine an exotic German accent with an innocent sexuality, she is obviously a feminized or first shadow. Yet because at least in the early part of the film, Fronkonsteen is always on the defensive or retreating from her obvious sexual advances, she, too, may be labeled a version of the feminine-as-monstrous (that is, as a beautiful woman who does not hesitate to use her feminine powers of seduction). Although she never oversteps her boundaries as a laboratory assistant and servant, it is clear, particularly in the earlier parts of the movie, that she is the sexual predator, and Fronkonsteen, the ambivalent prey. Byrne summarizes one particular scene that highlights this interaction. "[Inga] responds to [Fronkonsteen's] knock on the door, they exchange dirty thoughts in the politest of tones and she invites him into her room. He enters, still on his knees."[61]

In a revealing production history aside that shows how Inga and Elizabeth were conceived with essentially mirror imaging character traits, it is important to note that Gene Wilder had actually thought Madeline Kahn would be perfect to play Inga after having seen her perform in the film *Blazing Saddles* (a project on which Wilder and Brooks had collaborated). As Wilder recounts: "I'd seen [Kahn] sing the number 'I'm Tired' from *Blazing Saddles,* and that was worth the price of admission."[62] Kahn, however, thought Elizabeth would be the better fit, and so they had to find a different woman to play Inga. As Garr narrates the story: "Mel kept telling me, 'You're very funny. But I want Madeline Kahn. And she doesn't want to do it.' He was and still is madly in love with Madeline Kahn. So I was called back and called

back. One day, he said, 'Madeline is doing this part, but you can come back tomorrow with a German accent and I can give you a chance to try out for the role of Inga.' I came back the next day and that's how it happened."[63]

Yet the most powerful of the female characters is yet to be introduced. Frau Blucher (Cloris Leachman) ushers them into the castle with a funereally comic rendition reminiscent of the housekeeper in Hitchcock's film *Rebecca*. The name *Blucher,* which also means "glue," causes the horses to rear up in fright every time her name is mentioned. Apparently, in an earlier script, Frau Blucher ushers them in with a candelabra; Fronkonsteen tries a switch, and the castle floods with light.[64] But the finished version builds greater absurdity into the picture. Blucher now has an unlit candelabra, which she holds closely to her as she instructs them to keep near her as they climb a steep flight of stairs. In an earlier script, the absurdity is heightened when Igor rushes ahead of the group, ostensibly to see better, but because the unlit candelabra provides no further illumination, Igor emerges as even more a fool or a jester.[65] They reach Beaufort Frankenstein's library but Fronkonsteen is convinced a private library must exist somewhere because they find no trace of any of the older Frankenstein's notes concerning how he had reanimated dead flesh. What occurs next is a beautifully choreographed comic sequence in which Frau Blucher repeatedly turns back in an attempt to seduce Fronkonsteen into accepting a nightcap, ranging from warm milk to Ovaltine, and Fronkonsteen repeatedly rejects her advances.

Wilder recalls that this sequence was particularly difficult to shoot because he kept losing his composure as they improvised their interaction. "Cloris was so startlingly real and funny. She gave me the chills. She really knew what she was doing. . . . In my bedroom for the first time, when I ask, 'Where's my [great-grand]father's private library?' We did that scene about six times. Each one is different. The funniest one, I broke up on, and we couldn't use. . . . Cloris says something that catches me off-guard and I try to distract her—I catch a fly and smash it. I start laughing, and she says, 'Oh, Gene, why'd you spoil it? That was the funniest one.' But we never did that one again."[66]

Wilder's outbursts of laughter ruined so many scenes that Leachman, apparently, was tempted to take rather drastic measures: "Recalling an outtake in which she brandished a prop gun, she says: 'I remember telling myself I'd load that thing with real bullets and shoot him if he started laughing during my next scene.'"[67]

Nevertheless, Frau Blucher's character clearly bisociates aspects of the first and third shadows. It is interesting that in straight horror narratives,

Blucher, as a crone, would have unproblematically belonged simply to the category of the feminized or first shadow. Crones, when they even appear in straight horror narratives, are simply dispensable laughing stocks, such as the interfering landlady in *Frankenstein: The True Story* or the manipulative Countess Barscynska in *Revenge of Frankenstein*.[68] Only in Whale's *Bride of Frankenstein* may a parallel figure be found in Una O'Connor's Minnie, who functions as a comic Cassandra (proclaiming the return of the Monster, which no one believes); life proclaimer (she has the famous line: "He's alive!"—a line that formerly had been reserved only for the Dr. Frankenstein characters); female Fritz (who torments the creature with words rather than a whip, compared with Fritz in the earlier *Frankenstein*). Yet whereas O'Connor's (Minnie) hyperbolized shrieks performatively place her in the realm of the hysterical herald (and thus, the realm of the successfully repressed first shadow), Leachman's (Frau Blucher) generally understated and controlled voice renders her a genuinely formidable character, and thus, is really closer to the third shadow, or the feminine-as-monstrous. The only time Blucher raises her voice in the finished film is during that famous exchange with Fronkonsteen in which he gradually confirms his suspicions through short bursts that verge in between interrogation and accusation. Blucher's rising "Yes"es, punctuated by the sound of her drawing the bow across the violin that nestles against her neck, act as proverbial exclamation points, and climax in an enthusiastic and ecstatic ownership of her invisible role as lover to the deceased Beaufort Frankenstein. Blucher's figure thus once again conjoins several Koestlerian juxtapositions: as castle housekeeper and mistress, crone and lover, servant, and master manipulator—rendering her a genuinely intimidating and yet comical presence, which would not have been possible in a straight horror rendition. She is one of the few instantiations of the myth of Baubo, as a figure of laughter and power (although ambivalently so in this case because she is a crone who was a former lover of the owner of the castle and laboratory) reemerging in a series of films that reenvisage the parthenogenetic narrative instantiated by the birth of Dionysus from the thigh of Zeus. It is true as well, however, that Frau Blucher is laughably old-fashioned; her manner of dress, her hyperbolically severe demeanor, and her quaint way of referring to her former lover as her "boyfriend," harness her power, rendering her an instantiation of both first and third shadows.

In an earlier script, Inga slips into Fronkonsteen's room, asking to be allowed to sleep over because the "strange room" has prevented her from sleeping. Fronkonsteen ironically tries the same tactic Frau Blucher did of offering Inga a "sandwich," but Inga declines innocently and falls fast asleep thereafter. In the final version of the film, Fronkonsteen sim-

ply falls asleep on his own and is awakened by Inga, clad in a revealing nightgown, from a nightmare. Both follow the sound of a violin playing the haunting strains of the "Transylvanian lullaby" and, after a series of slapstick antics with a revolving door, descend into the proverbial cobweb-ridden dungeon and hidden laboratory to find the older Frankenstein's notes. Amidst a cabinet of carefully classified skulls, ranging from "three years dead" to "freshly dead," Fronkonsteen and Inga find Igor's distinctive head thrust into the aperture. The jolt of finding a live and singing head where one expects to find a dead and mute one is startling and comical, particularly when Igor starts singing the famous blues lines: "Aiiiiiiii ain't got nobody." The group also comes across a violin and the smoldering remains of a cigar, revealing that someone else had lured them down.

In an earlier version of the script and the final screenplay, Fronkonsteen visibly struggles against his heritage and his escalating madness, but the final version makes it almost an instant conversion as soon as they have uncovered Beaufort's notes. In an even more hyperbolic version of Colin Clive's performance as Henry Frankenstein in the 1931 version, Freddy Fronkonsteen screeches: "Change the poles from plus to minus and from minus to plus!" *(Howls insanely.)* "I alone succeeded in discovering the cause of generation of life." *(Doubles over in laughter.)* "Nay, even more—I, myself, became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter."

Fronkonsteen, Inga, and Igor then set about joining forces in fashioning their "Creature of gigantic stature" ("eight feet in height" in the earlier script) with an "enormous schwanzstucker" (a "nineteen inch drill" in the earlier script).[69] What transpires next is almost a shot-by-shot replication of the grave-robbing sequence of Whale's 1931 *Frankenstein*. With the exception of the sudden descent of rain and an unexpected encounter with a policeman, the creation scene (inclusive of the replacement of a genius' brain with an abnormal brain by a bumbling assistant) is a parodic replication of scenes from *Bride of Frankenstein* and *Frankenstein*.

Brooks recalls that he forced his cinematographer, Gerald Hirschfield, to view the James Whale *Frankenstein* films five times. Hirschfield first cursed Brooks and then later thanked him for the experience. Brooks goes on: "Another thing I said to [Hirschfield] was, 'We will very rarely use a zoom lens; they didn't and we won't. Let's put a camera on a dolly and trundle like James Whale. . . .' I also told him, 'If you want to, you can shake the camera a little, while you're trundling.' And he said, 'Are you crazy?' I said, 'No, I want to capture the camera work of the period which was never perfectly smooth. Always a little shaky.' He said, 'Please, let's

compromise. Not too much trundling or shaking.' And we did, we struck a fine balance between the old and the new."[70]

In addition, Brooks was able to recruit Universal's original gadget maker: Kenneth Strickfaden. Strickfaden, who had been responsible for all the electrical magic tricks and mechanical magic of James Whale's Frankenstein films, had some of the original equipment and rebuilt some copies because these had been burned up in the intervening years.[71] This further reinforced the authenticity and uncanny resemblance of *Young Frankenstein*'s sets to the original Universal Frankenstein films, and rendered the parodic salute to these films even more effective.[72]

Brooks also points out how the comic version emphasized the previously only implied erotic tinges in the creation scenes of *Frankenstein* and *Bride of Frankenstein*. "We literally took it [erotic repression] to the sky when Gene was on that gurney that was raised to the heavens. . . . [Teri Garr] played her sexuality fully and naively, innocently. [Gene Wilder] says to her, 'Raise me!' And she says, 'What, here, now?' And he says, 'No, the platform.' 'Oh, yes,' she says."[73]

Yet this time, success is not immediately apparent after the experiment; despite massive electric shocks given to the dormant corpse, the creature remains still, and Fronkonsteen comically struggles between gracefully accepting his seeming failure and frenetically attempting to throttle his creation in frustration and anger. Later, the Monster's "Mmmmmmm" sounds alert the three collaborators that their efforts have paid off, and they dash off to the laboratory. Fronkonsteen does the usual Colin Clive—inspired version of "It's alive!" and warns Inga to have a sedative ready as he releases the creature. In an earlier script, Freddy, the Monster, and Igor perform a song-and-dance number that instructs the creature how to move. Occasionally, Inga and a "fifty piece orchestra" join in. In an ironic Pygmalion-like sequence, the Monster immediately has rhythm but only clumsily attempts to imitate the "soft shoe" examples of Fronkonsteen and Igor, but where they "Ping" and "Clink," the Creature "Pongs" and "Clongs."[74]

Although this section was eventually excised from the final screenplay and film, Wilder reflects on his reasons for writing that scene in an initial version of the script. "I thought, how can I be teaching the monster in an entertaining way? I was a student of fencing for years, and I had one really maniacal fencing master, a Hungarian, in New York. . . . So I think I had him in mind when I was giving those instructions to the monster, because it's almost like a song, 'first you do da-da-da-da, then you do da-da-da-da.'"[75]

However, in the final screenplay and film, as soon as the gigantic Monster (Peter Boyle), now sporting zippers instead of sutures or elec-

trodes, is released, in typical Universal form, he reaches for his creator's throat and starts choking him. In another set of slapstick gags, the immobilized Fronkonsteen's instructions to give the Monster a sedative becomes an extended charade with his assistants. Yet once again, the classic horror narrative manifests itself: the creature escapes just as Inspector Kemp (a remake of Lionel Atwill's Inspector Krogh in *Son of Frankenstein*) arrives to interrogate Fronkonsteen regarding the rumors that the Frankenstein castle is again alive with nocturnal activities. Fronkonsteen naturally vehemently denies that anything abnormal is happening; yet as Kemp's speculations hit closer and closer to home, his expert dart-throwing skills also correspondingly grow wilder and wilder.

The role of Inspector Kemp was assumed by Kenny Mars, who had played the crazy Nazi playwright Franz Leibkind in *The Producers*.[76] As with Lionel Atwill's Inspector Krogh *(Son of Frankenstein),* he, too, has a wooden arm because the Monster had pulled off his arm when he was a young boy; yet on top of that, he is also handicapped by an incomprehensible German accent. The linkage between the monstrous and Nazism, which is visible in films such as *Frankenstein 1970,* combined with a fear of technology hinted at through allusions to *Dr. Strangelove* via Inspector Kemp's inability totally to control his artificial limb, continue.

Nevertheless, just like other characters in *Young Frankenstein,* Kemp bisociatively links the second and first shadows. He is a second or technologized shadow because of his artificial limb. Yet because of his alienation, due to his incomprehensible German accent and because of the fact that he is coded as a mechanical and ineffectual body, he, too, falls into the category of those Others who do not fall within the categories of rational ego consciousness—a first or "feminized" shadow. Thus, even in Kemp, a Koestlerian conjunction of oppositions is found: Kemp is both powerful and powerless, mechanical and human, the keeper of order and one who seethes with criminal and vengeful urges.

In an earlier script, after the song-and-dance number, the Monster's deathly hold on Fronkonsteen is finally broken only when Freddy, handed a violin by Igor, starts to play the "Transylvanian Lullaby." Inga finally injects the creature, lulled to the point of sleepiness, with a sedative, but it still insists that Fronkonsteen keep playing and even rewards its parthenogenetic father with a kiss. Yet Fronkonsteen himself is under Frau Blucher's spell as she continues playing the same tune on another violin. The next scenes show Fronkonsteen as a hard taskmaster, drilling in the essentials of ballet dancing and harp playing to the frustrated-looking creature, using the "Transylvanian Lullaby" as the means of keeping the Monster under control.[77]

The control that the impressive Frau Blucher wields on Fronkonsteen continues in the final screenplay, as opposed to the finished film. In this version, Wilder imbues Blucher's character with those of his own mother. In an interview, he admits that the reason he began learning comedy was because of the primal experience of a doctor telling him, when he was eight years old, that he should, in the aftermath of his mother's heart attack, never cause her to be angry with him (and thus cause her death), but that making her laugh was a highly desirable end.[78] Like his mother, Frau Blucher uses "'Mein seusserkopf'[;] Sweet little head"[79] in addressing the creature. Ultimately, she ensures that the creature escapes, and her ecstatic screech, "Freeeeeee," constitutes the final word on the matter.

However, in the final film, Frau Blucher's power is considerably reduced; other than the revelation that it is she who had been playing the "Transylvanian Lullaby" to lure Fronkonsteen into the hidden laboratory, her part is considerably truncated, and the narrative focus shifts to Fronkonsteen's histrionic cursing of his heritage. The straight horror narrative's tendency to repress the third shadow, or the feminine-as-monstrous, in the figure of Frau Blucher begins to emerge at this point.

Just as in Whale's *Frankenstein,* the creature blunders into an encounter with a young girl and later with a blind hermit. The use of horizontal or vertical wipes, punctuated by irises, signify transitions, just as in the classic Universal horror films. The use of backlighting, particularly in the scene with the little girl, alludes visually not only to 1930s films but also to Whale's iconic 1931 film in particular. In addition, Brooks takes advantage, a few times, of the expressionist effect of the Monster's shadow looming in a manner that again points to Whale. In terms of plot and dialogue, as with Whale's *Frankenstein,* the young girl and the Monster play a game of denuding a flower of its petals and throwing these petals into a well, rather than a lake, as in the original. When they run out of petals, a close-up shot reveals the Monster's lopsided grin when Heidi, the little girl, wonders aloud: "What shall we throw in now?"

The scene in Whale's version that shows the Monster tossing in the girl, Maria, and inadvertently drowning her, caused quite a scandal when it was first shown that it was excised from released versions.[80] The audience is therefore poised with anticipation, watching intently to see how far Brooks's version will bring the parody. The final screenplay has a short intermediate scene in which Heidi's parents suddenly realize that neither of them has tucked their precious daughter in bed and scurry about trying to find her. But the released film version shows Heidi being

set down on a seesaw (or "teeter-totter" as the final screenplay calls it); she then bossily commands the Monster to sit down on the other end. When the creature does, the force of his weight sends her sailing through the air into her bedroom, where she lands on her bed and thereafter, snuggles under the covers and goes to sleep, unperturbed.[81] Her parents burst into the bedroom and embrace each other in relief—a feeling that the audience shares. The success of this scene appears to rely on the Koestlerian conjunction of several conventionally separated planes: the plane of Whale's classic horror film, in which the young girl dies by drowning, and the plane of Brook's comedic parody, in which the young girl simply settles under the covers nonchalantly after the unusual experiences of playing with a Monster and being flung up into the air; the plane of the Monster as powerful victim-victimizer (classic horror) and the plane of the Monster as naïve fool (comedy); the plane of the young girl as innocent victim and the plane of the young girl as bossy and domineering brat (comedy). In each of these instances, the expectations set up by the visual narration of a well-known substory, using classic cinematic horror techniques that deliberately allude to the tragic originals, are dashed to the ground, generating laughter. As Gordon Gow notes: "[One] holds one's breath when [Brooks] embarks upon the episode of the Monster's encounter with the little girl. . . . [Will] Brooks go so far in fidelity as to let her be killed? Or, whatever happens, will it all turn sour by comparison with Victor Erice's sensitive variation upon the same incident in *The Spirit of the Beehive?* As it turns out, there is no problem—merely a *jeté* that carries us, just for a jubilant instant, into the domain of slapstick."[82]

The Monster next encounters the blind hermit (Gene Hackman). Critical acclaim for this cameo appearance is unanimous. Charles Champlin of the *Los Angeles Times* calls Hackman's performance "superlative,"[83] and Frank Rich of the *New Times,* who scathingly calls the movie "terrible," still identifies this cameo as one of the "few routines that deserve to work."[84] Brooks gleefully reports in an interview that he "took advantage" of the "great Gene Hackman" by having him shoot this cameo in four days, rather than the expected single-day shooting.[85]

In this scene, everything from Whale's 1931 film is reproduced with startling accuracy, from the mise-en-scène to the costume of the blind man. This time, however, the blind man diegetically plays a phonograph recording of "Ave Maria," the musical theme for the famous scene in which two outcasts momentarily find friendship and solace—a theme that the characters in Whale's film would not have been able to hear. The blind man's prayer for a companion seems answered when the Monster bursts through the door. Just like the young girl, the blind hermit seems

unperturbed and joyfully introduces himself as "Herald," and welcomes his tall, mute visitor. In the screenplay, a little more slapstick is involved as Herald inadvertently strikes the creature several times as he tries to instruct his visitor on where to find an extra soup bowl. The film skips this and immediately goes to the part where the creature unsuccessfully attempts to prevent the blind man spilling the hot soup on his lap and howls in pain. When the blind man begins to pour some wine for his guest, the creature, now more crafty, guides his host's hand to the cup; just as he is greedily drinking the wine, Herald sharply stops him and demands a toast. Yet in toasting to a "long friendship," the blind man clinks his cup against the creature's so vigorously that the creature's cup cracks, leaving him with nothing but a dripping handle. As if such abuse were not enough, the blind man then proceeds to light the creature's thumb rather than the cigar he hands him. With a terrified howl, the creature bolts out, leaving the blind man crying out, in an effort to entice his guest-victim back: "Wait! I was going to make espresso!"

Once again, the effectiveness of this scene hinges on the bisociation of normally separated planes of association. The mise-en-scène, costumes, and dialogue strongly recall the communion between two outcasts, poignantly rendered immortal in Whale's version. Yet the outcome of this parodic rendition could not be more startling. The frail blind man proves to be perilous to the large hulking Monster, substituting comic relief for the original film's melodrama.

In the final screenplay, after another standard gag with a thief called "Jack Sprat," who attacks the creature only to find himself beleaguered, the Monster is lured by a masked beggar (Fronkonsteen in disguise), playing the "Transylvanian Lullaby," into a deserted spot, where Inga and Igor ambush and sedate him. In the scene that follows, which best highlights Frau Blucher's powerful influence, the formidable woman manages to act as Fronkonsteen's conscience, and intimidates and inspires him to redeem his creature.

> FRAU BLUCHER: Yes—I'm trying to shame you. Your [great-] grandfather had the same problems you have. Don't you think he felt what you feel now? But he had a vision of something greater. Beyond failure! Beyond ridicule! Beyond pain!!! The RE-CREATION OF L I F E!
>
> *All eyes on:*
> *FREDDY*
>
> FREDDY *(To Igor):* Get me the file . . . of that abnormal brain.
> *Frau Blucher SMILES.*[86]

Instead, the film excises this and focuses on the next scene in which Freddy locks himself up in a room to win the Monster over with love. After an initial panic attack in which Fronkonsteen tries to flee from the room, calling for his "Mommy," creator and creature are reconciled in an unprecedented pseudo-Rousseauesque fashion, and Freddy finally acknowledges his heritage as a Frankenstein. What follows next is the famous showcase of the Monster's motor skills (and his status as a cultured gentleman, rather than an uncivilized brute) through the vaudeville tap dance done to the tune of Irving Berlin's "Puttin' on the Ritz." Apparently, Brooks and Wilder struggled mightily over whether to include this scene, and after Wilder had vehemently defended his idea without moving an inch for about thirty or forty minutes, Brooks suddenly gave in. As Wilder narrates it: "I had done research on this—I had gone to psychiatrists and everything—research about nerves and reflexes and how you could test them, and what kind of movements would help, and then I translated that into comic behavior. And Mel just said, 'Okay. It's in.' I was stunned. I said, 'Why didn't you just *say* that?' He said, 'I didn't know! When you gave it to me and I read it, I didn't know. So I thought, let's see how hard he fights for it. Because if you had said, 'Yeah, well, maybe not . . .' then—out! But when you argued that much for it, I knew it must be right.'"[87] The crowd of scientists is initially impressed, but when one of the footlights begins smoking, the Monster grows distracted and is unable to continue performing. The crowd begins pelting the performers with vegetables, and the Monster, in a manner reminiscent of *King Kong,* leaps into the audience vengefully. The crowd scatters but the police eventually manage to overpower and drag away the creature. Nevertheless, again in the Universal Studios style, the creature manages to break free and escape when a sadistic guard torments it with fire. The events depicting the capture and imprisonment of the Monster are shot in a manner that mimes the classic horror tradition so effectively that it could very well have been another one of those movies, but from there, a rapid shift occurs.

Just as Fronkonsteen and Inga engage in an "intellectual conversation" atop the gurney on which the creature had been reanimated, they receive word from Frau Blucher that Elizabeth is arriving. Elizabeth arrives with the usual dramatic flourish. Although both Elizabeth's and Inga's faces are illuminated through "star" lighting to give them *the* look with which women were shot in the 1930s, the contrast between the two women is highly emphasized. Inga's blonde hair spills freely over her visible breasts, which are accented by the glittering and slinky short dress she wears; Elizabeth's hair is tightly

wrapped in a sophisticated and elegant turban and she is covered from head to toe in a becoming dress that resembles a business suit. Yet there is something about Elizabeth that seems to be of universal appeal, particularly to monstrous characters; Igor tries to come on to her but Fronkonsteen steps in authoritatively to claim his fiancée. In a comic turn extemporized by Feldman, under Brooks's secret instruction, Igor suddenly attacks Elizabeth's fox fur. Wilder recalls: "The one where Marty bites the foxtail, that was all Mel at his best. . . . [Brooks] did not tell us that Marty was going to bite the tail. So when he bit the tail, it came off in his mouth. When I turned to look at him, I saw all this fur coming out of his mouth. Well, it took six or eight takes before I could get through it. And Mel cut in with a razor blade, because I did start to laugh at the very end of it."[88] Yet from a critical standpoint, it is interesting that Elizabeth's carefully controlled sexual repression somehow brings out the proverbial animal in everyone. But it will take the ithyphallic and uncivilized creature to break through her armor of cool control. Elizabeth, in a semimaternal, repressedly seductive fashion successfully wards off Fronkonsteen's sexual overtures. The range of her arsenal is impressive: like a lawyer, she argues that they should wait until after the wedding and appeals to his sense of chivalry by calling him a "tough guy"; she then refuses a passionate kiss because this would ostensibly mess up her carefully Chap-Sticked lips.

When the creature abducts her, all these weapons prove ineffective. Bribes, threats of recrimination, or ambivalent protests cannot stop him. In an earlier version of the script, the creature actually verbally instructs her to step back to display his "19-inch drill" to her (the camera is supposed to focus on her face to record the penis' miraculous magnitude) as she gasps in "awe."[89] In the final screenplay, he simply wordlessly moves toward her, and her weak protests swell into the joyous operatic strains of "Ah, sweet mystery of life at last I found you. . . ." In the final film version Kahn actually improvises a little bit and murmurs "Oh my God! Woof!" in between her prepared lines. At this point as well her turbaned hair is replaced by Elsa Lanchester's (the bride of the monster in *Bride of Frankenstein*) famous upright and galvanized hairstyle with the jagged white streak running through it, signaling the unleashing of her long-repressed sexual desires. Somehow, the scene moves from the register of heroine in danger to heroine finding her true love; the narrative shifts from horror to romantic comedy. Film critic Pauline Kael conjectures that Madeline Kahn's ability to parody her own flawed and yet very real sexiness is part of the reason why the scene works: "Madeline Kahn has an extra dimension of

sexiness; it's almost like Mae West had—she's flirtatious in a self-knowing way. And everything that's wrong about her is sexy. You look at her and think, What a beautiful and translucent skin on such a big jaw; what a statuesque hourglass figure, especially where the sand has slipped. She's so self-knowingly lascivious that she convinces you she really digs the monster."[90]

Yet what is clear narratively is that the film establishes that Elizabeth and the Monster belong together, just as Inga and Fronkonsteen do. Thus it is within the context of overcoming Elizabeth's prissiness that this incident is framed, and her bursting into a paean of praise signifies her release from a self-imposed sexual entrapment. Of course, all these fall into the standard stereotypes of standoffish women needing aggressive men to overpower them and render them genuinely "feminine" and "in touch with their true primal drives." Yet the scene is done with such outlandish exaggeration, and the transformation from severe celibacy to monstrous lasciviousness is so startling, that somehow, laughter ensues.

Nevertheless, in Elizabeth's figure, two shadows clearly continue to be juxtaposed in Koestlerian fashion. Elizabeth has become a female monster (an instance of the third shadow) and displays Baubo's sexual unabashedness; yet she has also become domesticated through her sexual liaison with the creature. She has become all body—and a female body with an insatiable sexual appetite at that, which again renders her a hybrid between the first shadow (body and anything that deviates form rational Ego consciousness) and the third shadow (as a female monster). So complete, in fact, is her transformation, that six "quick bangs" are not enough for her, and she shouts resentfully at the retreating creature, who is drawn away from her by the force of the "Transylvanian Lullaby": "Where are you going? All you men are alike . . . seven or eight quick bangs [they were on their seventh shot when they got interrupted] and you're off with the boys to boast and brag. You better keep your mouth shut!"[91]

In the final screenplay, the irrepressible Frau Blucher plays the "Transylvanian Lullaby" on a violin, which draws the creature back; in the final film, it is Fronkonsteen who is playing. As one critic notes: "Cloris Leachman makes a magnificent entrance as the castle housekeeper, but then, having a one-and-a-half-gag role, she has nothing left to do but make faces."[92] Fronkonsteen, at this point, usurps the Christlike role usually reserved for the creature and volunteers to undergo an extremely dangerous operation linking his brain with the Monster's to "equalize the pressure" in the creature's brain, thus restoring him to some semblance of normality. What could happen if

the experiment failed is not clear, yet even Fronkonsteen's assistants try to dissuade him. But Freddy remains steadfast. Unfortunately, seven seconds before the experiment is over, the terrified villagers, led by Inspector Kemp (who uses his wooden arm as a battering ram) force their way into the Frankenstein castle and pull Fronkonsteen's inert body from the machines. Just as all seems lost, a deep, refined voice imperiously orders the crowd to stop. Impressed by the ring of authority in the voice, the villagers stop. The creature now begins a moving soliloquy concerning how only Fronkonsteen, this "poor, half-crazed genius" alone "held an image of [the creature] as something beautiful."

In the shift from final screenplay to movie, interestingly, the screenplay's attempts to move between parody and melodrama are simplified in favor of simple melodrama. For example, in the final screenplay, the last three lines that the creature utters in his moving speech are: "But I'm still 'The Monster' . . . sometimes known as 'Him,' occasionally, 'The Creature.' But they're one and the same. I am that tall, peculiarly attractive stranger with the winning smile."[93] These lines would have ruined the profound impact of his earlier encomium to Fronkonsteen, and perhaps, would have diminished the risk the scientist had taken on to save his parthenogenetic son. So instead, these narcissistic and self-referential lines are taken out. Consistent with the sustained effect of causing awe rather than abrupt humor, Inspector Kemp offers his wooden arm in friendship to the creature. The crowd cheers as Frau Blucher looks on, beaming through tears comically. However, the creature manages, once again, to yank off Kemp's wooden arm, and the Inspector directs the crowd to head for the lumber yard. Left alone, the creature, Inga, and Igor lean over Fronkonsteen's seemingly lifeless body to listen for a heartbeat and sigh with relief.

The released film then moves on to reveal Fronkonsteen gallantly carrying his new bride, Inga, across the threshold into their home. Just as they begin to kiss passionately, Inga, in a manner that is somewhat reminiscent of Elizabeth, tells him to "hold on to his hat" as she smiles flirtatiously and retreats into the bathroom. Yet as Inga begins to hum the "Transylvania Lullaby," the scene cuts to yet another honeymoon suite. The Monster sits in bed, reading a newspaper as Elizabeth's voice wafts from the bathroom, alternating between the domestic inanities of putting in special bathroom hampers for shirts and "poo-poo undies," and the intimacies of married life. The final screenplay goes on longer with Elizabeth's repeated verbal requests for confirmation that the Monster is happy being with her and loves her "oodles and oodles,"[94]

but the film substitutes a more effective stripteaselike sequence, in which Elizabeth, once again sporting the *Bride* hairdo, slinks over to the bed, and dramatically does the famous female creature's hiss before she slips into bed with the Monster. The camera then returns where it had left Fronkonsteen and Inga. As Inga continues humming the "Transylvanian Lullaby," Freddy's arms begin to hang away from his body stiffly and he now walks in fits and jerks, like the creature, as he gets into bed with Inga. The Monster's "Mmmmmm" sounds emanate from his body, but Inga thinks this is simply an expression of sexual desire and replies: "Ah, the feeling is mutual." She muses over the fact that, "During the transference, the Monster got a part of your wonderful brain—what did you ever get from him?" In reply, the Monster's "Mmmmmm" is heard as Inga, as with the earlier Elizabeth, now bursts ecstatically into the now-familiar leitmotif of "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, at last I found you!"

Wilder explains the personal resonances of this recurring romantic refrain: "When I was quite young, my mother's best friend had a 25th wedding anniversary. She had a wonderful marriage, and I performed their favorite song, 'Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life.' When the music came on and I sang, I saw the look in their eyes . . . so it stuck in my brain that 'Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life' was the epitome of two people finding each other who belong together."[95]

Yet this leitmotif clearly signifies more than simply "finding each other." It also signifies erotic fulfillment. Equally of note is the fact that despite the film's successful destabilization of many of the traditional categories of gender, monstrosity, and power characteristic of its classic horror predecessors (as in the film's equalization of creator and creature in this film's happy ending), sexual fulfillment still has to be displayed, and attested to, through the instrument of the orgasmic woman's operatic voice, which is a synecdoche for the rest of her unseen body. Perhaps it is in this area that *Young Frankenstein* still finds itself bound by conventional parameters of gender and genre.

Nocenti notes that *Young Frankenstein* "encompasses and subverts genre" by belonging to numerous genres including horror, science fiction, musical, comedy, romance.[96] And indeed, *Young Frankenstein* weaves music and dance into the very fiber of its plot. Nevertheless, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* the next film I discuss, accomplishes this to an even greater degree. Even more important, it problematizes the invisible heterosexist paradigm that has dominated the depiction of Frankenstein cinematic narratives, and enriches ensuing discussions of gender and power in relation to monstrosity.

## GENDER AND GENRE BLURRING: *THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW*

Jim Sharman's *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* holds the record for being the most successful cult film ever made, although it was initially deemed a dismal failure, both at the box office and critically, when it was first released in September 1975. Bill Henkin summarizes the general critical response to *Rocky* during its premier engagements. "*Variety* thought the movie's 'campy hijinks . . . only [seem] labored.' The San Francisco *Chronicle*'s John Wasserman, who had liked the stage play in London, found the film 'lacking both charm and dramatic impact.' Tony Rayns, writing in the *Monthly Film Bulletin* of the British Film Institute, called it a 'general failure . . . ill-conceived.' As late as July 17, 1978, reporters from *Newsweek* . . . thought the movie 'tasteless, plotless, pointless.'"[97] A very small handful of critics, such as Alexander Stuart of *Films and Filming,* praised the movie as a witty and shrewd attempt to "parody the cinema itself, in much the same vein in Mel Brooks' *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein*."[98]

However, ten years later, Richard Harrington of the *Washington Post* describes it as "a dazzling, dizzying send-up of Grade B sci-fi and horror films spiced with no-holds-barred transvestite and transsexual themes."[99] Lauren McFaul characterizes it as "a cross between a Busby Berkely musical and a drag version of 'Frankenstein.'"[100] A publicity poster proudly proclaims: "*The Rocky Horror Picture Show* has just enough perversion to offend just anyone—much to their delight. It is witty and erotic and wonderful and outrageous."[101] In addition, any doubts concerning its longevity or its box-office power have disappeared. As Susan King writes: "Obscured by such classics as Milos Forman's 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,' Stanley Kubrick's 'Barry Lyndon' and Sidney Lumet's 'Dog Day Afternoon' when this film was released in 1975, it has outlasted them all. Still playing in more than 175 theaters across the country, it has brought in $150 million—with ticket prices scaled $2 to $3 below regular admission—and boasts more than 20,000 members in its fan club."[102]

Another thing that is clear is that the movie deliberately blurs traditional genre distinctions, perhaps bringing the Koestlerian notion of bisociation to a new polyphonic level. The doubly monstrous film (in terms of content and form) seems to be a random collage of odds and ends that its creator, Richard O'Brien, found entertaining: "I thought it would be nice if you could . . . watch a little of everything you liked, a collage, a rock and roll show with a storyline, with a little horror, a little sex, bit of titillation . . . no message, just entertainment."[103] And indeed, although

the film is rife with the bald use of the ridiculous, it is also rich in allusion and satiric commentary on various highlights of cinematic popular culture. Henkin teases out quite of number of these witty and biting appropriations: "Thus, while *Frankenstein, Dracula,* and *King Kong* are obvious resonances for anyone lightly schooled in film, you have to like to *go to the* movies to pick up the Edgar Lustgarten thrillers, Sam Katzman rock 'n' roll exploitation flicks, Nelson Eddy–Jeannette MacDonald operettas, *Freaks* or *Timeless Vampire Killers*. If you're young enough to have a fondness for Freak Rock, you may legitimately read in overtones of *Phantom of the Paradise, Lisztomania, Tommy, Hair,* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* from a more recent era."[104]

Yet the other crucial category this film deliberately and joyfully renders unstable is gender, particularly within the context of the Frankenstein cinematic narrative. This film takes the Hammer Studios's twist of rendering the scientist, rather than the creature, as the fulcrum of the narrative. Yet this time, the scientist is an ambiguously gendered, ambivalently charismatic monstrous creator, and literally combines in the same figure the voluptuousness and sex appeal usually reserved for its B-movie ingénues (who more often than not turn out to be instances of the feminine-as-monstrous). The result is Frank-N-Furter (Tim Curry), who makes his dramatic entrance by flinging away his Dracula-like cape to reveal long legs clad in fishnet stockings and glittery platform shoes; a hairy torso wrapped in a lacy, tight-fitting corset; a richly endowed genital area bulging through lacy bikini cut underwear; and long evening gloves with their fingers cut—an effect both elegant and reminiscent of punk fashion. Frank, despite his feminine dress, also exudes masculinity, even as he mocks it, such as when he ironically "praises" Brad's (Barry Bostwick) blustery masculine aggressiveness while Frank repeatedly and pointedly ignores the young man's demands for access to a telephone. Dr. Frank is a master of impersonation, and for a while, successfully mimics the voice of Brad to Janet (Susan Sarandon), and of Janet to Brad so convincingly, that both individually invite him to share the intimacy of their beds. When both discover the deception, he is able to seduce each of them into abandoning themselves to pleasure. Frank-N-Furter is a "monstrous" and "alien" transsexual, able to appear sexually attractive to "straight" and "normal" male and female heterosexuals. He is thus a Koestlerian fusion of oppositions: extremely masculine in exacting obedience from his servants and his "guests," and extremely feminine in his decorative use of high heels, heavy makeup, and feminine underclothing. He is both the master and creator of Rocky, as well as the creature's jealously vulnerable lover; scientist and slut; tyrant and victim; hedonist and Christlike scapegoat. As Henkin writes: "It is [Frank-N-Furter] who

engages our affections when he is triumphant, and our sympathies when he faces disaster. As a sweet transvestite with a penchant for muscle-men, he is as macho as John Wayne ever was. He is the richly charactered magus who dies for our imagined sins, and redeems our fantasies as he lives out our hidden dreams."[105]

Yet perhaps the most crucial Koestlerian conjunction of normally dissociated planes, as far as accounting for the tremendous and enduring appeal of this unusual film, is the type of relationship the film fosters with its groupies. The *Rocky Horror* audience does not simply sit back and spectate, but talks back and interacts with the material. Moving between ritualized response and spontaneous ad libbing, this audience listens in and performs, breaking down the usual barrier that exists separating the diegetic world of the actors, and the "real world" of the spectators. Among the more ritualized acts include: throwing rice after the newlyweds leave the church; using newspapers to shield the head from rain (as Janet does), and deploying squirt guns to simulate the thunderstorm; using flashlights (or lighters) during the song "Over at the Frankenstein Place," when the refrain "There's a light" is sung; using surgical gloves to snap in unison with Dr. Frank during the creation speech; using noisemakers to join in the celebration after the creation speech; throwing confetti to celebrate the newly animated Rocky as he and Dr. Frank head for the master bedroom; hurling toilet paper, preferably of the Scott name brand when Dr. Scott makes his appearance; throwing (unbuttered) toast when the toast is made to absent friends and wearing party hats during the dinner table scene; sounding a bell when Dr. Frank inquires "Did you hear a bell?"; throwing cards when Dr. Frank sings the line "Cards for sorrow, cards for pain" during his final song, "I'm going home."[106] This insider-outsider performative position is particularly true of fans who not only dress up like the characters they would like to be (and not simply impersonate), but who also have become professional performers, integrated into the fabric of *Rocky Horror* showings at various theaters.[107]

The *Rocky Horror* audience sees itself as a community of "groupies" rather than simply "fans." Groupies, as opposed to fans, make a "hard" commitment, assuming imitative lifestyles and moralities, and in return, demand "more credit, input; equal billing, at least. Or else they'll go into open competition: a corporate mass cult star."[108] The beginning of audience interaction with the film is credited to the regulars at the Waverly Theater. Lou Adler, the mastermind behind converting the highly successful play into a film with Twentieth Century Fox, noted: "What is strange about the film is that nothing was orga-

nized and yet the same things that were happening in New York were happening in Texas. . . . [The film] found its own audience."[109]

And this is exactly what had been Tim Deegan's marketing strategy for recreating a flop into a box-office smash. Deegan contacted Bill Quigley of the Walter Reade Theatre organization in New York and told him about the film's success in Westwood, Los Angeles, due to essentially the same clientele's repeated returns to view the film. They started planning a midnight booking and special promotion strategy for New York. As Deegan recalls: "I felt that if people could discover the film on their own, without hype or ads or promo, they would be overtaken by what they discovered, and by the fact that they had discovered it. Being the discoverers themselves, they would promote the film on their own by word-of-mouth. . . . *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* taught me that hype is not always the answer."[110]

Again reminiscent of the Hammer full color tradition, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* begins with "a different set of jaws" appearing: gigantic lushly painted red lips, which alternate between licking and clenching its teeth as it sings the beginning song, "Science Fiction/Double Feature." Apparently, the initial trailer had the lips saying: "Twentieth Century Fox has brought you all sorts of movies, but Twentieth Century Fox has never brought you anything like *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*." Dennis Stanfill, then-president and chairman of the board at Twentieth Century, a highly regarded financial genius protested vehemently and said: "Remove those lewd, lascivious lips mouthing the words 'Twentieth Century Fox' immediately!" Despite the concession to Stanfill, the rest of the movie was kept, largely because Lou Adler used his influence as a producer and distributor, in concert with Tim Deegan's advertising/promoting genius.

The story proper begins outside a structure that resembles Grant Wood's *American Gothic* (1930) house, which is one of the most highly caricatured and lampooned pieces of American art. The painting features a dour-faced man, holding a pitchfork, on the right side of the painting (posed by Dr. B. H. McKeeby, Wood's dentist) and on the left, a woman wearing a dark apron and dress, whom Grant had envisaged as the man's fictional daughter, although most people interpret the woman to be the man's wife (posed by Wood's sister, Nan).[111] At the back of the couple is the house whose modest one and half story frame contrasts sharply with its "pretentious" Gothic style windows.[112] Compositionally, the painting is interesting because it reiterates a three-pronged arrangement of lines in the pitchfork and the seams of the man's clothing; the arched shape of the window of the house is mimed in the elongated oval shapes of the figures' faces. Yet the painting is

known more for its kitschiness—its representation of typical suburban American family life, and *Rocky Horror* plumbs, and thumbs its nose at this cultural valence for all its worth. The actors who will eventually play Riff Raff (Richard O'Brien) and Magenta (Patricia Quinn) position themselves at the door of the house, looking like picture perfect imitations of the *American Gothic* couple. The rest of the crowd seems oblivious to them, and they stand, stone-faced, as the festivities go on, signifying the dark underside of the celebration that the joyous and naïve celebration of the romantic aspects of marriage signify. The bisociation between the severe, silent, and unsmiling couple dressed in working-class attire, and the noisy, chattering, "Kodak camera" smiles of the richly attired crowd, generates a humorous tension, which is maintained, even when the newly-wedded couple has finally left.

The plot at this point is simply sketched: it is a wedding, and the typical rituals are caricaturized in a few swift shots—from the frozen and plastic smiles of the wedding photo poses, to the scramble over catching the bride's bouquet, to the throwing of rice as the bride and groom speed off in their car that has been vandalized with lewd scribblings. Janet Weiss (whom the credits label a "Heroine"), has caught the bridal bouquet and finds herself alone with Brad Majors (whom the credits call a "Hero," but whom the *Rocky Horror* crowd prefers to call "Asshole"), after the wedding party has drifted off. In a typical boy-gets-girl scenario, Brad confesses his love to Janet and proposes marriage by giving her a diamond ring, which she ecstatically accepts. Yet there are several unusual elements, which again lead to the notion of Koestlerian bisociation: (1) Brad's love song is called "Dammit, Janet," which is peppered with rather unseemly curses, not usually associated with a traditional hero's gallant declaration of love; (2) as the song is sung, Riff Raff and Magenta, dressed up as the *American Gothic* couple laconically and mechanically echo parts, which would normally be echoed in a more enthused and celebratory fashion by conventional back-up singers; (3) the mise-en-scène moves from a cemetery (with a billboard with a heart and an arrow running through it, proclaiming Denton to be "The Home of Happiness") to the inside of the *American Gothic* house, where Riff Raff, Magenta, and the similarly attired Columbia (Little Nell), continue as a dour-faced chorus, dusting a gleaming coffin. All these juxtapose images of death and mortality—which is in stark contrast with the ideological treatment of heterosexual love as immortal love in conventional Hollywood romances; (4) Janet scoops up the ring Brad has humorously dropped and places it on her own finger, jumps up and runs into the house, bursting with excitement to show off her ring, which is "nicer than Betty Munroe

had." While all this happened, Brad, in an attempt to embrace Janet, pounces on air. Once again, what would have been a climactic amorous embrace within the context of a traditional boy-gets-girl plot is juxtaposed with a petty rivalry in frivolity; Janet is more concerned with being called Brad's fiancée and showing off the size of her ring, than she is with embracing Brad.

A staid narrator with a British accent and a deep voice, set against the mise-en-scène of a library (symbols of authority and erudition), introduces Janet and Brad's forthcoming predicament of having a flat tire during a rainy night. The narrator, whom the credits list as "the criminologist" (Charles Gray) stresses their "normalcy" a little too vehemently, and at the start simply seems an omniscient, neutral narrator of the events. This neutral stance changes slightly once Janet and Brad are actually within Frankenstein's castle watching the "unconventional conventionalists" perform the Time Warp song and dance. Although the criminologist still acts as a professorial type, using charts to dissect the types of steps involved ("It's just a jump to the left, and then a step to the right, with your hands on your hips, you bring your knees in tight. But it's the pelvic thrust, that really drive you insane."), his descriptions alternate with the actions of those demonstrating the dance, and he also eventually participates in showing off some of the steps. The shock of juxtaposing the aristocratic and professorial manner of the narrator with the topic of his lecture, the Time Warp dance, which appears to be everything he is not—lewd, outlandish, irrational—once again generates a certain tension, which is not so much expelled through laughter, as sustained, as the narrative gains momentum.

Richard Nixon's resignation speech, signaling an end to a period of innocence, blares over the radio as Janet and Brad head out on their trip. The inevitable flat tire occurs, and they resolve to walk together, through the pouring rain, to the castle they had passed on the road, hoping to find access to a telephone. They sing the surprisingly melodious "Over at the Frankenstein Place," which has the optimistic refrain: "There's a light in the darkness of everybody's life." It is the last of the traditional sounding melodies they will sing.

The usual Gothic effects are used to signal the entry into the unknown and dangerous: heavy rain, thunder and lightning, an ominous looking castle. The warning is rendered rather heavily and crudely by a sign that reads "Enter at your own risk," which could also be interpreted as a warning, not only for Janet and Brad, but also for the audience, which by now has been primed into having its conventional expectations undermined, such as the "Be just and fear not" sign—the last shot of the wedding-and-engagement scene. Riff Raff, now sporting his

cadaverous, long-haired, and humpbacked look, opens the door and invites them in; Magenta, whose rich red hair is now loose and whose face now looks as heavily made up as a kabuki mask, completes the welcome. Brother and sister clasp hands in a "foreign" and yet recognizably amorous manner as they initiate the Time Warp dance.

Initially, Janet is insistent that they leave, and Brad is adamant that they stay until they have found a telephone, rationalizing the behavior of the castle inhabitants as simply "foreign folk dancing." As if in reply to Brad's boastful reassurance that "there's nothing to worry about" because he is there to protect Janet, an elevator descends to a distinctive beat. Janet whirls around and faints into Brad's arms once again when she spies Frank-N-Furter, who makes his/her bombastic appearance with the "Sweet Transvestite" theme. Dr. Frank's costume during this signature entrance chaotically mingles underwear with outerwear, resulting in the shocking conjunction of long cape, corset, bikini underwear, fishnet hose, platform shoes, elbow-length gloves without the fingers, and lots of eye shadow. The costuming seems to have been essential to the evolution of the character. Actor Tim Curry remarks: "The shoes were very important. I didn't get near the part until very late in the rehearsal and I said I must have the shoes. Then it all happened. I tend to work from the feet upwards. It's a question of balance, of dynamics."[113]

Henkin observes that Tim Curry's stripteaselike number bears some resemblance to rock star Mick Jagger's multisexual ravings. He also draws attention to how *Rocky Horror*'s plot bears a strong resemblance to Jagger's film *Performance*. "There, as a decadent former rock star given to dramatic entrances, he presides over a different castle and another bi-straight-gay menagerie of outcasts, entertains unexpected company, and dies at the hand of a man leading a double life."[114]

Sue Blane, who designed the *Rocky Horror* costumes, both in its original stage play and film versions, remarks that at that time, these costumes were anarchic. "To see the body so close and so rough was a terrific shock unless you were used to seeing strip shows. . . . Now . . . you see people in the tube [subway] station that look far more bizarre and with less clothing."[115] Nowadays, the "glitter rock" look is fashionable; in clubs, particularly, black corsets and bras worn without blouses, rhinestone encrusted bustiers, long frock coats, and extremely tiny skirts are commonly worn. Blane modestly shares the credit for starting a trend with street savvy London designer Vivienne Westwood but is quick to take the blame for the even more outlandish offshoots her creations inspired: "As I grow up, I am a bit alarmed at what I spawned."[116]

Sporting his now highly imitated signature costume, Frank-N-Furter invites-commands his guests-prisoners, Janet and Brad, up to his "lab and see what's on the slab." His servants, as a sign of hospitality and subjugation, strip Janet and Brad down to their underwear, which, in stark contrast with Frank-N-Furter's, is white, plain, and virginal in look. They ascend to the laboratory via the elevator to find Dr. Frank now dressed in a green laboratory gown; Brad attempts to gain the masculine upper hand by formally introducing himself and Janet "Vice" (she corrects him; although as the story goes on, there is reason to believe this is more than a slip, similar to Fronkonsteen's introduction to Elizabeth as his "financier") as his fiancée. The irrepressible transsexual flirts with Janet, as he admires and mocks Brad's being such a "perfect specimen of manhood"; his servant Riff Raff gives him the signal that everything is now ready.

In garishly camp fashion, everything from Colin Clive's hysterical and histrionic "mad scientist" creation speeches, characteristic of the Universal straight horror renditions of *Frankenstein,* to the Hammer films' use of lush colors, flashing lights, whining sounds, and fairly simple laboratory gadgetry, is distilled to reanimate a muscled creature clad in a gold bikini called "Rocky" (Peter Hinwood). In the Universal style of signaling the awakening of the creature, a close-up reveals the bandaged hands wiggling, its fingers outstretched. Magenta and Columbia enthusiastically help the creature out of his bandages; the creature endures being cranked up to the ceiling by the overeager and sadistic Riff Raff and being chased by the lustful Dr. Frank. Interestingly, the song the creature sings, "The Sword of Damocles," bisociates some fairly profound lyrics with a fast-paced, hard rock musical accompaniment:

> The sword of Damocles is hanging over my head
> And I've got the feeling someone's
> Going to be cutting the thread

which ends in a repetitive refrain characteristic of contemporary popular songs:

> Sha la la la
> That ain't no crime
> That ain't no crime

Yet the celebratory mood of Rocky's birth is marred by Eddie's (Meatloaf) emergence from the freezer; Dr. Frank had stolen half of

Eddie's brain to reanimate Rocky, whom he now locks in an elevator to protect his beloved creation. Eddie, Frank's (and Columbia's) former lover and former delivery boy, steals the show with a synthesis between rock and swing called "Whatever Happened to Saturday Night," as he and Columbia execute swing moves that signal their romantic involvement. Eddie looks like a cross between a corpulent Elvis Presley and a Hell's Angel cyclist, complete with leather and chains, as well as the signature incision around the skull, indicative of the operation Dr. Frank had performed on him. Like his lover-master, Eddie reveals a propensity for sadism, and just as the rest of the "unconventional conventionalists" begin to back him up, singing and dancing along, he chases them with his motorcycle and causes them to flee in terror. At this point, Dr. Frank, enraged at being upstaged, hunts down Eddie with a pickax and within the misty confines of the freezer, disposes of his other semi-parthenogenetic son and brain donor. Eddie's death is not shown, but a gleaming trail of red leads into the freezer, from which Frank-N-Furter emerges with his pink gloves stained in the same blood red color. Despite his transsexual dress, this scene leaves little doubt that Frank-N-Furter can exercise and perform his masculinity when he chooses to. As Tim Curry comments: "[Frank-N-Furter]'s a big bloke in drag—he just enjoys wearing clothes of the opposite sex. Frank is absurdly masculine, and he had a very odd kind of appeal—particularly to women. . . . The odd thing about Frank . . . is that he can go from doing something really outrageous and horrific to being deeply endearing, sort of jolly."[117]

The scene again shifts to a celebration of Rocky's creation and culminates in Dr. Frank's leading Rocky to the master bedroom with the final strains of "The Charles Atlas Song" swelling amidst a downpour of confetti: "In just seven days / I can make you a man." The reference to seven days is a biblical one and is hard to miss, as are the numerous sexual double entendres, which Frank punctuates with lewd pelvic thrusts. Once again, Frank-N-Furter bisociatively links contrasting elements: scientist-father and lover-mother, and pimp and whore.

The criminologist-narrator steps in, establishing how we look at Riff Raff and Magenta leering as they look at the screen monitors that reveal Janet and Brad disrobing in separate bedrooms. The camera crosscuts between Dr. Frank tormenting and seducing Janet, and Riff Raff tormenting the initially chained Rocky with a candelabra with thirteen lit tapers, and chasing the creature away from the master bedroom to return to give his sister-lover, Magenta, a vampire-like love bite on the neck. It continues to crosscut between Dr. Frank tormenting and seducing Brad and Riff Raff reporting that the creature is now loose on

the grounds and being chased by dogs. In all these scenes, the link between eroticism and violence, which is often subliminal or barely hinted at in classic straight horror renditions, is overtly referenced. In addition, the scale of values and modes of identification are also reversed—we find ourselves aghast, delighted, and amused by, in particular, Frank's ability to silence the blustery Brad's apparent protests with the childlike oath "not to tell on his mother's grave." The fact that we know nothing about Frank's genesis (he is a transsexual alien who parthenogenetically births a son-sex toy) or whether he has a mother, heightens the absurdity of the scene. In both seduction scenes, the murky outlines through a mesh covering the bed reveal that Brad and Janet end up with their legs up in the air, submitting to pleasure, being inducted into decadence, with Frank, the sexually aggressive one, being on top of them.

Janet, in the meantime, tearfully flees from her room, regretting her earlier infidelity to Brad. She turns on one of the monitors to see Brad, smoking at the side of the bed, with a smug, sexually satisfied Dr. Frank lounging beside him. She renews her sobbing, now realizing that Brad, too, has betrayed her. But she stops weeping when she discovers the disheveled and hurt Rocky hiding underneath a blanket. Her first instinct is maternal, and she tears her own slip to create a bandage for the creature's wounds, but when their fingers touch, she realizes that something more than maternal concern draws her to Rocky. The prudish and nunlike Janet Weisse suddenly becomes the sex-craved seductress Janet "Vice" as she sings "Touch-a Touch-a Touch-a Touch Me." Magenta and Columbia engage in their own lewd acts as they watch two devirginized virgins "scratch" their "itches." The last lines of the song are particularly insightful. In a repeating refrain of "Creature of the night," the camera shifts from the creature singing the words, to Brad, to Frank, to Magenta, to Riff Raff, to Columbia, to return to the creature, and finally to Janet. The interchangeability of the characters mouthing the line as Janet climaxes underscores the fact that the borders separating the "safe" from the "dangerous," the "normal" from the "abnormal," the "sane" from the "mad," the "heterosexual" from the "homosexual," have all been violated; yet Janet, unlike Brad, is able to welcome this breakdown of barriers. This had been prefigured in earlier scenes, when she was able to relax into flirting with Dr. Frank, and when she finally confessed that she is a "muscle fan" during the "Charles Atlas Song," but Brad had silenced her with a look and a nudge.

Just as Dr. Frank is beating Riff Raff over the creature's apparent disappearance, Dr. Everett Scott (Jonathan Adams), a "rival scientist"

and the Denton High School science teacher[118] whom Janet and Brad had originally set out to see to announce their engagement, suddenly appears outside the castle. Brad calls out his recognition enthusiastically. Frank stubbornly refuses to be convinced that Brad and Janet's appearance at the castle was pure coincidence, and he activates a giant magnet that sucks Dr. Scott and his wheelchair, in a cartoonish, slapstick sequence, through various parts of the castle, to crash into the laboratory through a wall. Dr. Frank accuses Dr. Scott and Brad of conniving to get into his laboratory, but Dr. Scott corroborates Brad's story, saying it was actually the search for Eddie, who turns out to be his missing nephew, which brought him to the castle. The commotion of Dr. Scott's entry into the laboratory rouses the sleeping Rocky and Janet, whose act of sharing a red sheet more than discreetly signals their having slept together. After a repeated sequence in which the characters call out each other's names in shock, horror, and confrontation (reminiscent of both *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* and *Young Frankenstein* scenes), Magenta summons the group to dinner with a gong.

From the moment Dr. Scott is introduced in the film, he embodies contradictions in a Koestlerian fashion. Like Frank-N-Furter, he, too, is a scientist, and therefore exudes authority and scientific knowledge. Yet unlike Frank, he is dressed conventionally with the scientist's typical large-rimmed glasses, and long-sleeved shirt and formal jacket—an attire that masculinizes him relative to Dr. Frank. Yet also unlike the "typical" scientist, he is in a wheelchair and appears to be holding a blanket over his legs—a pose that feminizes him relative to the transsexual scientist. Later, we shall see that even relative to Brad, the film more radically undermines Dr. Scott's masculinity.

Dr. Frank leads them to a grand dinner table for a meal Riff Raff and Magenta will serve. There, in a vicious parody that bears tinges of the tragic monumentality of the cannibalistic revelations of *Titus* or *Medea,* Frank first toasts absent friends, places on a party hat, initiates the birthday song in honor of Rocky, and then lets out the double entendre that speaking of Eddie is a "rather tender subject." Columbia is the first to excuse herself from the dinner table, while the rest, with the exception of Rocky and Dr. Scott, stop chewing the meat they have been served. Dr. Scott, taking the floor, insistently sketches his nephew's decadent and disturbing lifestyle and sudden disappearance in "Eddie's Teddy" (in which Meatloaf cross-dresses as his own mother in a Whistlerian parody). To regain the floor and restore his dominance, Dr. Frank rips off the dinner tablecloth to reveal the remains of the half-eaten Eddie. In the shock of the revelation, Janet flies into Rocky's hulking arms and is chased off by the enraged and

jealous Dr. Frank as he harasses and warns her (with the catlike ferocity of the spurned and possessive woman, and the threatening power of a potential rapist).

> I'll tell you once
> I won't tell you twice
> You'd better wise up, Janet Weiss.
> Your apple pie
> Don't taste too nice.

Both Dr. Scott and Brad try to protect her from the "hot dog," Dr. Frank-N-Furter, but all three, combined with the rebellious Columbia, are "Medused" (converted into statues) by the transducer the transvestite uses against them. When even Rocky turns away from him, Dr. Frank turns his own beloved creation into a statue as well. In one of the few genuinely melodramatic moments of the film, Frank quietly turns to the camera and says: "It's not easy having a good time. Even smiling makes my face ache." But the moment is not to be sustained. Despite Magenta and Riff Raff's entreaties that they return home to the planet Transylvania, Dr. Frank lapses back into his mad scientist persona and tyrannically orders his servants to prepare for the "midnight floor show."

The floor show turns out to be a vaudeville showcasing of his creations' talents, with Columbia, Brad, and Janet joining Rocky as creatures shaped or touched by the force of Dr. Frank's influence. All four are dressed like Frank: sporting tight-fitting corsets, platform shoes, fishnet stocking with garters, and faces heavily made up. The title of the song they sing is "Rose Tint My World." What is curious about the lyrics of this particular song is that with the exception of Brad, the rest of the chorus line—Columbia, Rocky, and Janet—are able to find solace in something, which "rose tints" their worlds. For Columbia, it is "love of a certain dope"; for Rocky, it is "an orgasmic rush of lust"; for Janet, the "sincerity" of Frankie's "lust" has "released" her. Only Brad cries out in a panicked voice: "It's beyond me. Help me, Mommy." Even Dr. Scott, the final bastion of conventional sexuality and morality, succumbs. He suddenly finds that he now also wears fishnet stockings and heels, and joins the chorus line, absurdly moving his wheelchair in unison with the crowd as if compelled to do so by his stockinged leg. As the music climaxes, Frank encourages everyone to "be it" rather than merely "dream it"; Janet ecstatically sings: "God Bless Lily St. Cyr"—a 1940s stripper who subsequently opened a lingerie shop in Hollywood.[119] Everyone except Dr. Scott dive into a pool, whose bottom has

Michelangelo's creation scene (often associated with the critical speculation that Michelangelo was gay and marks this scene as one of parodic baptismal rebirth) inscribed decoratively and opulently. Frank and his creatures frolic about as if rebirthing or baptizing themselves into a new sexual identity, with Brad being the most beleaguered of the lot.

Just when Dr. Frank's victory seems complete, Riff Raff and Magenta, this time sporting their costumes as undercover Transylvanian agents, appear. Both wear silvery space-age suits with dark bikinis and dark stockings. Riff Raff's hairdo is the typical punk upright ponytail, resembling a cock's comb, while Magenta's shock of now-black hair is covered with gray, lightning-like streaks, straight out of Whale's *Bride of Frankenstein*. The pitchfork that Riff Raff initially carried as a parody of *American Gothic* in the beginning scenes has now been converted into a three-pronged antimatter laser gun. Riff Raff pronounces a sentence of death for Frank-N-Furter because of his "extreme lifestyle." When Brad asks for which crime Dr. Frank is being executed, Dr. Scott, in an obvious cowardly attempt to save his life, replies: "You saw what happened to Eddie; society must be protected." Frank-N-Furter asks to be allowed to explain, and s/he is given a final spotlighted number in which s/he realizes that s/he is "going home" as an imaginary audience gives him/her a standing ovation. Yet only when Columbia protests as Riff Raff points the laser gun at Dr. Frank and she is killed does the transsexual realizes the danger to him/her is very real. Losing every vestige of control and dignity, the transsexual now runs, panting, scrambling, clawing at a curtain in an attempt to get away as Riff Raff shoots him/her. Rocky suddenly realizes his creator-lover is dead and mourns his/her death in the wailing, wordless way his cinematic predecessors expressed pain and bewilderment:

> What ever happened to Fay Wray?
> That delicate satin-draped frame
> As it clung to her thigh
> How I started to cry
> Cause I wanted to be dressed just the same

Rocky bears his dead master-lover aloft his back as he climbs, à la King Kong, the blinking RKO tower. The beams of the antimatter laser ray bounce off him without harming him. Unfortunately, the tower collapses underneath his and Frank's dead weight, and Rocky drowns.

As if to counter the melodramatic weight of the past events, Riff Raff now in turn sounds like a vengeful, neglected child (very much in keeping with Frankensteinian themes), and confesses that the reason

he killed Rocky (and Dr. Frank) is that "he never liked me!" Dr. Scott obsequiously and repeatedly attempts to reassure Riff Raff that he "did right," but it is obviously less motivated by genuine compassion than by the desire to save his own skin. The paragon of conventional scientific knowledge and masculinity has been increasingly subjected to biting satirical commentary—even more so than Brad, his protégé.

Riff Raff advises the three earthlings to leave as he and Magenta initiate a reprise of the Time Warp dance. The castle blasts off and from a high overhead shot (that is, from the point of view of the ascending castle), we see Janet and Brad standing clad in tattered corsets, their faces grimy as the fumes of the ascending castle being beamed back to Transylvania swirls around them. Yet the most striking image is of Dr. Scott, whose wheelchair is totally shattered, and whose stockinged legs and bikini clad genitals are crassly and vulnerably displayed. In the theater version, a final song by Brad and Janet, very much in contraposition with their earlier duet, "Over at the Frankenstein Place," which has the Pollyanna-like refrain: "There's a light," occurs. This song, called "Superheroes," has both Janet and Brad facing their mortality, realizing that they are "bleeding" and that "the beast is still feeding." Yet the final version returns directly to the narrator-criminologist, who pronounces the final lines:

> And crawling on the planet's face
> Some insects called the human race
> Lost in time
> And lost in space

before he exits from his study, leaving us to stare upon a strongly lit spinning globe. The script of the original song has a character called "All," direct audience participation, adding: "And meaning" to the narrator's remarks, but this is also cut out, probably because it seemed obvious, given the context of the prior remarks. Despite the film's preponderance of campy and kitschy excess, the ending of the movie acquires a profound weight, mainly because of its poetic economy.

*Rocky Horror* may be seen as a manifold version of Koestlerian bisociation, which is at a more frenetic and excessive pitch than even *Young Frankenstein* achieved. This is because *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* startlingly juxtaposes the salient elements of science fiction, horror, monster, fantasy, surrealist, underground, and operetta genres. Despite its numerous structural flaws (its plot does not flow coherently in parts—for example, Frank's killing rage seems to spring forth without motivation), as Henkins notes: "These holes and contradictions are part

of the movie and do not detract from the movie's primary goal of parody and satire."[120]

Yet *Rocky Horror* does what many of its comedic predecessors could not do: it destabilizes enough conventional boundaries and openly satirizes so many taboos that viewing these with ironic detachment becomes possible. One of these taboos is a critique of the implied heterosexism of the Frankenstein narrative. Precisely by conjoining the contradictory elements of scientist (authority figure/masculine) with monster-alien (outsider/feminine); manipulative intelligence with insatiable sexual urges; pimp and whore; hero(ine) and villain in one character, Frank-N-Furter, *Rocky Horror* opens up novel narrative spaces for the traditional Frankenstein cinematic narrative. In this version, the ego (the mad scientist) is shown to be literally connected with its shadows: notably with the feminine-as-monstrous and female monster (Frank as ambitious, insatiable transsexual from Transylvania), and the feminized shadow (Frank as vulnerable victim and pure "body" during his execution). Although Dr. Frank dies like a rabid animal in the end, s/he is also undoubtedly the fulcrum of the narrative and is the vibrant generator of the story's momentum. It is through him/her that the audience not only "dreams it" but also "is" it—whatever that fascinatingly forbidden "it" is. After s/he is exterminated, the story limps on—but not for very long.

Although the film seems to be less about "sexual liberation" in a heavy political sense and appears more to be about an indulgence in excess in general (both diegetically, and performatively, as an audience interacts with the movie), there is a sense in which the film creates a narrative space of greater freedom and power for the third shadow. Similarly, by moving across the registers of horror, melodrama, and comedy, the narrative enables the Koestlerian conjunction of first and third shadows with the ego in one character. This possibility had been hinted at in depicting Sandra Mornay's status as beautiful, cunning, and criminal neurosurgeon in *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* but that potential was never fully explored and eventually excised as a narrative possibility by the earlier film. Some hint of the repressed power of the feminine-as-monstrous and feminine shadows is shown through Frau Blucher's formidable presence in *Young Frankenstein* but toward the end, her influence, too, is harnessed by the Frankenstein narrative. It is only Frank-N-Furter who, for almost the full length of the film, gets to live out the full potential of both living, and ironically undermining, the all too human parthenogenetic dream of self-birthing. Ultimately, *Rocky Horror*—even more so than *Abbott and Costello*'s discomfiting "ending" with the mocking laughter of the Invisible Man and *Young Frankenstein*'s comically open-ended "conclusion," with the monster's

grunts emanating from the body of Fronkonsteen—forces us beyond the confines of the canny, the conventional, the explicable. The radical and satirical attack on conventional categories is so extreme that we are forced to gaze into uncharted areas of the radically unfamiliar; the inassimilable unknown; the uncomfortably alien. This other section of the continuum—the ah/ooh experience—is precisely that which *Rocky Horror* begins to lean toward which the next chapter examines.

Still from *Alien* appears courtesy of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences, Twentieth Century Fox, Brandywine-Ronald Shusett, 1979.

# 3

# Daemonic Dread

There is an attempt in *Alien* to appropriate the procreative function of the archaic mother, to represent a man giving birth, to deny the mother as signifier of sexual difference—but here birth can exist only as the other face of death.

—Barbara Creed,
*The Monstrous-Feminine: Film, Feminism, Psychoanalysis*

## INVERSE PARTHENOGENETIC MYTHS: *ALIEN, ALIENS, AND ALIEN*[3]

When most people think of Frankenstein films, they usually do not readily associate them with the evolving *Alien* cinematic series. After all, there is neither a baron nor a scientist called "Frankenstein," and although there is an alien, this is not a humanly-fashioned creature. Yet many people overlook the fact that many of the *Frankenstein* cinematic sequels, whether of a classic horror or comedic genre, deviate significantly from the novel's narrative, so that only superficial elements of the original narrative remain, rendering the term *Frankensteinian* porous. The argument I make, which is in line with Janice Rushing and Thomas Frentz's analyses,[1] is that if we are to understand the evolving Frankenstein narrative as a myth, then it is essentially a narrative concerning our ambivalences concerning power, gender, and technology. Thus, the Frankensteinian myth, reenvisaged through film, is a story of masculine self-birthing (parthenogenesis). In the original novel, this self-birthing is construed to be monstrous—and unnatural. In contrast, many of the films, despite their heavy-handed emphasis on some sort of moral admo-

nition concerning the possible excesses of science, ambivalently glorify the power of the scientist as magician and God.

In contrast in the *Alien* series, the body of the archaic mother, rather than that of the parthenogenetic father, is the site of desire and revulsion, with the films' visual emphases on dark, slimy passages; on teeth dripping blood, acid, and saliva; on exploding stomachs and devouring wombs; on the "all-incorporating black hole which threatens to reabsorb what it once birthed."[2] The *Alien* series, like traditional Frankenstein filmic narratives, is about monstrous rebirths; yet the *Alien* films problematize the Frankensteinian filmic narrative's gender politics. In Ridley Scott's *Alien* (1979), the site of monstrous birthing is now literally transplanted on to the male body, whose chest is ruptured in a grotesque parody of female pregnancy and birthing. Kane (John Hurt) awakens from a comatose period to symptoms similar to morning sickness and a ravenous appetite, a condition simulating the appetitive urges associated with being pregnant. The "insemination"/impregnation is done by a "facehugger," which rapes/implants its embryos through the host's mouth/face; these reptilian rodentlike creatures later explode from the chest cavity. Thus, the traditional distinction between mind/brain (masculine) and body/womb (feminine) is also blurred—a trend that is allowed with greater freedom within this hybrid genre of science fiction, western (space is the new frontier), and horror, as opposed to its classic horror counterparts. In addition, the Frankenstein narrative's hidden fascination with, envy of, and repulsion by the miraculous filth of (female) birthing becomes even more evident. The unexpected hero of the narrative is a woman, Ripley (Sigourney Weaver), whose survival instincts, quick thinking, and determination—albeit in a scene that underlines her vulnerability because she is clad partially in a space suit and stripped down to bikini underwear and a tank top—enable her to outwit the creature and blast it into space. Ripley, through her mechanical expertise and knowledge of computers, as well as her feminine vulnerability (and sexual desirability), becomes the conjoined site of the normally dissociated second (technologized entity) and first (feminine, bodily) shadows; yet she also occupies the site of the science fiction-western hero, who faces and guns down the villain.

As the saga continues, James Cameron's *Aliens* (1986) brings out Ripley's latent maternalism (she is extremely protective of her cat in *Alien*). She becomes a surrogate mother to a young girl, Rebecca or Newt (Carrie Henn), who is the only survivor from the colony established on the monster's planet. Technically, newts are semiaquatic salamanders, amphibians with porous, scaleless skin and bodies resembling those of lizards. Newt, like the aliens who hunt her, has become a sub-

terranean creature of darting movements, capable of surviving both in the upper world and underworld, and is a denizen of both land and water. Yet Ripley's and Newt's contact with each other humanizes both and results in self-rebirths that are progressive rather than regressive: Ripley transforms from vengeful warrior to nurturing mother as she whispers softly and cleans the girl's face; Newt reenters the human world by beginning to speak. As the story escalates, the plot culminates in a confrontation between the nurturing surrogate mother (Ripley) and the devouring birth mother (the alien queen) in which the human mother wins, but only by taking on the masculine accoutrements of technological armor and firepower, in a battle that underlines her kinship to, rather than radical difference from, the alien mother. Thus, as Ripley's masculinity becomes more prominent (for example, her ability to "handle herself" and fire weapons just like any other trained marine), her femininity in turn becomes more pronounced (for example, her maternal instincts coupled with her ability to lapse into another "sleeping beauty" spell, at the end of *Aliens,* thus miming *Alien*). It is significant that Ripley increasingly occupies a kinship to the alien, as opposed to the earlier version, where it is precisely her difference (rendered visible in her pleasing desirability, as opposed to the grotesque and disgusting sight of the alien's jaws, in the showdown scene) that delineates her identity. This increasing identification of the female monster and Ripley is carried to surprising proportions in *Alien*$^3$.

David Fincher's *Alien*$^3$ (1992) continues the earlier movies' themes of monstrous births and surrogate motherhood, but couples these with allusions to abortion and AIDS infestation. The alien growth is now described as something between a virus and a tumor, whose malignant parasitism and devouring growth are inexorable. Yet Ripley is also characterized as alien in at least a twofold sense: not only is her presence disruptive and therefore "alien" on Fury 161—an all-male penal colony for convicted rapists and murderers, seeking to sublimate their urges through Christian fundamentalism—but she is also the carrier of a baby alien, which puts her in the position of monstrous mother as well. Ripley, in a Daliesque scene that underlines her sacrifice-suicide, throws herself into the furnace, initially with her arms extended in a crucified position, and finally, with a macabre caressing gesture, she cradles the alien newborn that spurts forth from her body as she dies. This final scene, which now locates Ripley fully in the simultaneous roles of the feminine-as-monstrous and the female monster, enacts the traditional classic horror solution: killing off the third shadow and rendering this ending "inevitable." Ripley bisociates all three shadows in her person: she is a vulnerable body—rapable by both human men and by the alien (first

shadow); she is a creature of technology, as evidenced in her mastery of various types of equipment, as opposed to the prisoners and jailors of Fury 161 (second shadow); she is both the feminine-as-monstrous (who uses her sexuality to achieve her aims and thus successfully seduces the prison colony's chief medical officer) and the female monster (as mother to the embryonic alien queen). In some ways, we are hardly surprised that she is killed off at the end. Yet before then, she is allowed far greater latitude at violating gender borders than in earlier sequels. Thus, she tramps around in what resemble army fatigues and boots and shaves her head, which gives her an androgynous, monklike look. The bikini underwear has now been replaced with boxer shorts during the brief period she is exposed; and even then, her face and flesh are not eroticized in the same way they had been, particularly in *Alien*. Her face is sooty and grimy, and her body is imaged from a high overhead shot, which does not scopophilically gaze as it tracks across her body. Furthermore, she conjoins the classical ideals of heroism by both giving birth and by dying in battle at the same time.

I reserve my discussion of the latest of the series, *Alien: Resurrection,* for chapter four because the narrative dynamics of this version differ significantly from the first three. *Alien, Aliens,* and *Alien*[3]*,* in my analyses, fall into the ah/ooh experience, in which the excesses of the grotesque and the supernatural are conjoined, thus producing a state of "demonic dread"—ranging across awe, disgust, fear, and fascination. *Alien: Resurrection,* on the other hand, belongs more to the category of the ah/ooh-ha experience, fluctuating across the realms of the numinous, the horrifying, and the humorous, as shall be later discussed.

## *ALIEN:* ENDANGERING THE MALE BODY

From the start, various critical reviews remarked on the various gender-bending roles built into Ridley Scott's *Alien*. For example, the *Pacific Film Archive* remarked with tongue-in-cheek humor: "Monstrous fertility, men 'giving birth,' and a woman (Sigourney Weaver) as daddy are among the more challenging aspects of the *Alien* psyche."[3] Richard Alleva of *Screen* remarked: ". . . *Alien* contained a nightmarish image of impregnation and birth. The monster, as a hostless embryo, lodged itself inside the body of a crewman of an intergalactic tanker, then tore itself out of the poor fellow's chest upon reaching maturation."[4] In a more academic analysis, Barbara Creed points out: "The primal scene is also crucial to *Alien* as is the figure of the mother, in the guise of the archaic mother. The archaic mother is the parthenogenetic mother, the mother as primordial abyss, the point of origin and of end."[5]

The final plot of *Alien* may be sketched briefly because much of the film, like *2001: A Space Odyssey,* unfolds via lingering visual motifs and sophisticated sound and special effects, producing what Ted Gershuny calls a "slick synthesis—part space opera, part horror film, part undergraduate speculation, part literary offshoot."[6] The screenplay, written by Dan O'Bannon, commences with a long shot of the *Nostromo,* a creaking, heavy, sooty and grimy commercial ore-barge spaceship. Contrary to the usual lyrical, awe-inspiring scenes and sounds that usually depict science fiction space travel, the eerie musical score and the dark, labyrinthine passages of the ship created an atmosphere of gloom and foreboding; the subtitles inform us that the *Nostromo* has a crew of seven and that it holds a cargo of twenty million tons of mineral ore. As Rebecca Bell-Metereau points out, the explorer ship's name, the *Nostromo,* is derived from Joseph Conrad's novels. As such, this name immediately locates the film's narrative context not within the romanticized notion of valiant and selfless space explorers, but within the complex practicalities of thriving within a bureaucracy built on greed, commercial exploitation, and the inescapable solitariness of individuals who hold views that differ from those of the hegemonic "Company." *Alien* "doesn't deal with [humanity's] glorious quest for self-knowledge or understanding of the unknown. It treats the Company's grimy search for profit at any cost."[7] Suddenly, the oppressive stillness is sundered by "Mother's" (the master computer) awakening, signaled by letters scrolling across a monitor, whose glare is reflected on the smooth, polished surface of a space helmet. Mother then proceeds to awaken her slumbering brood, who all lie wearing white underwear that resembles diapers in glass pods. Kane (John Hurt), the executive officer, is the first who sits upright. But his eyes remain closed for some time with his entire body bathed in a cold, white glow. Kane appears to remain suspended in a dreamlike trance for what seems a cinematic eternity before the scene shifts to reveal the now fully clothed crew grumbling about the cold and the pay, exchanging lewd jokes and sundry bits of information with the camaraderie of a crew that has been working together for a long time. Mother summons the captain, Dallas (Tom Skerritt), to "interface" with her confidentially; the crew finds out that they are merely halfway to their final destination (earth) and that they have been awakened because of an alien and yet indecipherable transmission that Mother has intercepted. Parker (Yaphet Kotto), the black engineer who is initially motivated by nothing but profit, protests against responding to the signal, reasoning that this is a commercial vessel, rather than a rescue ship. But Ash (Ian Holm), the science officer, quietly but authoritatively replies that if they examined their contracts carefully, they will

find that "any systematized transmission indicating possible intelligent origin must be investigated" under the threat of losing all their shares in the profit.

The interplay across the three types of masculinities represented by Dallas, the captain; Parker, the engineer-grunt; and Ash, the erudite science officer, is instructive. (The term *masculinity* becomes problematic later, when we find that Ash is an android, programmed to bring back an alien specimen to harness as a weapon; but at this point of the narrative, Ash is narratively coded as Caucasian, well educated, and with impeccable manners.) In the original script, Ash is able to cut into Parker's tirade by quietly stating the legal clause in the crews' contract.[8] In the final film, it requires Dallas's blustery and forceful rejoinders, "Will you listen to the man?" and "You got that?" to enable Ash the room to speak. Ash, who speaks with a markedly British accent, even says, "May I say something?" rather ineffectually before Dallas backs him up. Dallas, who is also Caucasian, is coded as possessing the practical knowledge and rough manners of other cowboy-like space explorers, such as Parker, while having a larger view of the duties of the *Nostromo,* which at this point aligns him with Ash. Parker, on the other hand, who is clearly the dominant engineer, with Brett (Harry Dean Stanton) being the yes-man engineer-technician, is characterized as profit-motivated, manipulative, and misogynistic. In a following scene, he is shown as deliberately asking for more time than he needs to do repairs, demanding a "full share" (with the threat of discontinuing work clearly stated), and calling Ripley, in the script, a "bitch"[9] and a "smart mouthed broad."[10] The final film further undermines his masculinity relative to Ripley; she replies, unruffled, that he will get "a" share as she leaves, and he mutters under his breath the more masculinized curse, "*Son* of a bitch!" acknowledging Ripley's androgynous status. (In the original screenplay, Ripley is a male character called "Roby.")[11]

As Ripley struggles to decode the signal, Dallas, Kane, and Lambert, a white, female navigator (Veronica Cartwright), set off to investigate if the signal is an SOS. Much of the sequence is shot from the point of view of the crew, who stumble along in the dim, dusty light, as well as from Ash's view, who shares their view, through monitors attached to their helmets. They come across the remains of a crashed spaceship, which Lambert is reluctant to enter, but Kane urges them on. In the very first version of the screenplay, Kane's character is called "Broussard," and is motivated by the (Frankensteinian) prospect of being "the *first men* to contact a *nonhuman intelligence*."[12] They enter through a "vaginal-like" entrance, whose "opening is shaped like a horseshoe, its curved sides like two long legs spread apart at the entrance."[13] The inside of the ship

resembles a rib cage, and sounds of breathing and moaning merge as they traverse the glistening, wet, and dark corridor. They discover a large alien life-form, whose skeleton appears to have exploded from the inside out.

The scene crosscuts back to the *Nostromo,* where Ripley has decoded enough of the signal to determine that it is a warning rather than an SOS. She wants to go after the crew, but Ash prevents her from doing so. In the final screenplay, Ash reasons that because they have "minimum takeoff capability" and "cannot spare the personnel," they should stay on board;[14] the final film version simply has him carelessly saying: "What's the point. In the time it takes to get there, they'll know if it's a warning or not." The effect of the changes is to unmask, much more quickly, Ash's suspicious motives for insisting that they investigate the signal. But they also reveal Ripley's potential mastery of codes and computers, which binds her to Ash in the strange kinship-rivalry of being second (technologized) shadows in the narrative.

What occurs next is one of the most famous highlights of the film. Kane is lowered into what appears to be an acid-burnt hole into a lower chamber. Kane comes across several leathery ovoids, whose surfaces have a blue, mistlike substance above them, which reacts when it is broken. Kane stumbles into the den of eggs and watches curiously as one begins to unfold like an obscene flower, showing off its private parts; the final screenplay describes what is seen of the alien's anatomy as its "viscera and mandible."[15] Something resembling an octopus shoots out and attaches itself on to his helmet, burns a hole through his face mask, and forces his mouth open as he falls backward and passes out.

The scene can be interpreted along several Frankensteinian lines. At one level, Kane occupies the traditional space of the male scientist, who peers into the mysteries of the alien womb and is punished for his transgression through a phallic/oral penetration. At another level, Kane becomes an instantiation of the first shadow; he becomes a hystericized and mute body. As Creed remarks: "When male bodies become grotesque, they tend to take on characteristics associated with female bodies; in this instance man's body becomes grotesque because it is capable of being penetrated."[16] Yet as Janice Rushing notes, the gender fluctuations in *Alien* are more complex than mere reversal: "But while *Alien*'s monster, as well as his counterparts in *Aliens,* is obviously phallic, interpreting him as a patriarchal projection and repudiation of what women desire, [this] cannot explain several of the facts of his existence. He is both the 'son' of the mother (he emerges from her egg) and her 'consort.' . . . He 'dies' after fertilizing his victims, only to be 'reborn' in a scene that leaves no doubt as to his victory over death."[17] Indeed, an

earlier version of the screenplay describes the creature as a "primitive form of encephalopod [that is] bisexual or hermaphrodit[ic]."[18] Interestingly, the Academy Award–winning Swiss surrealist artist, H. R. Giger, who designed the first alien images, also conceived of his alien design as masculine, as opposed to his other creation, Sil, the alien in *Species*. In an interview with Kathleen Craughwell, he remarked:

> Q: Do you see the alien figures as feminine?
>
> A: No, masculine, all masculine. [I see] alien as the man, and Sil as the woman. Some people think of the alien as feminine. I don't know why. It was a man inside.[19]

Beyond Giger's intentions, such a complex fluctuation across genders, not only within the creatures, but also within the humans who stumble on them as would-be colonizers who are colonized, would not have been possible within the confines of the classic horror Frankensteinian narrative.

Dallas and Lambert haul the unconscious Kane back to the *Nostromo*. Ripley apologetically but firmly defies Dallas's order to open the hatch because of decontamination procedures, but Ash lets them in. The crew members turn their attention to dislodging the creature from Kane, but they find that the facehugger wraps itself even more insistently around Kane's face and bleeds molecular acid when it is cut. Just as the crew is contemplating simply freezing Kane, they find Kane's prone, unconscious form, devoid of the creature. They creep into the medical laboratory and search for the creature in one of the suspense-filled sequences. The alien life form drops on to Ripley, who screams and twists, causing Dallas to run protectively to cover her (not in the final screenplay). In the screenplay, Ripley fishes up the dying creature with a metal probe, but in the final film, this is transferred over to the still masculine Ash, who probes excitedly into the alien's underside and exposed viscous organs, whose innards seem to be a cross between crustacean anatomy and labial genitalia. The debate on whether to keep the dead alien on board flares between Ash and Ripley, and Dallas, dutifully obeying company orders, sides with Ash.

Seemingly miraculously, the crew comes across the dazed Kane sitting up in bed. His behavior ranges across the profiles of recovering patient, pregnant woman, and rape victim—which are all feminine roles. Dressed in a white undergarment, which is more feminized than the boxer shorts he had initially worn in the opening scenes of the movie, Kane guzzles down water greedily and coughs, complains of a ravenous hunger, and seems unable either to remember or to talk about the trau-

matic incident. While the crew settles down to what appears to be another mundane meal with the usual serving of sexual innuendo with food, Kane, like a pregnant woman racked by powerful appetitive urges, stuffs himself greedily. The conversation is an ironic pun on the hidden horror of digestion and the nightmarish events that are to follow.

> LAMBERT: Christ, you're pounding down this stuff like there's no tomorrow.
>
> Pause.
>
> PARKER: I mean I like it. . . . It grows on you.
>
> KANE: It should. You know what they make this stuff out of. . . .
>
> PARKER: I know what they make it out of. So what. It's food now. You're eating it.[20]

Like a woman undergoing the early stages of giving birth, Kane suddenly clutches the table and complains of cramps. Like a doctor soothingly instructing a pregnant woman undergoing contractions, Ash tells him to "breathe deeply." Kane falls over the table with spasms racking his body. The others think that he is undergoing an epileptic seizure and struggle to hold him down to insert something between his teeth to prevent him from biting his tongue. As Kane groans in pain, a smear of blood appears on his shirt and from his ruptured chest, a tiny head lunges forward, revealing sharp and shiny teeth. Before anyone can react, the creature skitters across the table, chittering, leaving a trail of blood and food in its wake. This scene locates Kane, a masculine executive officer, within the bisociated realms of first shadow (screaming, hystericized body dominated by appetite, and then by pain) and third shadow (as "mother" to the alien, whom he births, and feminized sexual prey of the facehugger that has raped and impregnated him). To conceive of the male body occupying such a sexually imperiled position would have been impossible in classic horror Frankenstein renditions (although Brad's body in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* comes close to it), but becomes imaginable and even credible within this science fiction offshoot.

The crew divides into teams, using a tracking device sensitive to microscopic changes in air density, a cattle prod, and a net in an attempt to capture the alien newborn, which is prowling about the ship. However, the team inadvertently traps Jones, the resident cat; the cat bolts free and Brett, who was responsible for allowing the cat to go free, is charged with the task of recapturing "Jonesy." In a series of shots with escalating tension, Brett is shown sweating as he wanders through the

dark hallways; in a series of extreme close-ups that mark him as a victim (reminiscent of the archetypal shower scene from *Psycho*), he takes an impromptu shower underneath a crack in the ship's hull, where rain streams in before the alien, now obviously bigger, closes in for the kill.

In the final screenplay, an intermediate scene is included in which Ripley goes to Dallas to seek some "relief" and actively seduces the captain.[21] But the final film version skips ahead to Dallas's fatal plan of luring the creature into the air shaft to blast it. The barest hint of a relationship between Ripley and Dallas emerges when Ripley volunteers to be the bait, but Dallas decisively refuses her offer. The changes from script to film therefore move Ripley from seductive aggressor to woman in need of protection at this stage of the narrative. Before he leaves for the air duct, Dallas attempts to get some reassurance from Mother, but the computer, in league with Ash, fails to give him even a probabilistic reading of the possible success of his plan due to "insufficient data." The plan fails, and Dallas disappears without even a trace of blood.

The sudden death of Dallas is surprising to an audience schooled in the conventions of horror film, because they are taught to identify with Dallas—as a Caucasian, male figure of authority. Similar to the shock of finding the star (Janet Leigh) who plays Marion in *Psycho* killed off, the audience reels in shock to find another character with whom to sympathize. That character in *Alien* turns out to be Ripley, who is able to penetrate Mother's defenses and forces her to confess to compliance with Ash's secret orders to bring back an alien specimen at all costs. Ash, when he realizes that his smooth talking is not going to get him anywhere with Ripley, turns openly malevolent and attempts to murder Ripley. Interestingly, the method he chooses is remarkably similarly to that used by the alien: he rolls up a magazine tightly into a phallic object and attempts to force that down her throat. Also like the alien, he does not bleed red blood, but a white foamy substance from a cut in his forehead. Luckily, both Lambert and Parker arrive and rush to rescue Ripley. Because Ash appears to have an unbreakable hold around Ripley's neck, Parker resorts to hitting Ash's head with a tracker. Ash's head comes flying off, sprouting wires, pastalike innards and a milky-like substance, finally revealing that he is an android, thereby confirming Ripley's worst suspicions.

In an earlier script, one of the clues that Ash is not human is that he appears to have no sexual appetite. In a female tête-à-tête, Ripley asks Lambert whether she has ever slept with Ash; Lambert denies this and asks if Ripley ever has. Ripley does not even bother to reply and Lambert concurs, saying that Ash just "never seemed interested."[22] This scene is edited out in the final film version possibly because there is no

overt description of any of the other crew members' sex lives, other than the crude sexual innuendos that occur in abundance during meals.

Once again, the male authority figure is unmanned. Ash, who occupies the sphere of the authorized scientist, the Frankensteinian biomechanical God, and civilized gentleman is unmasked as unthinking automaton, monstrous mechanical tool, and savage, calculating machine. Although the monstrosity of the baron Frankenstein is hinted at in the Hammer series films, in no other film has the ego (which the scientist narratively occupies) been unmasked as so closely imbricated with the second shadow (the technologized shadow). Interestingly enough, in this version, although the second shadow is usually characterized by hypermasculinity, Ash is coded as essentially sexless, unlike the alien, which is bisexual/hermaphroditic.

Ripley reconnects the circuitry to Ash's head to interrogate him further in front of the rest of the crew. Ash's last words are a paean of praise for the alien: "I admire its purity. A survivor unclouded by conscious morals or delusions of morality." This characterization could also pass as the android's self-description, as he proclaims: "I am loyal only to discovering the truth. A scientific truth demands beauty, harmony and above all simplicity. The problem between you and the Alien will produce a simple and elegant solution. Only one of you will survive." Ripley pulls the plug and the crew members torch the place with Ash's remains in it; the camera pulls in tightly to watch Ash's human face dissolve and peel underneath the flames to reveal his underlying mechanical visage.

Ripley, Lambert, and Parker, the only remaining survivors, decide to abandon and blow up the *Nostromo*. Ripley dispatches Lambert and Parker to work as a team to gather fuel while she takes care of setting Mother to autodestruct. Lambert's and Parker's characters have by now evolved: Lambert has become weepy and hysterical—the typical emotional female—while Parker, formerly motivated purely by greed, is now motivated by the desire for revenge and is thus hypermasculinized relative to Lambert's hyperfemininity. Unfortunately, while Ripley is distracted by chasing the cat, the Alien, which has grown even larger and more menacing, attacks Parker and Lambert. The shots particularly of Lambert's transfixed and tearful agony before she dies, as the alien's tentacle slithers around her leg, have been described by critics as particularly disturbing. As critic Alleva writes: "Countless fictional innocents have died in countless horror movies but *Alien* may have been the first one to concentrate exclusively not on startling sights and violence but on the sweaty, eye-popping reactions of the victims as they are hunted down. Several close-ups, particularly the ones of Veronica Cartwright,

were downright sadistic in that the director, Ridley Scott, seemed to be savoring the suffering of people who knew they were going to die."[23]

The final screenplay has an intermediate scene, in which Ripley stumbles across the alien's lair and finds her former lover, Dallas, cocooned in the beast's bodily fluids. She tries to convince him to escape, but he asks her to kill him, knowing that he has become impregnated. Ripley stares at him before she finally raises her flamethrower and torches the area. This scene underlines the erotic relationship between Ripley and Dallas, and underscores the official passing of the masculine leadership torch from Dallas as captain to Ripley, former warrant officer turned captain. However, the final film version takes out this scene perhaps because Ripley clearly has already stepped into the vacuum left by Dallas's capture by the alien.

Ripley manages to catch Jonesy the trouble-making cat and places him into a carrier. As she heads for the door of the shuttle, she sees the alien lurking nearby and realizes that she may not have enough time to free herself from the *Nostromo* before it self-destructs. She races back to Mother and attempts to reprogram her and even pleads with her, but the program is relentless and emotionless, continuing its countdown. Ripley flies into a rage, calls Mother a "bitch," whacks the computer, and races back to the shuttle, rescuing the cat on the way. With seconds to go, the shuttle ejects from the mother ship; Ripley watches as the *Nostromo* explodes into a brilliant fireball.

In an apparent denouement, Ripley hugs the cat for comfort, maternally places him in a pod, and prepares for hypersleep. For the first time, we see her shed clothing and relax, as we voyeuristically recognize her as a sexually desirable woman. Suddenly, the alien unwraps itself from a corner, and Ripley flees into a locker containing a pressure suit. In the revised and final screenplay, the alien then curiously begins to try to get at the cat, which is still in its carrier; Ripley tries to distract the creature from the terrified cat and realizes that to protect Jonesy, her feline "progeny," she will have to get out there and do hand-to-hand combat with the Alien. The final version skips the traumatization of the cat, instead focusing on exploring Ripley's terror as she lies trapped in the closet. Normally, a low-angle shot that looks up at a character, creating a towering effect such as in Kane's (Orson Welles) speech as a presidential hopeful in *Citizen Kane,* gives the impression of the superiority and invulnerability of the character. In this case, even though an extreme low-angle shot it used, it is shot so close to Ripley's underside that one focuses on the view of her crotch in her bikini underpants as she slips into the pressure suit to transform herself from feminized and vulnerable sex object into genderless war machine.

Before the low-angle shot, the camera tilts, moving slowly downward, displaying her erect nipples showing themselves against the small, thin white undershirt she wears—coding her as a sex object before the transformation to warrior begins. Now fully clad in the genderless and massive pressure suit, Ripley attacks, shooting the creature with short bursts of a gas to stun and surprise it before spearing it with a metal rod; she then blows the rear hatch, creating a vacuum that sucks everything, including herself, outside of the ship. The alien manages to latch on to her ankle as it slips into the opening. Ripley yanks the hatch lever, trapping the Alien on the outside, with its appendage crushed. As the acid begins to burn through the hatch, she turns on the ramjets, which belch out fire, incinerating the alien.

In the released film version, the traditional denouement occurs with a return to the first part of the film. Ripley records her final log, hugs the cat, and then settles into hypersleep, looking like a fairy tale sleeping beauty in her misted pod as the shuttle hurtles through silence and the stars. In stark contrast, the first screenplay has Roby (the original character whom Ripley replaces) going to sleep with an alien skull as the sentinel/souvenir/proof of his bizarre misadventure. Roby is unaware that at the bottom of his craft, a spore pod is attached, signaling that the nightmare is far from over.[24] The released film version recuperates the conventional horror narrative ending of vanquishing the monster and returning the feminine to its proper sphere. The film's ending contrasts with its script predecessor, which attempts to sustain the unresolved tension of the ah/ooh experience, juxtaposing fear, disgust, fascination, and even awe in the face of the radically other.

## *ALIENS:* THE "GOOD" MOTHER VS. THE "BAD" MOTHER

Because *Alien* proved to be a huge box-office success, earning $65 million,[25] it was hardly surprising that a sequel, *Aliens,* followed in 1986. James Cameron, the director of the highly successful *Terminator* (which I discuss later), is credited with making the first sequel the "crowd pleaser" of the series.[26] One of the most striking features of Ridley Scott's *Alien* was its aesthetic sophistication in a visual and aural sense. Cameron realized that he could not top that, but he could shift the pacing and focus of the plot and characters in a way that would reflect his own strengths as a director. In an interview with Adam Pirani of *Fangoria,* he remarks: "The things that interest me aren't necessarily the things that interested Ridley, since I tend to gravitate more towards a little heavier plotting, and a little more concentration on characters, dialogue, more action and less on the visual aspects."[27]

One modification Cameron decided to make as writer-director was to shift the focus from a motley crew (which renders audience identification problematic) to Ripley, rendering her the fulcrum of the narrative. In the original *Alien,* this does not occur until the final third of the film. Other conundrums arose, which are characteristic of sequels in general, such as what elements of the first film to maintain and which to eliminate, and how to make a sequel stand on its own as a novel, independent entity, while harking back to its successful predecessor. As Cameron phrased it: "That's always the dilemma with doing a sequel, knowing exactly how far to stretch the umbilicus with the first film."[28]

Cameron's solution to these conundrums was to begin *Aliens* in a manner reminiscent of *Alien*. This time, it is the *Narcissus,* the lifeboat of the ill-fated *Nostromo,* that hovers in space; once again, the camera roves over every little detail of the craft, revealing Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) lying asleep in her pod. Once again, an alert goes off, but this time, there is no Mother to awaken Ripley (van Winkle?) as she slumbers on, as she has, for the past fifty-seven years. Once again, as in *Alien,* the reason the *Narcissus* is boarded is not because of the altruistic desire to find her, but because of the profit-motivated drive of salvaging the craft and its possibly valuable contents.

Ripley awakens in a hospital room at a gateway station to find herself reunited with Jonesy, the trouble-making orange tomcat of *Alien,* through the help of Carter Burke (Paul Reiser). In the first draft of the script, Burke is described as "thirty-ish and handsome, in a suit that looks executive or legal, the tie loosened with studied casualness [and with] a smile referred to as 'winning.'"[29] Reiser's portrayal of Burke is close to the original script and at this stage emerges as a sympathetic character because of his ability to use self-deprecating humor. "I work for the company, but other than that I'm an okay guy." In addition, the final film version edits out his more patronizing lines that are in the script, such as, "Well, maybe you shouldn't worry about that just yet (soothing)."

*Aliens* continues the original *Alien*'s dream motif, blurring even further the line separating reality from nightmarish hallucination. The shock of discovering she has been asleep for fifty-seven years leads directly into Ripley's nightmare (which seems perfectly real) of birthing an alien. Like Kane, she writhes in agony, screaming for help as Burke and the med techs hold her down; like Kane, she watches helplessly as the embryonic alien bursts, not from her chest, but a little further down her rib cage, closer to her stomach. Extreme close-ups of Jonesy, the cat, hissing angrily are spliced in between shots of Ripley's face and body. Just as the audience is shocked into believing the reality of the sequence,

there is an abrupt cut, and the screaming Ripley snaps into frame in a darkened hospital room. Shuddering and bathed in sweat, she kneads her breastbone with the heel of her hand and sobs. The med tech asks Ripley if she would like something to help her sleep, and Ripley declines, saying that she has slept enough.

The original script provides some comic relief (Jonesy runs into a wall, mistaking a hologram of a meadow and birds for the real thing) and further melodrama (Ripley finds that she has outlived her daughter, for whose eleventh birthday she had promised to return).[30] Unfortunately, because this latter section is removed from the film, a crucial contributing factor to Ripley's seemingly mad determination to keep her promise not to abandon Newt in the latter part of the story is also edited. Another scene that is removed is one in which Burke tries to warn or prime Ripley on how best to survive the bureaucratic shark attacks that follow, as Ripley's testimony is ripped to shreds on technical grounds by the avaricious company representatives. Ripley finds out that part of the reason her report is dismissed and she herself stripped of rank (and thereby discredited) is because LV–426 (now called "Acheron"), the site of the encounter with the first alien, is now the thriving home of sixty to seventy families of "terraformers" (space pioneers). In the first part of the film Ripley is extremely vulnerable, and a directorial/script anxiety about how to portray Ripley as extremely tough and yet overwhelmed/overcome by the emotional obstacles she faces clearly exists. Interestingly enough, this is usually a dilemma masculine heroic characters face rather than feminine ones. In the original script, Cameron is able to insert nuancing language such as, "Let's get this one straight. . . . Ripley can be one tough lady. But the terror, the loss, the emptiness are, in this moment, overwhelming. She cries silently."[31] Unlike *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* there is no such narrator, so Cameron seems to have chosen to err on the side of underplaying, rather than overplaying, her vulnerability/femininity. Cameron remarked that one of the tasks that *Aliens* presented to him, which he found "interesting," was the portrayal of "a strong female character . . . because it hasn't been done that much, finding the balance of femininity and strength."[32]

The original script then shifts to the "alien landscape," where it develops several minor characters, such as Russ Jorden; his wife, Anne; and their children, Newt and Tim. The terraformers have apparently stumbled across the same alien spaceship that the *Nostromo* crew had boarded. The script cuts the scene once Anne, reemerging from the extraterrestrial ship, dragging her unconscious husband with a facehugger attached to his face, tries to call in a mayday alert to the colony. The

last sound from this scene is supposed to be Newt's rising shriek, which competes with the shrieking wind.

Instead, the film, perhaps to condense the action further, and to keep the fulcrum of the narrative squarely focused on Ripley, depicts the now-haggard looking Ripley staring off into space, undisturbed cigarette ash accumulating on the cigarette she holds between her fingertips. In the background an overly cheerful advertisement for "heading off for the colonies!" blares, unheard. She finds herself visited by two unexpected guests: Burke and Lieutenant Gorman. Initially, Ripley bluntly and rudely refuses to let them in, but when she hears that they have lost contact with the terraformers on Acheron, she opens the door. Similarly, Ripley initially adamantly refuses to return to the ill-fated planet as an advisor. However, she later relents when she finds that the screaming nightmares refuse to go away and is appeased by a promise she extracts from Burke that the aliens are going to be destroyed rather than kept alive to be studied. In one of the few moments of wry humor and "tough love," she instructs Jonesy, the "little shithead" (in the script, she says "my dear") to "stay right here" while she heads back to face the source of her current imprisonment in disrepute, underemployment, and bouts of depression.

The scene shifts suddenly to the hypersleep vault of the *Sulaco,* which carries eleven marines, Ripley, Burke, and Science/Executive Officer Bishop (Lance Henriksen), who later turns out to be an android. Once again the complaining and boastful camaraderie, reeking of machismo, is reminiscent of the types of conversations the crew of the *Nostromo* had in the earlier *Alien,* although this time, Ripley is clearly an outsider. Private Vasquez (Jenette Goldstein), a "smart gun" operator, is one of two women among the marines but she is so clearly masculinized that even Ripley seems feminine in the conventional sense relative to her. The first time Vasquez is introduced, she is doing pull-ups, displaying her powerful arms. Private Hudson, the other "smart-gun" operator and obviously her best comrade at arms, asks if she has ever been mistaken for a man. She wittily snaps back: "No, have you?" Spying Ripley from a distance, she asks curiously: "Who's Snow White?"—referring both to Ripley's Caucasianness and her feminine form, relative to the other female marines; it could also refer to her perception of Ripley as naïve and defenseless. (In the original script, Vasquez more coarsely calls Ripley "fresh meat.")[33] Nevertheless, despite the loud bravado that characterizes Vasquez, who is a Latina, there is a sense in which she assumes these characteristics to survive the muscular and masculine environment she inhabits. Unlike the rest of the crew, she is prey to jokes concerning illegal aliens, and contrary to her other witty

rejoinders, she can only bluster, "Fuck you!" in reply. Vasquez, strangely enough, thus bisociates two types of shadows in a Koestlerian juxtaposition: first, like the second or mechanized shadow, she is perfectly at home with machines, specifically guns; in the heat of battle she is herself a relentless fighting machine. Second, like the first or feminized shadow, despite her attempts to prove the contrary, she is still marked as a woman of color, whose body sets her off from the rest of the marines. Although there is one more person of color among the marines, Sergeant Apone (Al Matthews), his African Americanness seems essentially absorbed by his status as an authority figure among the marines. However, one could also argue that because Apone is the most overt propaganda mouthpiece for the marines (his rousing and cheerleading "I love the corps!" speech is the first thing we hear him say as the rest of the marines grumble as they are awakened from hypersleep) and the most vehement enforcer of orders (it is he who snaps the loud-mouthed Hudson into line and maintains discipline), he is simply the old Uncle Tom stereotype dressed up with a ferocious exterior. That is, like Vasquez, his vehemently hypermasculinized role attempts to conceal his status as a first shadow as well.

In the original script, Ripley is clued in that Bishop is a synthetic/android when she notices an alphanumeric code tattooed on the back of his left hand.[34] In the film, Bishop is pressured into displaying his speed and precision with a knife by the rowdy marines, and after he succeeds in arousing their admiration, finds that he has accidentally cut himself and bleeds a milky fluid, like Ash. Ripley, whose memories of Ash's treachery still rankle, refuses Bishop's overtures of friendship, knocks a plate of corn bread he offers her out of his hands, and shouts at him to leave her alone. Interestingly, in this version, Bishop, who is the quintessential second or technologized shadow, unlike his predecessors in classic horror films, is not hypermasculinized. If anything, like Ash (at least based on first impressions), he almost seems feminine in his politeness and eagerness to please, relative to the boisterous marines. Like Vasquez, his "otherness" is stamped on his body; and for others, he is a pure, mechanical, subservient body (which makes him also a Koestlerian juxtaposition of first and second shadows), although he prefers to call himself an "artificial person."

During a briefing session, the very proper (and highly inexperienced) career officer, Lieutenant Gorman, who is also shown as having difficulty commanding the respect of the marines, turns the floor over to Ripley. In the original script, Ripley begins by matter-of-factly describing the life cycle of the alien and begins to show emotion only when she begins to describe the creature's monstrous emergence from

the host/victim/parthenogenetic "mother's" ruptured body.[35] In the final film version, however, she is emotional from the start, and she narrates from a personal point of view what she has experienced, rather than describing the creature in distanced scientific terms. This change enables Vasquez's rejoinder to be all the more contrasting: "I need to know one thing," she says coolly. "Where they are." Vasquez then proceeds to cock her thumb and blow away an imaginary alien. After quieting the rowdy bantering, Ripley replies soberly: "I hope you're right. I really do." The difference established between Ripley and Vasquez is instructive; whereas Vasquez attempts to flee from her status as feminine shadow, Ripley embraces it, rendering her a more integrated persona. Such an integration has been difficult, if not impossible, within the confines of the classic horror renditions of the Frankensteinian cinematic narratives.

Yet Ripley moves fluidly across her masculine and feminine sides. Thus, when the marines begin to load equipment, she volunteers to help load materials using a massive power loader. Sergeant Apone and Corporal Dwayne Hicks (Michael Biehn) initially look skeptical, but they laugh appreciatively when Ripley steps into the machine's massive safety cage and maneuvers it with ease, displaying that despite her Snow White appearance, her "class two rating" as a power-loader driver is far from hearsay. Ultimately, her ease at merging with this machine and transforming herself into a body of steel enables her to do battle with the alien queen in the film's climax.

The original script then features the preparations for the drop, in which Private Hudson (Bill Paxton) is prominently featured as literally and metaphorically "loading on" his masculinity thickly in a supposed attempt to convince Ripley that he and the rest of the "bad asses" will protect her from the aliens.[36] Private Hicks, who eventually evolves into Ripley's lover, saves Ripley from Hudson's exaggerated and hubristic display. The final film cut this sequence perhaps because of the need to maintain the high-octane pacing; nevertheless, the narrative effect of such a cut was to eliminate a scene in which Ripley needed rescuing from Hudson by Hicks. Although this scene would have foreshadowed the romantic subplot earlier, it might have offset the delicate balance between masculinity and femininity that Cameron sought to maintain in Ripley's character.

Despite their bombastic and rowdy display of confidence in their ability to eliminate any enemy, the marines also express feelings of misgivings or "bad feelings" concerning the strange "bug hunting" mission. When they arrive at their destination, the group circle and scan the place from the spacecraft but find that the complex appears deserted. The

marines are dispersed to conduct a ground search, and through Ripley's guidance, uncover acid-burnt gaps in the empty building.

The changes from script to film again serve to excise any sections of the script that could endanger that delicate balance between masculinity and femininity in Ripley. This time, the following do not survive the chopping block: (1) a scene in which Vasquez asks whether Ripley is staying within the safety of the craft and derisively remarks, "Figures" when Ripley replies that she is staying;[37] (2) a scene in which Ripley initially chooses to cower within the craft as the rest file out, and then changes her mind when she realizes she is alone and unarmed;[38] (3) a succeeding scene in which Ripley screams when she is surprised by one of the marines, sent back by the ever gallant and protective Hicks to look after the traumatized Ripley;[39] (4) yet another scene in which Hicks, noticing Ripley's extreme nervousness, forms a two-man protective cordon around Ripley, together with the marine he had earlier dispatched as Ripley's escort from the ship.[40] All these scenes would have portrayed Hicks as the valiant knight in shining armor and Ripley as the all-too-familiar delicate damsel in distress, and it is to Cameron's credit that these scenes were excised.

In many ways, Ripley's characterization is arguably a paradigm for what feminist film theorist Carol Clover calls the "Final Girl," who is ultimately a surrogate or transvestite male. Clover argues that the typical horror fan, who is generally, but not universally, an adolescent male, is able to derive a masochistic pleasure from the Final Girl's "feminine suffering and victimization" and then switches to a sadistic identification as she effects her "masculine" revenge. Nevertheless, Clover is also quick to remark that the binary dualisms of gender and power are rendered problematic and even porous through such a visualization of heroism through a female body. She writes: "Abject terror may still be gendered feminine, but the willingness of one immensely popular genre to represent the hero as an anatomical female would seem to suggest that at least one of the traditional marks of heroism, *triumphant self-rescue,* is no longer strictly gendered masculine" [italics mine].[41]

As they examine the devastation wreaked by what appears to have been a desperate battle, Ripley spots several stasis tubes containing facehuggers. The description of the creatures in the original script is instructive: "They look like fingers containing SEVERED ARTHRITIC HANDS, the palsied fingers curled in a death-like rictus. Structurally, they are more like spiders with sickeningly translucent skin, a flaccid scrotal body, gill-like organs underneath drifting in the suspension fluid."[42] This is thus far the most vivid visualization of the aliens. Unlike Ridley Scott, who could rely on the suspense and power of the initial

invisibility of the *Alien* (a technique similar to Franz Kafka's paradoxically vivid yet unvisualizable hints of what Gregor Samsa has transmogrified into in *The Metamorphosis*), Cameron had to rely on the utter visualizability of the aliens (because the audience already knew what they looked like) and thus to enhance the ghastliness of their presence by multiplying their number in swarms. *The Hollywood Reporter* notes: "[Because] audiences would go to Cameron's film knowing what the creatures looked like, Cameron was forced to use other tension-building techniques. In fact, he does a 180-degree turn, filling the screen with swarming aliens. Quick-cutting, nonstop-action sequences ratchet up the excitement level. . . ."[43]

Hicks had thrust himself past Ripley protectively at first, but now that the creatures are safely in stasis tubes, Burke comes very close to one of the tubes, staring at it curiously. He ignores Ripley's warning to be careful. Suddenly, the creature he has been staring at lunges from within the tube, slamming against the glass, attempting to attack him. The script describes it as follows: "From the palm of the thing's hand-like body emerges a pearlescent TUBULE, like a tapered piece of intestine, which slithers tongue-like over the inside of the glass. Then it retracts into a sheath between the 'gills.'"[44] The original script has Hicks teasingly saying, "It likes you," but the released film version renders overt the erotic tinges in the facehugger's attempt to embrace the ogling Burke: "Looks like love at first sight." Burke notes that only two of the specimens are still alive, and the group settles down to studying the medical documents that remain. Ripley reads aloud the file of a victim who died while they surgically removed the creature from his face; the text has some strange resonances with an abortion gone bad: "RIPLEY (reading): Removed surgically before embryo implantation. Subject: Marachuk, John L. Died during procedure."[45]

The group fans out, using trackers to detect any movement in the area. Just as Vasquez gets trigger happy, Hicks deflects her aim and asks Ripley to come closer. They discover an extremely grimy and terrified Rebecca or "Newt" Jorden, the only survivor of the terraformer colony; absurdly, she clutches in her hand the plastic head of a very large doll. Ripley tries soothingly to inch toward the little girl but Hicks makes a sudden grab for Newt. Like a wild animal, Rebecca bites Hicks and scuttles off into a ventilation duct. Ripley dives into the narrow duct instinctively and manages to get into the tiny steel chamber before the girl has a chance to lock the hatch. Ripley is amazed to find the odd collection of toys, stuffed animals, dolls, cheap jewelry, empty food packets, and in the script, a battery-operated tape player, strewn all over what has served as the girl's haven from the aliens. Rebecca attempts to escape, but Ripley has had

some experience with adoptive "progeny" who resist being captured and saved. The script makes the parallel to Jonesy, the orange tabby who constantly eluded rescue/capture in *Alien,* more overt: "The kid struggles wildly, *like a cat at the vet's*. Eyes wide, hands lashing out in frenzy . . . but silent. No scream" [italics mine].[46] Ripley hangs on through the violent struggle, and Rebecca eventually collapses into what appears as a catatonic state. Ripley uncovers an old frame identifying the young girl, Rebecca Jorden, as the recipient of a "First Grade Citizenship Award."

Yet it is only later that Ripley finds out Rebecca's "true" identity as "Newt." This occurs after Sergeant Gorman and Corporal Dietrich, another female marine who makes a brief appearance as a medical officer, have tried to coerce Rebecca into communicating with them. Only when Ripley offers Rebecca some hot chocolate, which she tips into the young girl's passive lips and cleans up the resulting dribble, does Ripley make a breakthrough. Rebecca speaks very softly, calling herself "Newt," saying that only her brother calls her "Rebecca." Biologically classified, a "newt" is a semiaquatic salamander, a lizardlike amphibian possessing porous, scaleless skin, belonging to the genus *Triturus*.[47] And indeed, Newt is a denizen of the underworld, slithering through air ventilation shafts with ease. In her determination to survive the aliens, she has become similar to them with her matted hair and grimy appearance. When she is first discovered, she does not even seem human; she is mute, stealthy, a survival machine—not very different from Ripley in her alienation, fear, and isolation. Yet Newt, like Ripley, is also a survivor; she has managed to stay alive without any of the weapons or the training of the marines. Newt, like Ripley, manages to remain stoic and to use her wits, unlike many of the marines. As such, like her adoptive mother, Ripley, Newt conjoins masculine and feminine traits. Once again, such a role would have been inconceivable within the confines of the classic horror versions of the Frankensteinian myth.

As the marines explore the interior of the complex that has become the aliens' lair, they come across a "bio-mechanical lattice, like the marrow of some vast bone."[48] This is the first time the aliens are even implicated in/conjoined with the use of technology. So far, it has seemed as though they constitute the antithesis of technology: they are slimy, organic creatures of darkness and heat versus technology's "clean," mechanical products, which are often bathed in cold, white light. The fact that these creatures breed with abandon in the very areas that are the bastions of technology points out that such a binary opposition may in fact be problematic.

Ripley suddenly realizes that the marines are located very close to the fusion reactor—which means that if they shoot, a thermonuclear

explosion could result. The marines grumble as they are forced to surrender their "magazines" to Apone, who is following Gorman's orders; they are officially allowed to use only their flamethrowers to keep the damage localized, but some of them, such as Vasquez, secretly keep spare ammunition and slip these into their weapons. The marines stumble across a wall of living horror: what remains of the terraformers are interspersed with cocoons, which are held in place by a strange, epoxy-like substance. Many of the bodies are desiccated and skeletal, and their rib cages have burst outward—the characteristic sign of having been impregnated by the aliens. Dietrich moves close to one of the entombed bodies, a woman, who suddenly opens her eyes and feebly implores the marine to kill her. We watch the agony on Ripley's face as she watches the woman, through a screen, beginning to retch and convulse, and then scream. Apone grabs a flamethrower and blasts the emerging embryo, but this only puts the marines in greater danger. Aliens descend full force on the marines, systematically and ruthlessly killing them. The marines cry out fruitlessly for help and guidance from Gorman, who seems to have gone into shock. When Ripley realizes that Gorman is incapable of saving the few remaining marines, she takes over, and rams the tanklike vehicle into the alien-occupied complex to rescue Hicks, Hudson, and Vasquez, the only survivors. Ripley's androgyny is again contrasted with Vasquez's hypermasculinity: Vasquez attempts to kill Gorman for his fatal failure in leadership, and she desperately wants to go back to save her best friend Drake, but Ripley quietly says that they are beyond helping.

The rest of the film centers around the pivotal conflict between Ripley and Burke, who has so far been supportive of Ripley (although for his own selfish aims). Burke wants to bring back a live specimen to study (and from which to profit), but Ripley is adamant that they have to kill off all the beasts. When Burke threatens to pull rank to enforce his will, Ripley, arguing like a lawyer, points out that because this is a military operation, the decision is really Hicks's to make. The class divisions that seethe underneath explode to the surface: Burke claims that because Hicks is a "grunt" ("no offense meant," he says matter-of-factly to Hicks), Hicks is in no position to make that sort of decision. Hicks takes "no offense" and sides with Ripley, but that is not the end of Burke's scheming. Later, we find that Burke is responsible for letting the two remaining live facehuggers loose in the room in which Ripley and Newt lie sleeping, unarmed. His desperate plan consists of having the surrogate mother-daughter team impregnated by the aliens so that he can freeze their bodies and return with his valuable booty (as well as be rid of his most dangerous witnesses). From the very start, Burke's mas-

culinity has been under siege: as a company man, he is marked as a smooth-talking, well-dressed con man. Although he appears to have had a genuine liking and admiration for Ripley (he professes that he "expected more" from her), it quickly becomes clear that the only thing he genuinely admires and values is profit. Not only does he consistently lie to her, but he is also responsible for authorizing the terraformers' passage to the ill-fated colony. As such, not only his masculinity, but also his very humanity, becomes questionable: after Ripley and Newt have been rescued from near rape by the facehuggers, she says wearily: "You know, Burke, I don't know which species is worse. You don't see them fucking each other over for a fucking percentage."

The romantic subplot, along with the maternal subplot, develops alongside each other. Hicks gives Ripley a tracer bracelet so he can track wherever she is; he makes light of the moment by saying, "Not that we're engaged or anything. . . ." Ripley gives this tracer bracelet to Newt in an attempt to comfort and reassure her that she will never abandon her. Hicks "introduces" Ripley to his pulse rifle and is surprised when she insists on learning how to operate other things he had not intended to pass on to her, such as the grenade launcher. The triangulation, with Ripley as its center, relocates Ripley's androgyny within the safe borders of the heterosexual romantic and domestic spheres and is part of the film's tensions with creating an unorthodox and strong female character, while maintaining conventional boundaries of gender and power. One additional scene was excised that bears some analysis.

> NEWT: Did one of those things grow inside her [Newt's mother]?
>
> Ripley begins pulling blankets up and tucking them in around [Newt's] tiny body.
>
> RIPLEY: I don't know, Newt. That's the truth.
>
> NEWT: Isn't that how babies come? I mean people babies . . . they grow inside you?
>
> RIPLEY: No, it's different, honey.[49]

Despite Ripley's unconditional denial of the similarities between human impregnation and alien gestation, Newt has clearly struck a crucial node. The movie vacillates between the radical difference between alien monsters and humans, and their fascinating similarities. On one hand, humans have become aligned with the mechanical and the inorganic, whereas the aliens seem the antitheses of these elements. Yet on the other hand, the aliens' easy incorporation of technological elements into their own reproductive cycles and hunting habits, as well as their

sexual reproductive similarity to human rape and penetration, as well as impregnation, hints that perhaps these Others are not so radically Other after all. Unfortunately, the film edits the lines cited previously, and what results is a militarized, glorified us versus them tale. Although the film draws from the brooding doubts and sense of foreboding that characterized the Vietnam War, the battle between humans and aliens takes on a Rambo-like clarity, concerning whom to cheer for—and whom not to.[50]

The rest of the movie, which does not differ significantly from the script, unfolds rapidly. Ripley fights to steady the now-hysterical Hudson, who seems to have regressed to a frightened childlike state, but she is unable to save him. He dies in a final stand against the aliens, as do the warrior woman, Vasquez, and the formerly ineffectual Gorman, who redeems himself by refusing to abandon the bleeding Vasquez. Significantly, before Vasquez dies, her thigh is seared by acid, perhaps symbolizing a mythic "thigh birth," in which a warrior figure becomes grounded and more in touch with his more feminine/vulnerable side. Similarly, Gorman regains his masculinity as he clasps the bleeding Vasquez close, preparing to unleash a grenade as she clasps his hand, roughly and affectionately calls him an "asshole," and shares the same handshake she had earlier shared with her closest comrade, Drake. Although all these characters perish, they die masculinized (that is, heroic) deaths, and no overt evidence exists that their bodies are violated by the aliens because they perish in flames that they themselves have caused. Their deaths are in sharp contrast with Burke, who runs into a room, locking the door to keep both the others and the aliens out. We are hardly surprised or sympathetic when he opens another door and screams a high-pitched wail as the dripping, acid-filled jaws of an alien fills the screen.

In the rush to escape the aliens, Ripley and Newt are separated, and Ripley falls momentarily into hysterics and has to be dragged away by Hicks. Only when Hicks himself is wounded by acid does Ripley galvanize into action, dragging the unconscious soldier to safety before she dons the accoutrements of masculinized mother to rescue Newt from the lair of the alien mother. Before she leaves, she charges Hicks with making certain that Bishop does not blast off before she returns with Newt; she has never forgotten Ash's treachery. Interestingly, that the camera does not fetishize Ripley's body as she slaps on a machine gun, a flamethrower, and grenades. Unlike the earlier *Alien* final confrontation, where she wears bikini underpants and a tee shirt, Ripley is clad androgynously, wearing the same fatigues the marines do.

The alien mother, whose presence has been implied but never shown in *Alien,* makes her dramatic debut in *Aliens*. Cameron is credited with

designing the "mantislike queen" himself.[51] In the original script, the alien mother is described graphically: "A massive silhouette in the mist, the ALIEN QUEEN glowers over her eggs like a great, glistening black insect-Buddha. . . . Her fanged head is an unimaginable horror. Her six limbs, the four arms and two powerful legs, are folded grotesquely over her distended abdomen. The egg-filled abdomen swells into a great pulsing tubular sac. . . ."[52]

What is clear from the description is that the most prominent feature of the alien queen at this point is her ability to birth; she is first introduced in the film through a close up of her birth sac expelling/implanting another leathery egg with a slurping sound. Her motherhood parallels Ripley's surrogate motherhood of Newt, and in an initial showdown, both mothers stare at each other. Ripley had earlier vanquished an emerging embryo that had threatened to eat the cocooned Newt with a flamethrower, and the queen seems to understand Ripley's ability to destroy the rest of her eggs. She thus stays her ground as Ripley and Newt inch away from her cautiously. Yet once they are in the clear, Ripley torches the alien eggs and the alien queen's egg sac unmercifully as the alien mother screeches angrily.

At this point, the alien's mother's identity shifts subtly; like Ripley, she becomes an avenging warrior. The original script description reads: "Lashing in a frenzy, the QUEEN DETACHES FROM THE EGG SAC, ripping away and dragging torn cartilage and tissue behind it."[53] Rushing describes the queen as a "hulking pelvis with fangs . . . a frightening open womb, the Devouring Mother at her horrendous best."[54] Yet insofar as the queen herself has ripped off her egg sac, obviously at great pain to herself and with no narrative guarantee that she can regenerate her reproductive tubule, she pursues Ripley and Newt more as an androgynous warrior. Ripley and Newt rush off to the landing dock where Bishop and Hicks are supposed to be as the planet rumbles, having been set by Bishop to self-destruct in a matter of minutes. The dock is empty and Ripley curses Bishop, thinking that once again, another synthetic has betrayed her. Just when all seems lost—the alien queen approaches from the elevator, and the fragile structure on which Ripley and Newt stand hugging each other is assaulted by fire and tremors—the aircraft that Bishop pilots appears, and Ripley and Newt manage to scramble to safety before LV–426 explodes.

In another apparent denouement, Ripley and Bishop reconcile, with Bishop apologizing that he had inadvertently frightened Ripley. He explains that the platform had become too unstable, and he had decided to hover about and circle back instead, hoping to be able to spot her before the planet was demolished. As he speaks, he notices an innocuous

looking drop of liquid splash on to the ramp next to his shoe; the hissing sound reveals that it is acid, but before he has time to react, the alien queen's "scorpion-like" tail thrusts through him, raises him in the air, and slices him in half. The alien queen then vengefully goes after Newt, who scurries about and manages successfully to elude the creature for a while. Just when it appears the queen has successfully cornered Newt, Ripley emerges, donning the power loader she had earlier worn to impress Hicks and Apone. The script describes her dramatic entrance thusly: "Ripley steps out, WEARING TWO TONS OF HARDENED STEEL. THE POWER LOADER. Like a medieval armor with the power of a bulldozer. She takes a step . . . the massive foot CRASH-CLANGS to the deck. . . . Ripley's expression is one you hope you'll never see. . . . Hell hath no fury like that of a mother protecting her child and that primal, murderous rage surges through her now, banishing all fear."[55] The description now conjoins the descriptions of Ripley as warrior and mother, but it is also clear that the narrative establishes her as the "good mother" / "valiant knight" versus the alien queen as the "bad mother" / "evil adversary." Ripley and the alien queen grapple with each other, until Ripley manages to outwit the queen by pinning her under as they fall four meters onto the loading dock. Ripley then disengages herself from her armor and in an ending that mimes *Alien,* opens the outer door to create a vacuum that threatens to suck everything, including the alien queen, herself, Newt, and the bisected Bishop into the oblivion of outer space. Luckily, Bishop, despite his handicap, manages to hang on to Newt as she slides past him, and Ripley manages to disengage the alien queen, which has like its earlier progeny latched on to Ripley's ankle.

With the alien presence banished, order returns to this ragtag family. Ripley and Newt tuck in the two vulnerable and mangled male bodies of Hicks and Bishop into one pod, before they proceed to their own pods to sleep and dream. The film returns to the ending of *Alien,* where the peaceful and attractive faces of Newt and Ripley peep out from the pods, signaling a return to the *Sleeping Beauty* motif of *Alien*.

Despite the film's numerous destabilizations of gender stereotypes, the film's ending seems to continue the classic horror of *Frankenstein*'s patriarchal structure. Ripley, as good masculinized mother, vanquishes the Alien Queen as bad masculinized "bitch." Although Ripley is marked as female, she vanquishes the alien queen precisely through donning the power loader like a medieval knight, thereby reducing the alien queen to the role of Kristeva's abject, which must be expelled so that order can be restored.[56] The alien queen's border crossings thus become coded as excessive, whereas Ripley's own border crossings are rehabilitated within the conventional heterosexual model. In a parallel observa-

tion, Rushing writes: "[Patriarchy] has induced the feminine to fight itself; thus, the undercurrents reveal that the feminine is actually subverted. This is, then, a 'hybrid' New Frontier story: the scene is space, and the feminine is much more prominent than in the Old Frontier, but traditional patriarchal values are ultimately reaffirmed."[57]

Nevertheless, brief moments in the film come close to genuinely grappling with, rather than expelling, its shadows. The alien queen bisociates the realms of female monster (third shadow), irrational, biological body (first shadow), and killing, devouring, and reproductive machine—both metaphorically and literally (second shadow). Through the encounter with the terrifying and fascinating same-Other alien queen we experience the ah/ooh experience that juxtaposes the realms of fear, disgust, fascination, and even awe. Nevertheless, the aliens' possession of corrosive and battery-like acid for blood is not unlike Bishop's organic, pasta-and-milklike innards in its juxtaposition of organic and mechanical elements. And insofar as Bishop, like *Blade Runner*'s replicants, is "more human than human," the conventional dualisms of human versus Other, masculine versus feminine, subject versus object, which are characteristic of the classic horror Frankensteinian cinematic myth, are destabilized. As Dennis Patrick Slattery observes in a way that echoes Donna Haraway's comments regarding all of us being "cyborgs": "The aliens may be, in fact, more like us than we wish to imagine, for they may reflect our own sense of the body. . . . They are created almost as a by-product of technology and reveal our dual concern culturally with a nostalgia of retrieving a not so innocent childhood, along with a simultaneous discovery of a modern alienation of the human body."[58]

Described as a "roller coaster" (as opposed to a "fun-house," which the original *Alien* was described as), *Aliens* passed the test of being a sequel with tremendous success. It was one of the few movie sequels to garner more than its predecessor (earning $85 million domestically as compared with *Alien*'s $60 million).[59] Cameron's depiction of Ripley as a female action/war hero landed Sigourney Weaver a *Time* magazine cover and an unprecedented (for that genre) Academy Award nomination.[60] Given the film's resounding success, it is hardly surprising that *Alien*$^3$ was somewhat forcibly spawned in 1992.

## *ALIEN*$^3$: THE SACRIFICE

*Alien*$^3$ seemed to devour and spit out a lot of creative talent rapaciously and indiscriminately. The casualties included(1) actors Michael Biehn (Hicks) and Carrie Henn (Newt), whose characters were killed off because the producers wanted the sequel to be "more 'Robinson

Crusoe' than 'Swiss Family Robinson'";[61] (2) scriptwriter William Gibson, whose 1987 draft left the trace of the bar-code on the prisoner's shaven heads; (3) director Renny Harlin, who worked for a year developing two scripts, but then abandoned the project to direct *Ford Fairlane* and *Die Hard 2,* when he "could no longer see the forest from the trees";[62] (4) scriptwriter Eric Red, the creator of the script that allegedly caused Harlin to leave (the script supposedly involved an alien cow, a redneck space station, and a giant meatball), who eventually went on to make *Body Parts;* (5) scriptwriter David Twohy, who wrote several drafts, but then left after a dispute over competing scripts, and later directed *Timescape;* (6) scriptwriter John Fasano, who was initially hired because of his reputation for fast rewrites; (7) scriptwriter Larry Ferguson, who wrote *Beverly Hills Cop 2* and was paid an alleged $500,000 for a "fairy tale script that Giler [one of the producers] says, nobody much liked";[63] (8) line producer Tim Zinnerman, who defended a budget estimate that later proved, unfortunately, "uncannily accurate";[64] (9) director Vincent Ward, who left just as the project sets were being designed; Ward allegedly seemed more interested in monks and religion than in Ripley and the alien; (10) cinematographer Jordan Cronenberg, who photographed *Blade Runner,* was fired for working too slowly and was replaced by Alex Thomson, who shot *Eureka* and *The Krays;* and (11) scriptwriter Rex Pickett, who was sneaked in without Giler and Hill's knowledge, wrote an incendiary memo about Giler and Hill's inability to recognize Fincher's genius and was dismissed as soon as the producers returned from their year-end holiday vacation.[65]

There exist both a critical consensus and an economic ratification that compared with its two earlier predecessors, *Alien*[3] was "not a monster hit."[66] Renny Christopher of *La Gazette* labels it an antifeminist backlash film on the grounds that ". . . although she has successfully defeated the Alien in the last film, she is defeated by a group of human men here . . . my tough-as-nails action-movie hero, Ripley, spends this movie in danger from the men as much as from the alien."[67] Andy Klein of *Reader* is damning in his remarks: "Director David Fincher, making his feature debut after a career in music videos, delivers exactly what you would expect after a career in music videos—technical gloss, attractive camera movement and design, and no sense of character construction, story construction, or theme."[68] Yet perhaps the fairest assessment appears in the review by *Time Out:* "*Alien*[3] is the most frustrating kind of cinematic failure, an ambitiously conceived but deeply flawed film that contains just enough brilliant moments to make one painfully aware of what it might have been."[69]

*Alien*[3] begins with a series of quick and abrupt cuts, leaving the audience with a series of fragments to connect narratively. As if through a glass murkily, and with the haunting strains of "Dona Nobis Pacem" in the background, we glimpse a facehugger finger; Ripley's sleeping face; acid blood on the floor, eating through insulation wires; smoke and sensors coming alive; blood seeping through white cloth; a CAT scan of the facehugger on a human face; an exploding vault; a hypersleep tube falling away before the crash on to Fiorina 161, which is described as an "outer steel mineral ore refinery" and "class C prison unit."[70] From the very start, Ripley is framed as a divine figure of suffering—one who combines the attributes of parthenogenetic mother (as mother of the embryonic alien queen) and Christlike scapegoat. Unlike the earlier *Alien* films, Ripley's character and body become increasingly identified with, rather than against, the alien, rendering her the site of the ah/ooh experience, the juxtaposition of fear, fascination, repulsion, and awe. Yet Ripley, in this version, is even more vulnerable: she is shot as a cinematic saint; one who must suffer so that we, the audience, may experience catharsis. She, too, and not simply the alien, have been moved into Julia Kristeva's notion of the abject—that primordial and elemental excess that must be expelled for symbolic order to return to its "natural" state. Yet she is both abject—suffering, pregnant body—and hero—monklike and androgynous as a hirsute survivor dressed in the grunge-soldier look of the rest of the inhabitants of Fury (Fiorina) 161. The *Commonweal*'s remarks on *Alien*[3]'s depiction of Ripley parallel these observations: "I think Malcolm Johnson put his finger on this difference in his review for the *Hartford Courant* when he noted the resemblance of Sigourney Weaver as Ripley to Falconetti, the impersonator of Joan in Dreyer's *The Passion of Joan of Arc*. . . . It's not just a matter of shaved heads . . . both faces express the suffering and determination of cross bearers. They are women who have killed and will die for the future of the human race."[71]

William Gibson's first two drafts placed the narrative emphasis on Hicks and Newt, who emerge from hypersleep unhurt; Ripley, on the other hand, remains comatose throughout.[72] In contrast, in the final released film, the focus remains unblinkingly on Ripley, and even the short glimpse of Newt's drowned, twisted face is edited out. In a scene that mimes *Aliens*, unknown men penetrate the interior of Ripley's ship, and rescue her; a "Dat-Scan" reports the deaths of Hicks, Newt, and Bishop, and Ripley's survival to the Weyland Utani Corporation. Importantly, however, although Ripley is shot once again in her white underwear, this time, she wears an androgynous tank top and boxer shorts. In addition, she is shot from a high, overhead angle in low key lighting,

which does not exploit her body revealingly, unlike *Alien*. As the rescuers leave, a dog barks insistently as the tentacles of a facehugger emerge from the abandoned ship.

At the Assembly Hall, Superintendent Harry Andrews (Brian Glover) exercises rumor control by reporting the crash and Ripley's survival to the all-male (double Y chromosome) population of convicts, whose status is revealed by the bar code shown in a close-up of the back of one of the prisoners' heads. The announcement causes a general stir, with Morse (Daniel Webb) speaking up, protesting that allowing a woman to mingle with the population is incompatible with the vow of celibacy they have all taken. Dillon (Charles Dutton), the spiritual leader of the group, rephrases Morse's words more diplomatically, and after inquiring into Ripley's health status from the chief medical officer, Clemens (Charles Dance), agrees that keeping Ripley locked up in the infirmary until the rescue mission arrives, or at least making certain that she is escorted at all times, would be wise. As early as this scene, the main competing forms of masculinity are established. Morse is a white, rough-mannered elderly jailer who is politically savvy and knows that running a prison without any real weapons relies on the extent to which the system helps the convicts cling on to the religion they have fanatically embraced. Dillon is a younger black man who is the real leader of the convicts and who often serves as a charismatic father figure and spiritual counselor to the rest of the inmates. Clemens is roughly Dillon's age, and is white like Morse, but has a distinctively cultured and authoritative air about him, unlike his superior, Morse. Clemens's insider-outsider status to both the community of convicts and jailers (as we find out later, he served a sentence for medical manslaughter and is thus part of the prison population, yet he chose to remain behind as its chief medical officer because no one else would hire him, making him part of the rubric that runs the prison) allows him to weave across both affiliations easily, while remaining wryly detached. It is thus hardly surprising that Ripley, another perpetual outsider, later becomes his lover.

Back at the infirmary, Clemens prepares to give Ripley a shot when her eyes snap open and she demands to know what he is injecting her with and whether he is a doctor. Her reflexes surprise Clemens but he hides his surprise by introducing himself as the chief medical officer at Fury 161. In the script, he apologetically replies "I've only got a 3–C rating. But I'm the best you're going to find around here,"[73] before he injects his "light cocktail" into her, but the film reserves this moment of vulnerability for later. Ripley discovers that no one else has survived and demands to be allowed to return to the ship to allay unstated fears. When Clemens tries to convince her that she is in no condition to do

that, she stands up in defiance, fully naked, and commands that Clemens bring her some clothes with the implied threat of escaping naked if necessary. Clemens, in his usual wry manner, replies that given the nature of the "indigenous" population, wearing clothes would be wise because the all-male enclave has not seen a naked woman in years. In a quiet postscript, uttered as if only for himself, he includes himself among those who have not seen a naked female body in years. In the narrative, interestingly, Ripley is depicted as an attractive and sexually desirable woman, but the film implies, rather than shows, this. When she gets up from the bed, fully displaying her nudity boldly, this is implied through shot-reverse-shot close-ups of Ripley's and Clemens's faces, but this is not shown on the camera. Unlike the soft focus *Sleeping Beauty* look of *Alien, Alien*[3] shows a visibly older woman whose face reveals the ravages of war with the aliens, as manifested, for example, in one of her eyes, which is swollen and red. Although the narrative attempts to maintain the complex identities of Ripley as erotically charged entity and monstrous mother, the film decidedly chooses in favor of rape victim turned monstrous mother when it is depicting her feminine traits. This marks *Alien*[3] as the closest in structure to the conventional horror narratives, which tend to split femininity into the "good" maternal female and the "bad" erotic female; as with its classic horror counterparts, *Alien*[3] displays the narrative strain of needing to harness the myth of Baubo's exercise of simultaneous erotic and reproductive power.

The film inserts a scene that is not in the script to foreshadow future events: one of the inmates finds his missing dog, Spider, whose mouth is cruelly mangled. The prisoner wonders what kind of "animal" (thinking of a human beast) would do this to a dog. As if in reply, the film cuts to the morgue, where Ripley, after a tender moment of grieving Newt's death, demands that the girl's body be cut open to perform an autopsy to search for possible signs of contagion, such as cholera. Clemens initially resists with some amusement, saying that there has not been a recorded case of cholera for two hundred years. In the script, Ripley simply stares at him helplessly and wordlessly, but the cinematic version has Ripley overtly begging him softly, once again coding her as a more conventionally and overtly feminized figure at this point. In probably one of the most effectively shot sequences, the film then intercuts brightly lit shots of blood-stained medical instruments and tight close-ups of Ripley's expressive face to display the contrast between the detached precision of Clemens's dissection and the jagged emotional wounds this inflicts on Ripley. Intended or not, the back-to-back scenes establish a parallel between the alien's methodic impregnation and destruction of its hosts, and the scientific procedure of cutting into its specimens to determine the

facts. Yet scientific (masculine) power, in this film, of which Clemens's dissection is one example, seems emasculated in the face of the alien presence, which ambiguously combines the attributes of masculine killing machine and feminine fecund womb, ripe with the potential for birthing abominations—much like Ripley, its same-Other.

The two jailers, Andrews and his sidekick Aaron (Ralph Brown), break in on the scene, and Andrews, in his blustery fashion, demands the latest update, inquiring why the chief medical officer is conducting an autopsy without his authorization. Without skipping a beat, Clemens suavely introduces Lieutenant Ripley, whose medical condition he wryly describes as "much better," and then smoothly covers up their tracks by giving medical/scientific/masculine weight to Ripley's seemingly all too feminine irrational and hysterical insistence that the bodies of Newt and Hicks be cremated for fear of possible contagion. *Alien*[3], in terms of its depiction of Ripley, seems to regress into the earlier stages of *Alien,* where Ripley, although she possesses the correct intuitions regarding the state of things, emerges as a Cassandra-like figure, whose pronouncements have little effect on those around her until it is too late and who needs a masculine figure to lend authority and protection to her actions and words. For the moment, that masculine father-lover figure is Clemens. Later, that role of mentor-lover shifts, although in a sublimated and, ironically, rougher sense to Dillon. This happens because Clemens is unexpectedly and shockingly killed off by the alien, like Dallas in *Alien,* relatively early in the film.

The script has a scene in which two workers, Murphy and Frank, discuss how to seduce Ripley as they prepare slaughtered beasts for consumption and idly conjecture on the death of Babe, one of their best cows. The expression of "hosing down" the lice-ridden oxen, which is a contaminating procedure, yielding "shit" on one's boots, slips into "hosing down" Ripley and the misogynistic axiom of "treating queens like whores, and whores like queens." Murphy discovers the carcass of the facehugger crushed underneath Babe, but Frank dismisses it as a type of innocuous jellyfish from the beach. The scene was probably cut to enhance pacing; the only comment Joe Roth (Fox "supremo") makes after the two-hour and seventeen-minute rough cut showing was: "Too long, could be paced better, needs to be made more like a traditional horror movie."[74] Nevertheless, what this missing sequence does render overt is the prisoners' misogyny and sense of repulsion that render the gore and mess of sex with killing and eating—functions that make them, and us, remarkably similar to the alien. In other words, this particular script actually renders clearer the complex connections between the ego and its shadows, which it abjects fruitlessly, but the released film masks

that dimension to some extent, like its classic horror counterparts. Unlike its predecessors, *Alien*[3] in many ways signals a return in its configurations of the feminine in relation to the monstrous to more conventional Hollywood horror conventions.

What occurs next in both the film and the script is probably one of the most powerfully shot sequences. The charismatic and rhetorically gifted Dillon usurps Andrews's funeral sermon. Dillon's masterful voice rings out: "Why are the innocent punished? Why the sacrifice? Why the pain?"[75] as the camera cross-cuts to reveal Spider, the wounded black dog, beginning to howl and then roll over in pain, whimpering. As the two bodies are hurled into the fiery depths of the furnace (an action mimed and hyperbolized in Ripley's final gesture in the end), Ripley begins to weep. In the script, Ripley impulsively takes Clemens's arm for support, who freely gives it, but the film does not compromise Ripley's independence. She weeps silently but stands resolutely; a close-up shot reveals Clemens's concern. As Dillon ends on what appears to be a note of hope ("Within each seed there's the promise of a flower. And within each death, no matter how small, there's always a new life. A new beginning."), the embryonic alien wriggles free from its suffering host and scuttles off. The conjunction of religious metaphors with the graphic depiction of the monstrous birth once again conjoins the often-bifurcated sites of the holy and the repulsive in a Koestlerian conjunction, producing the ah/ooh experience. The experience of demonic dread or the numinous is bisociated with the disgust and horror of the filth and deathliness of not only birthing, but also a birthing that resembles a lethal parasitism, much like the AIDS virus, which attacks both male and female bodies. This depiction of the male body as helpless, vulnerable, and subject to the savage onslaught of a disease is rare and produces, to some extent, a gender parity. As Manohla Dargis of *Voice Film Special* notes: "Cinematically, disease has usually been a female complaint. During the '40's, films about 'sick' women became a subgenre. . . . In other words, the female body was no longer conventionally unfathomable but knowable, a text to be poked, prodded, and effectively read by the male doctor. A different scenario attends the male body, which is more likely to be wounded than it is diseased. The wounded male body can be heroic, craven, or inert by the time that final credits roll but rarely is it rendered helpless by illness."[76]

In the next scene, Ripley gazes at her face, with her shaved head intently, as if reexamining herself as a new entity. As one of the convicts' voices waft across in a voice-over, conjecturing on the "weirdness" of how only a woman survived the crash, the camera tracks across empty showers to stop in a medium close-up on Ripley showering. Ripley's eyes

are shut, and she seems, like *Psycho*'s Marion Crane (Janet Leigh) before she is killed, to be relishing not only the physical pleasures of the shower, but also somehow purging and rebirthing herself. In comparison, in *Alien,* the only "shower" sequence depicts a man, Brett, wide-eyed and sweating, as he searches for the ever-elusive cat, Jonesy; in that sequence, the camera tracks his movement from the back as if from the perspective of a stalker, and then it zooms in for a tight close-up, coding him as an impending victim. Yet if Ripley rebirths/rebaptizes herself, despite the fact that she now dresses androgynously and appears more like both the convicts (and the alien, as revealed in the later tight close-up as the beast toys with breathing on her, its jaws dripping acid) with her shaved head, she is still marked as irredeemably female to both the men and the alien. Dillon initially rejects her overtures of friendship because she is female and he is a "murderer and rapist of women." Four convicts attempt to rape her (a scene I discuss later) because she is a woman. In addition, the alien repeatedly chooses not to kill her despite provocation because she is a woman bearing the embryonic alien queen.

Yet Ripley's femininity is repeatedly depicted as an ambiguously powerful femininity. As a figure of the feminine-as-monstrous, she is able to seduce Clemens by asking him directly whether he is attracted to her in "that way" and is able to resist his questions regarding her insistence that the bodies of Newt and Hicks be cremated after Ripley and Clemens have had sex. Even more interestingly, Ripley is able to turn the tables, so that she questions Clemens regarding why he, too, has a bar code on the back of his head like one of the convicts, and he retreats in the rhetorical battle of questions and answers.

The lovers are separated by practicalities: Clemens is ordered to investigate what looks like an accident (a prisoner backing into a fan and getting hacked to death) and Ridley sneaks off to try to gain access to her ship's flight recorder. Clemens notices the acid-burnt hole not far from the bloody carcass of the prisoner. This gap resembles the marks on Newt's pod in Ripley's spaceship. Clemens stares into it, as if trying to fathom both its and Ripley's mystery. The final frame is shot from within the hole, from the perspective of whatever lurks in there, foreshadowing Clemens's eventual victimhood.

In the script, Andrews (the jailer) and Clemens engage in the trivial niceties of adding sugar and milk to coffee before Andrews finally explodes and calls Clemens "a little piece of shit." The film skips the niceties and goes straight into Andrews's ad hominem, which Clemens tries to resist with his usual British aloofness. But Andrews trumps Clemens by threatening to reveal the chief medical officer's "sordid story" to his "new friend," and Clemens is forced to subject himself to

the jailer's interrogation concerning the information he has extracted from Ripley, which turns out to be insubstantial. The scene clearly shows that within the hierarchy of this Darwinian world of techno-grunge prison house, Andrews's brutal, rough and politically astute masculinity is privileged relative to Clemens's refined, genteel, and politically distanced masculinity. The emergence of the alien, however, is to disrupt that order, as evidenced in the fact that both Andrews and Clemens are among its first victims.

Ripley, unescorted, rummages through the garbage to find Bishop's remains to access the contents of the flight data recorder. In the script, Ripley is then grabbed from behind but manages to escape temporarily from her would-be rapists by kicking one of her assailants "in the balls" when the larger Junior overcomes her and spread-eagles her over a pipe rail.[77] However, in the film, as she carries the upper half of Bishop's body on her shoulders, she spies three convicts moving toward her with their intent clearly signaled by the expressions on their faces; she turns around and tries to walk away casually when Junior suddenly blocks her path and throws her over the pipe rail. She screams in defiance as he uses a knife to cut through her pants; the camera hovers above in circles as he raises his voice in triumph, in anticipation of sexual penetration. Just when Ripley's rape seems inevitable, Dillon attacks from behind, saving Ripley, whom he now addresses as "sister," and determinedly begins "reeducating" his brothers in "matters of the spirit." Ripley then recovers some of her "masculinity" by punching one of the prisoners in the mouth before she follows Dillon's instructions to retreat. Although the sequence still maintains some of Ripley's strength and independence, in no other film has she been so clearly coded as an extremely vulnerable female body—not even in the original *Alien,* when she traipses around in skimpy underwear. This scene is clearly constructed so that she is physically weaker, that it is her own "fault" for wandering about without an escort, and that she needs a man to rescue her. The attempted rape is depicted savagely as if it were an attack by the alien, but this time, Ripley's body is not shown scopophilically. Part of the reason the scene was shot this way was perhaps because Sigourney Weaver was now forty-two and a coproducer (as opposed to being twenty-nine and an unknown actor when she starred in *Alien*),[78] and film producers tend to hide, rather than show, the aging female body. This tendency to cover up the aging female body is contrasted with the extreme close-ups of her face, which, now being hirsute, marks her as androgynous enough so that its marks of age become similar to a warrior's badge of courage. As Jewelle Gomez of *Village Voice* notes: "Sigourney Weaver, like few other women stars (Vanessa Redgrave and the late Jean Seberg excepted), is

not afraid to show her face; that is, cut her hair or let the camera really look at her. The danger, the caring, the disaster are all mirrored in her face. The sour downturn of her mouth, the crease in her forehead, the darkening in her eyes keep us in the fight with her."[79]

The next scene again returns to a stalking perspective format, as three prisoners, Boggs, Rains, and Golic, wander around through dark, claustrophobic, labyrinthine spaces barely lit by flickering candlelight before the alien attacks them. What is fairly new about the sequence in the script are the descriptions of both the alien and the prisoners, specifically the one who temporarily survives, Golic. When the alien attacks Rains, it "moves with the speed of a big cat" and "tears open his chest . . . [leaving] a gaping hole in his abdomen."[80] When it attacks Boggs, it is described as "crawling across the ceiling like a spider"; it then "leans down and rips off Boggs' head . . . spattering Golic [with Bogg's blood] in the head."[81] Golic "screams like a Banshee" and manages to escape.[82] The metaphors used to describe the alien no longer seem as surreal and strange, compared with its earlier descriptions; although it is monstrous, it is now familiar, and despite its ferocity, seems reducible to categorizable fragments. A banshee is a "female spirit in Gaelic folklore" that warns of the impending death of a member by her appearance or especially by "wailing unseen under the windows of the house a night or two before the time of death she foretells."[83] Golic, by being analogized as such, emerges as a figure both feminized, and yet strangely (and uncannily) powerful in that he has witnessed the "dragon's" destructive abilities unlike his still "sleeping" comrades. He is later configured as a male Cassandra figure, whom no one initially believes, except for Ripley, although Golic's credibility is undercut by his being depicted as mad and capable of the same violent crimes as the alien.

Finally alone, Ripley reactivates Bishop and connects him with the flight recorder to retrieve its data. Bishop, despite his mangled and very artificial looking body, has not lost his human traits, such as his ability to experience pain (particularly in the script where among his first utterances is: "My legs hurt"[84]) and his wry sense of humor: "I like your new haircut." Ripley, however, seems mechanical as she proves incapable of either comforting him in his pain or responding to his sense of humor. Interestingly, like Ripley in the earlier scenes, Bishop has an enlarged, damaged eye—which again marks their kinship as wounded seers. Despite the fact that Bishop confesses that he is "not what he used to be" and that it is "very dark in here," Bishop still pierces through the mystery of whether the alien was on board with them and confirms Ripley's worst suspicions. In the end, Bishop opts for the same "choice" Ripley is

given in the narrative: that of self-destruction. Like Ripley, Bishop begs someone else to pull the plug for him, which Ripley also does later in the film, when she finds out that she is pregnant with the alien queen. Bishop and Ripley seem to form a mirror-imaging dyad: both are hybrids of the human and the nonhuman, the masculine and the feminine; both are heroic; both are fated to die particularly as they bisociate different types of shadows. Bishop is a conjunction of the first (or feminized) and second (or technologized) shadow as vulnerable and mangled corporeality, which falls irredeemably below its masculinized and mechanical ideal of perfection. Ripley bisociates the realms of the third shadow (as an instance of the "feminine-as-monstrous"—for example, her seduction of Clemens, and the female monster—for example, as mother of the embryonic alien queen); second shadow (as capable of being the only one truly capable of "communicating" with technology in the figure of Bishop and whatever remnants of technology remain operational in the prison); and first shadow (as rapable by both human men and the alien). Bishop's kinship to her is underlined more clearly in William Gibson's first two drafts, which make him the impregnated bearer of the alien's eggs:

> Two technicians in biohazard squat on either side of Bishop's legs. An electronic microscope has been set on a low tripod. A small monitor displays magnified skin and a few dark globules. . . .
>
> SECOND TECH: Since when do androids get diseases?
>
> TECH WITH PROBE: I dunno. Sure looks like something got this poor bastard. . . .[85]

The description in the second draft also renders overt the analogy to a strange abortion (as well as a communist infiltration, given that the script is about an ongoing war between thinly coded U.S. and communist military elements) as the German and Japanese biotechs scrape off what appear to be strange growths from Bishop's legs, which are surreally disconnected from his upper torso and face. As a monstrous mother-father and biological-artificial specimen, Bishop's relevant body part lies on a laboratory table, being dissected by masculinized figures of science.

> INT. ANCHORPOINT—TISSUE CULTURE LAB
>
> Hi-tech bio-lab, white on white, lines like West German kitchen equipment. Tully and Tatsumi in paper coveralls, masks, etc., lean over one of Bishop's legs on a dissection table. Tully wears a binocular microscope rig; Tatsumi is taping with a minicam as Tully scrapes the sample with a scalpel.

TULLY: Are you getting this?

TATSUMI: Yeah. Beautiful.[86]

In addition, Ripley's status as a masculinized figure capable of commanding technology in a community of monks/prisoners who have disavowed technology and sex is best seen in a scene from an abandoned John Fasano script. Here, as young Brother John (a Clemens-like figure, except that he remains chaste till the end and is boyish, rather than worldly and wry) attempts to save a damaged Anthony (a Bishop-like figure, except that this android has hellish hallucinations that foretell the future) from the pursuing alien, Ripley is the only one who is able to hotwire old computer equipment, enabling her to open a door to the technology room, which offers potential salvation from the alien.

RIPLEY
Follows John and Anthony into the Technology room. On the other side of the doorway: another keyboard. She punches keys—

ABBOT
Hurry!
JOHN
HURRY!

THE ALIEN
Yards away—Limping. Hissing.
ANGRY.

THE KEYBOARD
Acceptance tone "bings."

The Door starts to slide down—
The Alien is feet away—
INCHES. . . .

The door seats itself closed with a solid THUD.[87]

Golic gets blamed for the alien's hideous murders and is slapped into a straightjacket as a result; Ripley does not get any better treatment than Golic when she tries to confide in Andrews and is confined to the infirmary, quarantined. Why she chooses to confide in the rough jailer rather than the sympathetic medic has been critiqued as one of the main plot flaws,[88] but the film hints that she does so because she does not want her lover, the ever wry, rational, and utterly scientific Clemens, to think of her as a mad, hysterical woman because of the unbelievable tale she bears. Nevertheless, a breakthrough occurs between the two lovers

when Clemens confesses his past "sin" of having accidentally caused several deaths by prescribing the wrong dosage for pain medication due to exhaustion caused by thirty-six hours of sleepless labor and a morphine addiction. Clemens asks whether Ripley still trusts him with a needle, and in reply, she wordlessly hands him her arm and accepts his "cocktail." Yet just as she seems on the verge of confessing, in turn, to him, the dim outline of the alien's hulking body appears outside the plastic curtain just behind Clemens. Presumably stunned and shocked into silence, with Clemens's soothing infusion taking over, Ripley watches wordlessly as the beast rips off Clemens's head. The script description underscores the power of soundlessness used to enhance the sense of terror that underlines the scene. A similar technique was used in *Aliens,* when Ripley screams and waves her arms desperately but soundlessly at the monitor, which the scheming Burke turns off in an attempt to have two facehuggers impregnate both Ripley and Newt. In *Alien*[3]*:*

> Ripley can't scream.
> Diaphragm pushes air out—but no sound.
> The Alien moves closer to her.
> She can feel his breath—
> It evaporates the sweat on her forehead—
> A chill runs through her but she still can't move—
> The Alien stands alongside her bed.[89]

Through a series of tight close-ups, we look through Ripley's point of view, as well as gaze at Ripley, as she cowers when the alien stands beside her, as if deliberating whether to attack her. The dual perspective of sharing her terrified gaze and objectifying her as potential victim, enables us to engage in the ah/ooh experience, deliciously shuddering as the awesome and repulsive sight of the alien's smooth and shiny black head seems mirrored by Ripley's bald head, glistening with sweat.

The beast retreats, only to snap up the raving Andrews, as he tries to exercise more "rumor control" at the Assembly room. With Andrews out of the way, a vacuum in leadership arises. Aaron volunteers to take the leadership position, but the prisoners jeer, calling him "85" (his reputed IQ). Dillon refuses to take charge, saying that he takes care only of his own, which leaves Ripley, by default, once again as the leader. A little wearily, she inquires as to the state of the weapons and surveillance equipment in the prison, and she is shocked to find out that few exist, other than knives and a few explosives, because the prison has relied on a Panopticonesque "honor system," which the prisoners have internalized.

Ripley plans to flush out the alien by luring it out using the prisoners as bait and trapping it in the toxic waste disposal area, which is fortified by six-foot-thick solid steel walls and an enormous door. The rest of the movie is a series of minor episodes in which the convicts, after an initial and apparent success at luring and sealing off predesignated areas in the maze of dark passages, are brutally attacked and devoured by the alien. The script contains an extended sequence in which Junior, the most formidable of Ripley's attackers, sacrifices himself successfully to trap the alien.[90] However, that moment of salvation is short-lived when the mad Golic cunningly convinces one of the prisoners to set him free (interestingly, by telling his jailer he "loves" him and reminds him of all the cigars he had given him—a speech all too ripe with Freudian phallic and homoerotic connotations that seems too obvious to comment on in great depth), and then methodically kills off his liberator, as well as the prisoner in charge of guarding the trapped alien. Golic then speaks reverentially and obsequiously into the ominous silence, calling the alien his "brother" before he is himself killed.[91] Because Junior was one of Ripley's would-be rapists in the earlier sequence, and Golic has been revealed to be as lethal and inhuman as the alien underneath his bumbling male Cassandra exterior, we sense that both are constructed as monstrous entities who deserve their violent deaths. Thus, we are hardly surprised that once again, when decisions had to be made regarding which parts of the screenplay to cut to maintain the narrative pace, that their deaths were deemed superfluous. Nevertheless, one could also argue that this editorial choice underlines a conventional difference in the depiction of guilty and punishable bodies. Whereas women who transgress, or who are monstrous or excessive in any way, are visibly punished onscreen, men who display similar traits are often spared that visualization.

With Aaron's help Ripley uncovers the reason she suffers from a persistent and pounding headache. Acting on Ripley's instructions, Aaron is able to manipulate an "EEV" to scan Ripley's body. In the script, Ripley is nude as she huddles into the cramped and claustrophobic confines of the cryotube to monitor her bodily functions.[92] In the film, she is dressed in a tank top and boxer shorts; unlike the closing sequence in *Alien,* in which Ripley's young, vulnerable body is rendered sexually desirable in its fear, *Alien*$^3$'s "look" at the vulnerable Ripley closely conjoins the suffering of pregnancy with the silent menace of AIDS, or cancer, or any such form of bodily invasion.

Throughout the movie we are given subtle hints that Ripley is not only doomed, but also seems all too ready to embrace death. In an earlier scene of the script, Morse, one of the prisoners, blames Ripley for

bringing this abomination on them and suggests dashing her brains against the wall; Ripley replies: "Sounds good to me."[93] For whatever reason, this line is edited in the film, but when Ripley finds out that she is impregnated with the alien queen, the suicidal nihilism that has been there all along unfolds. She attempts to send a message to the corporation, saying that the place has gone toxic to prevent the "rescue" team from arriving, but Aaron, with the force of his small male frame and IQ of 85, somehow successfully keeps the code from her. Ripley then searches for the alien to taunt it into killing her, but it slithers off without harming her. Ripley then turns to Dillon, who initially agrees to kill her. However, as Ripley turns her back to him, spreading her arms against some prison bars in a gesture that resembles a crucifixion, Dillon's axe clangs into the wall next to her head. Dillon refuses to kill her, reasoning that keeping her alive gives them a fighting chance against the alien because she best understands the alien and the xenomorph will not harm her. Repeatedly, the men around her seem to determine Ripley's "choices" to live or die, unlike the earlier films, in which Ripley emerges as a self-determining character. The narrative seems increasingly to move Ripley back into the conventional narrative role of the third shadows (that is, the feminine-as-monstrous and monstrous female), whose violent deaths are necessary for the narrative to come to closure.

Nevertheless, we see a strange mixture of elation and nihilism in Ripley's, Dillon's, and the other convicts' slow but inevitable deaths in the deadly cat-and-mouse game that constitutes the final gambit in *Alien*$^3$. As Alleva notes: "*Alien*$^3$ moves beyond sadism, beyond gallantry in combat, toward a gleeful nihilism. . . . These guys, murderers and rapists all, have *born to lose* tattooed, figuratively speaking, across their plug-ugly faces. . . . When one criminal, with the monster snapping at his heels, cries out, 'This thing is really pissed off!' we can hear the joy of defiance in his voice as well as the terror. And the camera, racing down corridors with pursuers and pursued, makes us share the awful exhilaration of the chase."[94] The convicts, who themselves resemble the alien with their shaved, gleaming heads and their violent inclinations, are also marked as monstrous beings, and whose deaths therefore seem necessary for the momentum of the narrative. Although Dillon is coded as a genuinely spiritual and gallant man who survives longer than most of the other convicts, he, too, perishes, leaving Ripley in "God's hands." In the script, Dillon actually recoils from the task of killing her and the alien takes him by surprise,[95] but in the film, he is never unmanned and faces his death with dignity. As Dillon is savagely attacked by the creature, Ripley screams to Morse to release the molten lead bucket on the creature, as Bishop II (Lance Henriksen), the human original in whose

image the android Bishop is fashioned, bursts on the scene with the "rescue" team. The shower of molten lead momentarily subdues the xenomorph, but then like a firebird emerging from ashes, the creature suddenly reemerges, enraged, and finally seems ready to attack Ripley. Ripley unleashes a cascade of water, which causes the overheated alien to self-destruct.

Bishop II attempts to seduce Ripley into trusting him. He presents himself as a representative of the company, which claims to want nothing but to seek her best interests and as the "original" from whom the trustworthy android Bishop was derived. But Ripley's instincts warn her that this smooth-talking human Bishop is even more of a company automaton (much like Burke in *Aliens*) than his mechanical clone, and she refuses. The once naïve Aaron now attacks Bishop and is gunned down; Morse, Ripley's only remaining comrade, is also wounded. Bathed in the glow of the furnace, the camera view looks up from an extremely low angle, as Ripley allows herself to fall into the sea of molten lead, her arms outstretched in a position that looks like a crucifixion. The camera then moves into a high-angle shot, looking down at her as she plummets downward in a Daliesque shot, and moves in closer for a profiled medium shot as the alien queen spurts from her body. In the script, the creature actually bursts from her body before Ripley dives, and Ripley struggles with, and tries to choke, the creature as she falls down;[96] but the film shows her simply holding her monstrous progeny firmly, almost caressing it comfortingly as she brings it closer to her as she perishes. Ripley thus accepts her inevitable status as monstrous mother in an act that is coded as both heroic and free-willed. We witness a secular saint freely embracing her martyrdom and a parthenogenetic mother simultaneously embrace and negate her monstrousness—which again precipitates the ah/ooh experience because of its Koestlerian conjunctions of the realms of purity and filth; salvation and damnation; triumph and defeat. The script describes her descent into the "Inferno" of "pure white flame" as simultaneously a moment of "ecstasy" and "triumph."[97]

Yet if Ripley's voluntary suicide is to be read as a triumph, this clearly can only be done through the conventional lens of the classic horror conventions of the Frankenstein narrative, which ritualistically demands that monstrous females either be sacrificed or voluntarily choose their own deaths. We realize that like the resurrected Christina Kleve in *Frankenstein Created Woman* and the conjoined Elizabeth-Justine in *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein,* despite its science fiction and Rambette trappings, the Alien series has come full circle, and returned to its conventional gendered roles in horror.

## THE FRANKENSTEIN NARRATIVE AS TECH-NOIR: *BLADE RUNNER*

Ridley Scott's film *Blade Runner* premiered in the fall of 1982 to predominantly scathing reviews and even worse box-office receipts. George Anderson of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* wrote with a wry sense of humor: "*Blade Runner* is simply a particularly unpleasant detective story. . . . *Blade Runner* does not alter a time-honored rule from the Moviegoer's Guide to Survival: 'Beware of movies with more than three producers.'"[98] Rena Andrews of the *Denver Post* was eloquently and ambivalently damning: "Scott apparently was concerned more with design—imaginative and obviously terribly costly sets and visual gimmicks—and allowed the script's ideas to become as confused as the Babel-like world of polyglots who roam the streets. . . . It's all very sad because this severely flawed movie could have been so much more than it is—a thriller without thrills, a violent, graceless, dark space story an evolved android might have executed better."[99] Gary Arnold of the *Washington Post* did not differ significantly in his assessment: "Pictorially stunning. . . . However, this flamboyant attempt by the director of *The Duelists* and *Alien* to synthesize an ominous, futuristic setting with the motley clichés of hard-boiled detective fiction is at best a freakish success. . . . Invariably overexplicit, the narration tells you more than you want to know and probably need to know, despite the murkiness of certain aspects of the plot. . . ."[100]

The much-maligned monologue was tacked on at the end of the production process to provide an explanation or narrative context after a disastrous preview. Both Harrison Ford, the star, and Ridley Scott, the director, fought the addition of the monologue, but the producers, among whom were the Ladd Company executives and Bud Yorkin of Tandem Productions, won.[101] According to prevailing film folklore, "many members of the team believe to this day that Harrison Ford, consciously or not, did an uninspired reading . . . in the hopes it wouldn't be used. And when co-writers [Hampton] Fancher and [David] Peoples . . . saw it together, they were so afraid that the other had written it that they refrained from any negative comments until months later."[102] (Actually, after a draft by novelist-screenwriter Darryl Ponicsan was discarded, a television veteran, Roland Kibbee, was charged with the task of creating the voice-over material.)[103]

Part of the reason *Blade Runner* failed miserably at the box office was that it was released two weekends into the craze over *E.T.*[104] Michael Deeley, one of the film's producers and earliest advocates recalls a little sheepishly: "We all thought that 'E.T.' would be out of business

in a few weeks, that people would be sick of that sentimental rubbish and be looking for something a little harder-edged. It didn't quite work out that way."[105] *E.T.* went on to become the highest grossing film at the time, earning more than $300 million, while *Blade Runner,* which cost $30 million to create, returned only $14.8 million,[106] and was almost immediately relegated to the midnight circuit. Yet *Blade Runner,* not unlike *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* was ultimately kept alive by a growing fan club, such as the science fiction crowd and academics, who continued to patronize the film through video, despite its loss of visual grandeur in its conversion to this format. As J. Hoberman recounts: "At once a touchstone for MTV and an avatar of cyberpunk (predating the publication of *Neuromancer* by two years), an F/X head trip and an object of academic discourse, praised in *Starlog* and parsed in *October, Blade Runner* spent a decade proselytizing itself on home video and in classrooms. . . ."[107] Scott himself realized that the film was belatedly taking off: "And I thought, 'My God, we must have misfired somewhere; a lot of people like this movie.'"[108] The film's success crossed international boundaries, and in Japan, where the movie had always been a hit, the art director, David Snyder, who had slaved under Scott's direction, remarked: "I was treated like a king. . . . The fans would be too in awe to even look at you."[109] Even more tellingly, the film's tech-noir look could be glimpsed in cultural milestones, such as Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* and the Rolling Stones' Steel Wheel tour. When laser discs hit the market, *Blade Runner* emerged as Voyager's top-selling disc in 1989, never being displaced from its number-one spot.[110]

The film's rise to prominence is often constructed as a cautionary tale regarding the clash between artistic and commercial interests.[111] In October 1989, Michael Arick, who had just been named director of asset management at Warner Brothers stumbled across a seventy-millimeter print of *Blade Runner* while he was in a vault at Todd-AO's screening room searching for footage from *Gypsy;* he decided to "save it from collectors" and hid it on the lot. However, a few months later, the management at Cineplex Odeon Fairfax theater was in the midst of a classic film festival featuring seventy-millimeter prints and having heard news of the *Blade Runner* prints' existence through the grapevine, requested use of it from Arick, who agreed. In May 1990 the recovered prints were shown and caused a sensation, partially because it was stripped of much of the tinny and ersatz voice-over and the fairy tale happy ending. Scott had a look at the footage and disclaimed it as his original footage: it still lacked that unicorn scene that hinted that Rick Deckard (Harrison Ford), the hard-boiled detective-assassin forcibly hired to "retire" replicants (synthetic beings created for pleasure and

slave labor for the conquest of the outer colonies beyond earth), *could* himself be a replicant. Eventually, due to the astounding commercial success of the recovered footage's showing, Warner Brothers created a campaign advertising the showing of "The Original Director's Version of the Movie That Was Light Years Ahead of Its Time." Scott, by now confident of his stature as a respected film director, rather than as a lampooned director of commercials, such as the 1974 "Ee bah gum" Hovis television ad,[112] applied pressure, once again disclaiming the footage as his *original* vision. The company did not want to alienate a director they would probably want to hire again in the future and so they struck a bargain, and offered to show the recovered footage only at the Nuart and the Castro in San Francisco. With the showings at both theaters breaking records and lucrative reruns of even the old voice-over versions in Houston and Washington happening, Warner Brothers finally agreed to finance the perfectionistic Scott's recovery of his original version. Given the film's controversy-plagued evolution (some people who worked on the film baptized it "Blood Runner" because of the amount of frustration and personal grief it cost), we are hardly surprised, as Turan reports, that, "on a weak telephone connection from London . . . , there was quiet satisfaction in the director's voice when he said, 'I finally got me unicorn scene. Ten years later, but I got it.'"[113] This unicorn scene, as I later show, is pivotal to tracing the hybrid film's appropriation of the evolving Frankenstein myth.

To have a concrete sense of the film's evolution, shaped by conflicting creative and economic forces, sketching a brief genealogy is necessary. Hampton Fancher wrote seven or eight versions of the screenplay based on Philip K. Dick's 1968 novel, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* In the novel, protagonist Rick Deckard is a futuristic bounty hunter with an unhappy marriage who is hired to kill the renegade Nexus 6 replicants who have returned to earth, trying to pass as ordinary humans. Deckard's motivation for accepting the job is the desire to acquire the now environmentally plundered earth's ultimate status symbol: a real sheep. Deckard meets Eldon Tyrell, the creator of the Nexus 6 replicants, and his beautiful "niece," Rachal, who turns out to be a replicant as well. After a brief romantic interlude with Rachal; his successful termination of the replicants; much reflection on the differences between humans and replicants, and a futuristic religion called Mercerism, Deckard returns from his Odyssean diversions to a strengthened relationship with his wife.[114] Fancher's reworking of the novel led him to eliminate all mention of the wife and Mercerism; to upgrade Rachal's status to girlfriend (and to rename her "Rachael"); and to relocate the replicants' stories (which best intersects with the

Frankensteinian cinematic myth) within the context of a futuristic noir setting. Fancher explains his vision in the following way: "I wrote it for Robert Mitchum . . . a wiped-out guy with scars and hangovers who got up and did his job. There was no love in his life. He was missing part of himself, and . . . he found his heart by falling in love with the Tin [Wo]Man."[115] Fancher's final draft had Deckard spiriting Rachael out of the city to allow her to enjoy nature for the first time, and then, in an act of mercy killing because she had only a few more days to live and because she did not want to be caught by another blade runner, shooting her in the snow. Unfortunately, due to persistent disagreements with Scott, Fancher was fired from the project before shooting began, and was replaced by David Peoples, whose repertoire included cowriting the Academy Award–nominated study of J. Robert Oppenheimer, "The Day after Trinity." Peoples was initially daunted by Fancher's writing and was convinced that he could not improve on it, but Scott persisted, encouraging him, according to Peoples himself, to "'move away from Deckard in a lot of jeopardy to a plot involving clues, like 'Chinatown.'"[116] Peoples worked on developing the humanity of Deckard's adversaries; his daughter explained to him the meaning of the biological term, "to replicate," and a new science fiction term was coined: *replicants*. This was a much-needed vocabulary term because the term *android,* in Scott's view, had become a jaded cliché. Film folklore has it that the director had semiseriously decreed that anyone who used the term *android* on the set would get his head cracked by a baseball bat.[117]

The *Video Watchdog* reports seven versions of the film, but Murray Chapman reports actually only five exist, which he details thusly:

- U.S. Denver/Dallas Sneak Preview/Workprint (1982)
- U.S. San Diego Sneak Preview (1982)
- U.S. Theatrical Release (1982)
- European Theatrical Release (1982)
- The Director's Cut (BRDC) (1992)[118]

Although I briefly outline relevant changes across these versions, the focus of this section is predominantly based on a comparison (when relevant) of the released Director's Cut in 1992, and the U.S. Theatrical Release in 1982, as well as Hampton Fancher's July 24, 1980, screenplay, and David Peoples's February 23, 1981, rewrite. The movement across film and screenplay versions[119] is essential to reconstruct to get at the tensions and ambivalences that materially shape this hybrid noir-thriller-horror-science fiction narrative, and positions it as a site of

the ah/ooh experience, even as early as the film's establishing shot, through its elicitation of conflicting emotions, such as awe, fear, repulsion, and fascination.

The film's establishing shot creates a haunting image: a futuristic Los Angeles set in 2019, where advertising is the landscape and hovercrafts zip past animated billboards displaying Oriental-type women who attempt to seduce us into accepting the adventure of life in the outer world colonies.[120] Occasionally, bright orange flares erupt from chimney-like structures, momentarily searing the unremitting blend of acid rain and eternal darkness. Mile-tall metal buildings stretch into infinity, both beautiful and decadent in their combination of flickering lights and unremitting atmosphere of urban pollution. A depressing, wailing saxophone echoes in the background. As Donald Albrecht describes the setting: "'Blade Runner' fashioned a future Los Angeles that fused Frank Lloyd Wright and Fritz Lang, Tokyo and Las Vegas, Dickens's London and the fiery apocalypse of Nathaniel West's 'Day of the Locust.'"[121]

This image is superimposed on an eye, which in an extreme close-up fills the entire screen, as though peering at us/being peered at by us through a gigantic microscope. This turns out to be the eye of Holden, a blade runner hired to flush out possible rebel Nexus 6 replicants seeking to infiltrate Tyrell Corporation, which created them. We find out that Holden is using the Voight-Kampff or "empathy" test, a futuristic lie detector test, which measures the capillary dilation of the blush response, fluctuations of the pupil, and involuntary dilation of the iris. The test is designed as a set of questions aimed at provoking an emotional response, and when a blank response occurs, this means that the subject being tested is a synthetic creature. This test determines who is human and who is not, and consequently, who deserves to be enslaved (or killed) and who does not. And when Holden finds out that Leon is unable to empathize with the hypothetical situation of tormenting a dying tortoise in a desert (in Hampton Fancher's July 24, 1980, script), and unable to begin talking about his mother (in both the released films and David Peoples's February 23, 1981, script), he moves to shoot down the discovered replicant. But Leon, despite his size, moves faster than the blade runner, and in the released films, kills off Holden; in the Fancher screenplay, he permanently paralyzes the detective by severing Holden's spine with a laser.

As early as this first scene, making a connection to the evolving cinematic Frankensteinian myth is not difficult.[122] The commercially driven biomechanical god,[123] whose physical presence is revealed only later, but whose specter hangs over the earliest events, is Eldon Tyrell (Joe Turkel). The image of the eye is a recurring motif in *Blade Runner,* particularly

in relation to Tyrell and the generation of the replicants. Eyes repeatedly become the focus of attention: the Voight-Kampff test determines who is human and who is not based on magnified eye responses; Leon (Brion James), one of the replicants, sadistically toys with Chew (James Hong) by placing one of Chew's artificial eyes on the eyemaker's shoulder before he kills him; Roy Batty (Rutger Hauer) coaches J. F. Sebastian (William Sanderson), one of Tyrell's trusted designers, into allowing him access to Tyrell by taking large artificial eyes and placing them in front of his own, affecting a fake Oriental accent, and expressing appreciation for Sebastian's helpfulness; Batty also eventually gouges out his parthenogenetic father's (Tyrell) eyes after he kisses him. In addition, Tyrell wears extremely thick glasses, which, within the context of the narrative, magnify his eyes, thus symbolically emphasizing his all-seeing quality as a genius of not only biomechanical engineering but also of commerce. Yet they also ironically emphasize his imperfections and human frailties, such as his becoming so wrapped up in the dynamics of a chess game that he is unable to "see" that Sebastian is about to betray him not only out of naïveté, but also out of jealousy mixed with admiration.

The replicants have returned to earth because they want to extend their self-extermination dates. The Nexus 6 models, despite their physical perfections, have an inbuilt life span of four years, so that even if they developed their own emotional responses and sense of personal identity, and thus came to resent their status as glorified slaves, their rebellion would be short-lived. In one of the later scenes of the movie, the confrontation between Maker and creature drives home the allusion to the Frankenstein narrative. Analogous to the way in which the creature bargains with his creator for a mate, Batty imperiously demands "more life, fucker" (although the Denver/Dallas sneak preview has him saying: "I want more life . . . Father")[124] and then engages in a chesslike gambit concerning how to extend the lifespans of replicants. Although Tyrell manages to checkmate his "prodigal son" in the realm of speculative biomechanics, Batty triumphs by shortening his parthenogenetic father's actual lifespan. The released U.S. film version and David Peoples's revision of Fancher's final script does not dwell on the gruesome moment for very long. Peoples's script reads:

> Tyrell in a burst of camaraderie, decides to give laughing a try and comes out with a little titter. After all, Roy Batty, that swell replicant is about to embrace him. Everything's gonna be okay after all. Batty gets up from the bed and puts his hands around Tyrell's face.
>
> CRACK! Tyrell's skull cracks like dry wood.[125]

In contrast, Fancher's earlier July 24, 1980, version extends this scene (minus the Prodigal Son/Judas kiss):

> . . . The reverence in Batty's eyes caused *[sic]* Tyrell a fatherly smile. The smile turns into a growl as he feels the bones in his hands crack. Before the scream comes out of his mouth, Batty stifles it.
>
> Tyrell claws at the iron fingers, but they're sinking into his face. Placing his other hand behind Tyrell's head, Batty squeezes them together and squashes the man's head like a melon. The mess is not small.
>
> Palms up, like a surgeon, Batty walks to the drapes and wipes off the gore and without looking back, strolls out of the room.[126]

Fancher's earlier script depicts Batty as a mass murderer: he not only kills Tyrell, but also Styles, his bodyguard (by tearing into his crotch); Tyrell's wife and children (who are celebrating at a birthday party); and a portly maid who accidentally discovers the massacre. In contrast, although the Denver/Dallas/Sneak Preview also dwells longer on the parthenogenetic patricide, it humanizes Batty more and renders him capable of some remorse, although it does not change his status as a mass murderer: "Sebastian looks shocked and frightened; Batty turns and walks toward Sebastian (in an alternate take). Sebastian can be heard whimpering in this shot, as he tries to escape from Roy. Roy says, 'I am sorry, Sebastian. Come. *Come*.' The last shot seen inside Tyrell's apartment is an alternate take of the artificial owl's face."[127] In general, the changes from earlier to later screenplays and film versions increasingly establish a confrontation between the superhuman replicant, Batty, and the mechanically "human" blade runner, Deckard. The scripts give Leon some of the more profound lines linking the replicants' status to those of the alienated and lonely creature in the Frankenstein saga, but the film endows most of these to Batty. For example in both the February 23, 1981, and July 24, 1980, screenplays, Leon, when he is attacking Deckard after Deckard has retired Zhora (Joanna Cassidy), says: "Sex, reproduction, security, the simple things. But no way to satisfy them. To be homesick with no place to go. Potential with no way to use it. . . . I tell you, nothing is worse than having an itch you can never scratch."[128] In the screenplays as well, Leon utters the lines: "Painful to live in fear, isn't it? But that's how it is to be a slave,"[129] but in the released film versions, Batty utters these lines during the final confrontation with Deckard.

Roy Batty is clearly a character through whom the intensity of the ah/ooh experience may be glimpsed. Roy is not only a cold-blooded murdering machine and primeval wolflike character (he howls as he smears himself with Pris's blood before he begins to hunt down Deckard), but he is also depicted as a Christlike figure with his bloodily spiked hand and his release of a white dove as he expires just after he has saved Deckard from plummeting to death. Batty by far has the best lines. He inspires a demonic dread when he and Leon, like avenging angels, swoop down upon the profit-hungry Chew and utters the Blakean lines: "Fiery the angels fell. Deep thunder rode around their shores, burning with the fires of Orc."[130] We shudder with revulsion and terror as we see him crush his parthenogenetic father's skull in his hands. Yet he also inspires awe as he towers above the shivering and cowering Deckard, beside whom he sits and says, with a strange, sad smile: "I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I watched C-beams glitter in the dark near Tannhäuser Gate. All those moments will be lost in time like tears in rain. Time to die." Batty is indeed the "brightest light" among the replicants, and we experience the immensity of the ah/ooh experience with its range of fear, terror, revulsion, attraction, fascination, and awe chiefly through him.

However, mapping the ah/ooh experience in terms of its characterizations of gender and monstrosity is also beneficial. In the earlier screenplays, another female replicant exists whose traces are removed in the final screenplay and films. Her name is Mary, and she is described as "pretty, a touch of gray in her hair, kind and blue eyed. Mary looks like an American dream mom, right out of 'Father Knows Best.'"[131] Interestingly, Mary, the most domestic of the female replicants, and Zhora, supposedly the most physically powerful and sexually alluring among the female Nexus 6 models ("beauty and the beast" combined), are dispatched fairly easily as the narrative unfolds. Mary's only purpose within the narrative is to serve as a cautious counterpoint or foil to Batty's and Pris's displays of power. For example, in Fancher's script, when Deckard comes to hunt the remaining replicants at Sebastian's abode, and Batty, Pris, and Mary become aware of this development, the following conversation occurs:

MARY: Let's go while there is still time.

BATTY: Where?

MARY: Anywhere.

Batty smiles.

BATTY: What's the point?

MARY: Not to be trapped.

BATTY: You underestimate the trap, Mary.

. . .

BATTY: Think of yourself as a light, Mary. Shine before you're turned off. She's too fragile for that logic, but it appeals to Pris. She and Batty hold a look that burns.[132]

Mary thus conjoins, in Koestlerian conjunction, the figures of the inferior or feminized shadow (as domesticated mother figure), and the female monster (as a rebel replicant); yet it is interesting that she never attains the heroic-demonic status Batty does. Traces of her presence are wiped off the script in the final version, and in the earlier version when she is killed by Batty, she dies without even putting up a fight.

In contrast, Zhora as a "pleasure model" assumes the stage persona of "Salome" as she performs with an artificial snake in Taffey Lewis's club; both the screenplays and films give her speaking lines, but her power clearly lies mainly in the realms of physical strength and sexual prowess, rather than intellectual cunning necessarily. Peoples's rewriting of Fancher's screenplay engages in the usual scopophilic treatment of the feminine-as-monstrous and female monster shadows:

SALOME: Dry me.

The evening doesn't have to be a total waste. Deckard steps up behind her and starts patting her down.

. . .

Deckard works his way down her back, over her buns and as he reaches her thighs, sits on the cot. Concentrating on her buns, he leans back for a handier perspective. . . .[133]

The director's cut reduces this long drawn-out scene of seduction (as prelude for combat) into quick cuts as Zhora is shown toweling her nude, dripping wet body; drying her red hair; slipping on what appears as rather skimpy underwear; and inviting Deckard to help her fasten her bra—before she explodes into an attack. In the Fancher-Peoples screenplay, Zhora, a seductively infernal Eve figure, attacks Deckard using her four-and-a-half foot, ring-tailed diamond rattler as a club; in the director's cut of the released film, Zhora simply uses Deckard's tie (similarly phallic shaped) to choke him. An extended battle-turned-chase scene results in which the hunter becomes the hunted (when Deckard is surprised by

Zhora's ambush), and eventually regains his status as hunter (when Zhora flees into the milling urban crowd, wearing nothing save a bikini and a translucent raincoat). With the exception perhaps of *Frankenstein Created Woman*'s (1967) Christina Kleve (and even then, the motivations that drive her to use her sexual powers are caused by the spiritual possession of her murdered male lover), no other female character has occupied the powerful narrative space that Zhora does, even though it is short-lived, in *Blade Runner*. As *Film Comment* remarks: "For reasons beyond human ken, [Joanna Cassidy] was often billed sixth in films, whether it was a brisk exploitation job like *Stunts* or a superslick horror show like *Blade Runner* (she dressed in glitter and cellophane and got blasted through a store window in the second reel). Cassidy's glorious womanity *[sic]* always dominated the background of these pictures. . . ."[134]

The ambivalences of the conjunctions between first and third shadows are even more heightened in the evolving characterizations of Pris. Pris, in Fancher's screenplay, is described as a curvaceous twenty-year-old, and in role-playing for Sebastian's benefit, locates herself as a lost teenager in need of rescuing and a lovable niece in relation to her "Uncle Roy" and "Aunt Mary." Pris has Mary's innocent looks and Batty's sadistic pleasure in combat. Fancher's original screenplay repeatedly emphasizes her childlike appearance and her deadliness in a Koestlerian conjunction that makes her a locus of fear, desire, repulsion, and awe. For example, the extended sequence in which Pris and Deckard engage in final combat is described thusly:

> Close enough to look up into her face, he stops. It isn't grisly death that causes the reaction in his eyes. It's the *innocence of her angel face* [italics mine].
>
> . . .
>
> Pris' legs snap up, crack the laser out of his hand and clamp around his neck. . . .
> It's a flab eliminator with a vibrator belt. Normally an innocuous piece of equipment, but the motor housing on this one is missing. Lots of GRINDING METAL. A bad place for flesh and bone.
> But that's where Deckard's hand is going. *An eight-year-old against a full grown man* [italics mine].[135]

Interestingly, in the final film version, with Mary's (the mother figure) part edited out, Pris sheds her childlike exterior and emerges as a more fully sexualized figure. She tongues Batty hungrily when he finally arrives at Sebastian's abode, which prompts Sebastian to excuse himself

to prepare breakfast. She wraps her long legs seductively around Sebastian and kisses him with definite erotic overtones as she and Batty join forces to convince the small man to allow Batty access to Tyrell. She also wraps her long legs lethally around Deckard as she attempts to suffocate him using the power of her thighs. Perhaps, then, we are not surprised that when the narrative punishes her for her excesses as a femininely monstrous figure, her death underlines her femininity. In Fancher's original script, Deckard first fires at her shoulder, which amputates her left arm, but does not render it ineffectual; her hand still grips the steel bar she intends to use to kill the injured blade runner. Deckard's final shot goes through her neck, and she flies through the air, hiccupping blood.[136] In the final director's cut, however, Pris emerges as a formidable female warrior. She lets out a high-pitched war whoop and in a display of athleticism, begins to turn somersaults as she bears down on Deckard, whose head she had earlier almost twisted out of place (à la *The Exorcist*'s possession sequence). Deckard fires repeatedly at her abdominal/womb area, from which blood spurts; Pris's body then becomes a shrieking, hysterical mass as it convulses in its final death throes. Despite the fact that once again, in keeping with the structure of the Frankensteinian myth, the feminine-as-monstrous and female monstrous shadows have to be viciously expelled, reducing the formidable Pris to an instance of the inferior or first shadow (as pure, hystericized body), these characters are allowed moments in which glimpses of the power of Baubo's myth, with its celebration of female sexual power, emerge. Such would not have been possible within the confines of classic horror renditions of the Frankenstein mytheme.

Yet perhaps the most complicated female character in *Blade Runner* is the arrestingly beautiful Rachael (Sean Young). Rachael conjoins, in her slim frame, the feminine-as-monstrous (as noirlike "spider woman" at the beginning) shadow; the technologized or second shadow (as a replicant given memory implants to make her think she is human, which is revealed as the story progresses); and ultimately, first or inferior feminized shadow, as she increasingly becomes coded as vulnerable body when she becomes Deckard's lover and as well as a renegade replicant in hiding who needs to be "retired."

When Rachael is first introduced in Hampton Fancher's July 24, 1980, script, as someone who would "look right standing on a cliff, hair blowing in the wind, looking out to sea in a 19th century painting."[137] The description immediately locates her imaginatively as one of these Romantic heroines, imperiled and mysterious in their association with nature; yet Rachael also clearly occupies the sphere of Mary Russo's "female grotesque"—as a figure simultaneously endangered and dangerous.

Fancher's insertion of an omniscient voice reveals this: "No woman can be all things to all men, though Rachael comes closer than most. The only trouble is she's all business. Formidable without really trying. Some beauty is better avoided and Deckard looks straight ahead."[138] Sean Young's photogenic properties seem to be part of why she was chosen to play the part of Rachael in this futuristic period piece; as Turan writes, "Sean Young, a 20–year-old actress with what cinematographer Jordan Cronenweth described as 'wonderful, light, creamy, highly reflective skin,' had exactly the look Scott wanted."[139] Like a typical noir movie, Deckard and Rachael spar verbally when they first encounter each other. Rachael initially has the upper hand and appears a cool, corporate (and very white) ice queen; she says condescendingly, "But because your department can't do an adequate job in detecting the miniscule number [of replicants] at large, it's a problem. Correct, Mr. Deckard?"[140] Deckard finally gains the upper hand when, after a series of verbal losses, he snaps back as he looks down at her: "You got it wrong, girl. I work with the bureau not for them. . . . My job isn't to detect malfunctioning andies, it's to eliminate them. The more the better."[141]

The released film versions hint at this sexually charged antagonism, but cuts short much of the conversation. Much of Rachael's blunt and aggressive "spider woman" queries are replaced by an elegant coolness mixed with an earnestness that is appealing. Peoples's rendition of Fancher's script describes Rachael thusly: "Now we see for the first time, Rachael, a beautiful woman in her late twenties dressed with taste and dignity."[142] Before Tyrell makes his appearance, Rachael inquires, "Have you ever retired a human by mistake?" whereas in Fancher's original script, Tyrell asks this crucial question. Yet Rachael, particularly during the crucial empathy test that determines her status as replicant, rather than human, is shot like a noir spider woman, with her skin resplendent with light, yet surrounded by shadows, with the usual cigarette smoke swirling around her in a murky haze.[143]

In Fancher's July 24, 1980, script, Deckard asks thirteen questions before he figures out that Rachael is a "skin job;" in Peoples's revision of Fancher's draft (which is the basis for the final film versions), he asks more than one hundred. Another important difference is that whereas Fancher's script has Tyrell sadistically confirming Rachael's replicant status in front of Deckard, Peoples's script and the final film versions have Tyrell politely requesting his bewildered "niece" to step outside as he discusses the results of the test with the blade runner. Fancher's script, which plays up Rachael's earlier bitchy and beautiful spider woman status, disciplines her severely, and converts her, in one fell stroke, into the good/domesticated/compliant female.

Rachael sits very still. Except her eyes—they go to Tyrell and hang on. He stares back at her as he speaks.

TYRELL: How many questions did it take?

DECKARD: Thirteen.

Rachael sits rigidly in her chair, as the ground crumbles around her, her big mermaid eyes locked with Tyrell. His voice is quiet and strong, mesmerizing. She's hanging by a thread.

. . .

DECKARD: She didn't know?

TYRELL: Memory implant. She was programmed. But I think she has transcended her conditioning. I think she was beginning to suspect.

Rachael nods fixedly. Careful not to let go her grasp.[144]

In contrast, Rachael is allowed one gasp of piteous protest in both Peoples's revision of Fancher's script, as well as in the released film versions. In Peoples's revision, she hands Deckard an old photograph showing a young girl and her parents, as testimony of a human childhood she has lived. In the final released versions, the photograph is of a girl and her mother only—with a father figure prominently absent (one of the many clues Scott's versions insert). In Scott's director's cut, it is instructive that even though Deckard undresses in front of Rachael (normally a narrative space of vulnerability), he controls the conversation. Acting like an omniscient psychoanalyst, he dredges up, for her, some of her most "private" memories and then reveals them to be nothing more than memory implants of Tyrell's real human niece (whose status as dead or alive never surfaces in the narrative). The director's cut, transcribed, has the following conversation:

DECKARD: Remember when you were six? You and your brother snuck into an empty building through a basement window—you were gonna play doctor. He showed you his, but when it got to be your turn you chickened and ran. Remember that? You ever tell anybody that? Your mother, Tyrell, anybody, huh? You remember the spider that lived in a bush outside your window: orange body, green legs. Watched her build a web all summer. The one day there was a big egg in it. The egg hatched—

RACHAEL: The egg hatched. . . .

DECKARD: Yeah. . . .

RACHAEL: . . . and a hundred baby spiders came out. And they ate her.

DECKARD: Implants! Those aren't your memories. They're somebody else's. They're Tyrell's niece's. . . .[145]

Unlike Fancher's script, in which Rachael practically immediately accepts her status as a tool meant to serve men, the director's cut emphasizes Rachael's humanlikeness, such that even the often emotionless blade runner feels ashamed and embarrassed when he is confronted by her hurt and confusion. He tries unsuccessfully to dispel the whole episode as a "bad joke," but he has clearly struck a convincing chord, and shortly thereafter, Rachael flees from what has been her "home" and established place in society thus far. Fancher's script details a series of smaller episodes in which Rachael repeatedly and insistently offers her help (and herself) to be "used" by Deckard in keeping with Tyrell's instructions, but Deckard repeatedly refuses, saying that he works alone. Only when Rachael has saved the blade runner from Leon's attack does he finally accept her help and sexually initiate her. Fancher's script details the episode thusly:

DECKARD: Hey! I thought you were supposed to be taking care of me.

RACHAEL'S VOICE: What do you need?

He doesn't answer. Lies there sipping his drink. Rachael comes in a little uncertain, a little droll, and stands there looking down at him.

DECKARD: Don't just stand there looking at me. It's not polite.

RACHAEL: What do you want me to do?

DECKARD: Sit.

She sits on the edge of the tub.

DECKARD: Gimme your arm.

She's wearing a short-sleeved dress. It's a long, delicate arm and Deckard holds it, inspecting it like a maestro with a Stradivarius. He looks up at her.

DECKARD: You ever take a bath with a man before?

RACHAEL: There's a lot I haven't done with a man before.

He's got her hand in the water and had begun to soap her arm. Starting with her wrist and running the bar to her elbow, up and down, slow and slippery. She watches, not quite sure of the ritual.

He pulls her closer, and runs his hand up higher, moulding [sic] and pressing, working around her flesh, up and under her arm into the privacy of her dress.

RACHAEL: You're getting me wet.

Oh, yes. For a moment Deckard stares at her like some furry legged satyr in [a] rut, the fingers of his other hand rake through her hair and into the water she comes.[146]

In comparison, Peoples's revision of Fancher's script paints the picture less of a servile automaton than of an innocent who is confused by her sudden awakening as a sexual being. Peoples's version allows Rachael some room for self-determination because she urges Deckard to continue arousing her (through the usual neck love bite), and in an act of conscious surrender, gives herself willingly to him, although the rhetoric of masochism she uses is somewhat disturbing.

Her voice is very small. Something very young about her. She looks up at him for the first time.

DECKARD: Stand up.

She does. She's looking at him with those big mer-/maid eyes and he kisses her mouth. And then again. She doesn't respond. His voice is a whisper.

DECKARD: Now you kiss me.

She does—but it's self-conscious. . . .

RACHAEL: I can't rely on my memory to. . . .

He stops her with another kiss.

DECKARD: Say what I say.

She nods. His voice is intimate, low.

DECKARD: Kiss me.

RACHAEL: Kiss me.

He does, soft, wet, tender. He backs off—magnetic, palpable energy growing between them.

. . .

RACHAEL: Bite me.

His mouth does to her neck, her ear. His teeth evoke a shiver and a gasp as they take her flesh. Her breath is coming faster.

RACHAEL: Put your hands on me.

He rakes his fingers through her hair and pulls her into him. His other hand molding and pressing her, working around her body and under into the privacy of her dress.

. . .

RACHAEL: Do whatever you want to me.[147]

The director's film cut, however, modifies the Fancher-Peoples script so that what emerges is something between a seduction and a rape. After Rachael is shown letting down her hair in a profile close-up, with her dark crown of curls making her resemble one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Pre-Raphaelite beauties, Deckard sits beside her to compliment her on her piano playing. They exchange a long look in an eye-line match—one of the standard conventions for signaling a romantic interlude. Yet Rachael flees and rushes to the door, the background lit with noirish effects, such as shadows of blinds slicing through the walls, evoking a sense of mystery and entrapment. However, Deckard proves too fast and powerful for her, slams the door, and pins her against the wall. He repeatedly slams her against the wall in a manner that looks violent, yet the music in the background codes this scene as a romantic scene. (This Vangelis "love theme" turns out to be a "a drugged-out version of Puccini's Mimi, Your Tiny Hand Is Frozen."[148]) In an exaggeration of the Peoples revision, Deckard not only prompts, but also commands, the now-compliant Rachael in everything she must say and do as he claims her sexually. As J. Hoberman remarks: "In the movie's most discomforting scene, the Ford character [Deckard]—who knows what she is—compels her to love him, prompting her response step by step. Does he feel so free to dominate her because she's female or because she's a machine? Is teaching a machine to love you a form of masturbation?"[149]

Interestingly, Sean Young, in a behind-the-scenes interview with the *Washington Post* dated August 14, 1982, did not have many good things to say about this particular love-hate scene.

> A lot of people like the scene where I say, "Kiss me, kiss me" to Harrison. Personally, it's not one of my favorites. How would you like to have somebody grab you and throw you around a room? I had bruises all over me. And Harrison's beard was all grown out, and scratched my face. The whole scene just reminded me of a woman getting beaten up. I didn't see how my character, Rachael, could go up to his room after that.

> . . . Harrison tends to play love scenes either angry or funny. It isn't just acting, you know. Somebody really is throwing you against a wall while you're supposed to be telling them you love them. I was a wreck. I had three or four weeks off after that scene.[150]

In an earlier interview with *Prevue,* however, Young tries to psychoanalyze why the scene is shot the way it is. "It's a scene about a virgin losing her virginity, a woman without experience being endowed with emotions, forcibly—it's really a wild scene. He makes me love him. . . . He teaches me, step by step, what love is. He teaches me to kiss him, to say the words. I begin to cry; I'm completely torn up. He unbuttons my dress—and we slowly sink out of frame."[151]

Janice Rushing and Thomas Frentz argue that Rachael's docility in these scenes is better interpreted as a sign of "hesitant uncertainty" as she explores new aspects of her suddenly found identity as a nonhuman.[152] This interpretation is more convincing when one studies the earlier scripts, when Rachael is overtly coded as someone struggling to reconstruct her identity, and when the erotic encounter between Deckard and Rachael is coded as seduction and sexual instruction—running the gamut of gentleness and mounting passion, and allowing for subtle shifts in power, with Rachael sometimes instructing Deckard on what she would like him to do. Within the context of the released film versions, upholding this thesis, particularly because Rachael is narratively coded as a potential noir spider woman whose sting is taken away from her, reducing her into a vulnerable and domesticable potential victim, is more challenging. The ironic twist seems to be that the more vulnerable Rachael becomes, the more "power" she wields over Deckard. Rushing and Frentz, in a later publication, interpret this turn of events as revelatory of Rachael's "anima" influence on Deckard, causing him to follow her lead, "shed" his mechanization, and become more humane.

> Rachael's potential influence on Deckard is cemented symbolically in a dream that was eliminated in the original version but reinserted in the director's cut. . . . Slumping over the piano, [Deckard] falls asleep and envisions a beautiful white unicorn running toward him. . . . [The] unicorn, as medieval legend has it, could be captured only by a virgin girl, for he had an irresistible desire to lay his "horn" in her lap [and could thus be captured]. . . . While Deckard does not exactly become docile, his sexual union with Rachael does eventually chasten his mechanical determination to kill all the replicants.[153]

This interpretation is sound and is reinforced by Peoples's revision of Fancher's script, in which Deckard, during his confrontation with Pris

(after his sexual encounter with Rachael), pleads with Pris three times that he does not want to kill her but she relentlessly attacks him, causing him to move from self-defense into attack mode.[154] This interpretation of Rachael as a mechanized anima who sheds her mechanization supports my thesis that in hybrid genres such as this science fiction-noir-horror rendition of the Frankensteinian myth, feminine-as-monstrous figures and female monsters are allowed more freedom than in their classic horror counterparts. Nevertheless, we should note that Rachael becomes a fully active anima figure only when she has allowed her identity to shift, not only from "human" to "replicant," but also from third shadow to first shadow.

We should also return to production history accounts to find out why Ridley Scott thought it worth a ten-year battle to save the unicorn scene, which was edited from the initially released versions.[155] The controversy over the unicorn scene is also tied up with the film's many endings. Scott had wanted the film to end with the enigmatic and open-ended line, "It's a shame she won't last forever; but then again, no one does," as an elevator door shut on the fleeing renegade pair, whose fates are unknown. Scott had also wanted to associate Deckard's earlier unicorn dream with the last of the origami figures the minor character Gaff (Edward James Olmos) left in front of his apartment: a silver unicorn. This was supposed to prompt Deckard into realizing that because Gaff knew his most private dreams, he, too, was a replicant. In the same way Deckard had known about Rachael's very private memories of an aborted "doctor" session with her brother and of the orange and green spider spinning her web outside of her window only to be devoured by her own young, Gaff knew about Deckard's dreams because the number one blade runner's very thoughts were programmed. But this was supposed to be a very subtle hint, rather than a decisive narrative closure. That ending did not sit well with the Ladd Company executives and especially Bud Yorkin, one of the more influential producers. As Kenneth Turan recounts: "'Is he or isn't he a replicant? You can't cheat an audience that way. It's another confusing moment,' Yorkin says. And so the unicorn dream was never used, and a new, more positive ending line—revealing that Rachal *[sic]* was a replicant without a termination date—was written. To indicate the joy the happy couple had in store for them, scenes of glorious nature were to be shot . . . but attempts to get proper footage in Utah were foiled by bad weather. Instead, contact was made with Stanley Kubrick and . . . they ended up with outtakes from 'The Shining.' . . ."[156]

What is significant through all these transformations is that if Rachael is configured as a salvific force, she does so not so much by enabling Deckard to shed his mechanization, but at the very least, to live

the ambiguities of perhaps being human and perhaps being a replicant—precisely because the narrative undercuts this tyrannical binary dichotomy. If one were to take a stand and decisively say that the director's cut reveals that Deckard is a replicant (which Peoples's revision of Fancher's script does with the final lines: ". . . We were brothers, Roy Batty and I! Combat models of the highest order. . . . We were the new people. . . . Roy and me and Rachael! We were made for this world. It was ours!"[157]), then both Rachael and Roy Batty actually mentor Deckard into accepting, rather than rejecting, his rootedness in the Other than human—or the mechanical. Interestingly unlike many of her noir counterparts, Rachael lives, even if her termination date is uncertain—much like Deckard's. Fancher's script, which was more in keeping with genre expectations of the noir (as well as the gendered parameters of the Frankensteinian mytheme), ended with magnificent descriptions of a wintery landscape, against which Deckard romances/infantilizes Rachael one final time before, in keeping with her request, shooting her in an act of mercy killing. Fragments of Deckard's voice-over read:

> We had a good time. She told me a funny story and I taught her a song. A song about monkeys and elephants. And it made us laugh so hard we couldn't sing.
>
> . . .
>
> I told myself over and over again, if I hadn't done it, they would have.
>
> . . .
>
> She said the great advantage of being alive was to have a choice. And she chose. And a part of me was almost glad. Not because she was gone but because this way they could never touch her.[158]

The fact that Rachael lives in the theatrically released versions is partially justified by her transformation from spider woman to good woman. Yet it is one of the few times that a character who ambivalently conjoins the spheres of monstrous woman and good woman survives the Frankensteinian cinematic narrative—even if only uncertainly.

Still from *Alien: Resurrection* appears courtesy of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences, Twentieth Century Fox, Brandywine-Ronald Shusett, 1979.

# 4

# On the Edge of Terror and Humor

Excess provides a freedom from constraint, an opportunity to approach a film with a fresh and slightly defamiliarized perspective.

—Jeffrey Sconce, "'Trashing' the Academy: Taste, Excess, and an Emerging Politics of Cinematic Style"

## A FRANKENSTEINIAN MONSTER FOR A COMPUTERIZED AGE: *THE TERMINATOR*

Most people do not directly associate Arnold Schwarzenegger's stony, punk-hairstyled face, decked with dark glasses, nor his muscle-clad biceps wrapped in leather and guns, as splashed all over *Terminator* posters, with humor. Making the connection with terror, dread, and fascination is easy—given the Terminator's indestructibility, lethal efficiency, and raw power. But humor seems a stretch at first glance. Nevertheless, several critics remarked on *Terminator*'s sense of humor, which seemed pivotal to its success. For example, Alan Karp of *Box Office* remarked: "Despite its strange premise and cartoonish (but competent) special effects, 'The Terminator' is a humorously suspenseful thriller, which makes the most of what it's got."[1] Patrick Goldstein of the *Los Angeles Times* remarks: "It's the kind of slam-bang B movie that's almost disappeared from Hollywood, loaded with fuel-injected chase scenes, clever special effects and even a welcome dose of *sly humor*"[2] [italics mine]. Michael Hirschorn of *Esquire* similarly observes:

> Packed with constant action and a steady diet of death, *Terminator* is more hilarious than hair-raising. That is its perverse genius. Much like its revival-house forebears . . . , *Terminator* nullifies the impact of its violence by accenting the act of the kill over the pain of being killed. But what truly differentiates *Terminator* from a long history of deathfests is its cinema-knowingness, the cheery sangfroid with which the violence is carried out. Drawing more heavily from cartoons than from life, the new ultraviolence transmutes killing into artistry, the corpse a canvas to be held up for audience acclaim.[3]

Naturally, humor cuts both ways, and *Terminator* was far from exempt from the usual acid wisecracks. David Edelstein of *Village Voice* attempted his own *Rocky Horror* rendition of Reese's (Michael Biehn) pivotal explanations as he and Sarah (Linda Hamilton) lie huddled in a car, fleeing from both the police and the Terminator (Arnold Schwarzenegger). "Some of Reese's speeches are so jaunty that I had the irresistible urge to convert them into a rhythm-and-blues number (sheet music available on request)."[4]

The connections to the evolving Frankensteinian cinematic myth, while seemingly a stretch at a cursory glance, are fairly easy to make if one is alert particularly to visual cues. Evidence of this connection is found even in the very first scene after the title sequence, which uses the slitscan effect, has rolled by, spelling out *Terminator* and its credits, which uses a font that codes it as computer-generated data. The fourth draft of the screenplay locates the first scene to be a deserted schoolyard, but the film locates the action to be in a deserted alley in Los Angeles at 1:52 A.M., where a street cleaner uses a hydraulic lift to empty dumpsters. Suddenly, a sourceless wind rises, electrical discharges arc their way close to a dumpster (one of the telltale signs of a typical "birthing" sequence within the Frankensteinian cinematic tradition), and the hydraulic lift's engine dies out. When we first see the Terminator, he is nude, in a fetal position. Unlike many of his more cumbersome predecessors, he rises deliberately, leaving no evidence of frailty from having been mechanically reborn through a time machine. Unlike his monstrous kindred, the Terminator has no human father; he is created by Skynet, a conglomerate of machines determined to hang on to their hegemonic stronghold in a not-so-distant postapocalyptic stronghold. Yet the Terminator has Frankenstein's knowledge of technology and biology: he has the capabilities to use all types of guns, steal and revive any vehicle to life, and to dissect through skin to repair his mechanical innards. If the alien was created to breed and feed, this monster was created to destroy. As Jack Kroll of *Newsweek* notes, in terms of the film's commercial packaging: "The Terminator is a splendid meta-monster, Frankensteined

for the computer age."[5] Unlike his novelistic predecessor, the Terminator no longer bisociates the realms of the masculine and the feminine, and the human and the nonhuman. He is thoroughly hypermasculinized (at least at this point of the narrative), and although he looks human, he is clearly something radically Other than human. Nevertheless, the use of humor in the film's depiction of the plot counterbalances the excessiveness of this characterization of monstrosity. Edelstein shows the irony in the humor in the movie even further as he writes: "This aggressively revisionist historian [the Terminator] lands naked on a Los Angeles hill in a crackle of electricity, and as he strolls over to the edge of the cliff to survey the city, his buttocks bare, his pecs the size of watermelons, the audience whoops and applauds: this is truly the specimen of a new—and insufferable—master race."[6] A more sympathetic account is set forth in Alan Karp's summary of this part of the film:

> A good deal of "The Terminator's" success is due to the filmmakers' ingeniously humorous approach to their subject. For example, because they have established the fact that their time-travelers must negotiate their journey without clothes, we are made privy to the sight (at least a rear view) of Arnold in the buff, as he begins to make his way through L.A.'s darkened streets. Moreover, because the first people he encounters are a trio of young punks, Arnold's subsequent wardrobe is wonderfully new-wave.[7]

Part of the humor lies in its Koestlerian bisociation of coding the realms of vulnerability and excess. This is, after all, not simply any nude and muscle-laden body but Arnold Schwarzenegger's—the charismatic star of the bodybuilding documentary, *Pumping Iron* (1976),[8] a five-time Mr. Universe,[9] a thirteen-time world bodybuilding champion,[10] and the "sword-'n'-loincloth" romping warrior in *Conan the Barbarian* (1982).[11] Schwarzenegger's hypermasculinized body had heretofore been eroticized (and thus, in some senses, occupied a "feminized" space as an commercialized object of the gaze), leading Clive James to liken Schwarzenegger's body to a "condom full of walnuts."[12] In addition, Schwarzenegger, before then, had taken on only heroic/"good guy" roles, and shifting into the role of an expressionless villain seemed to be a career risk. James Cameron, the director (whose only directorial credit at this time was *Piranha II*,[13] although he eventually went on to direct *Aliens* and *Titanic,* two of the highest grossing films in box-office history), and Schwarzenegger give slightly conflicting accounts but both agree that the bodybuilder star had first been approached by Mike Medavoy, the chief production executive at Orion Pictures, to play the part of Reese, the heroic guerilla. As Cameron recounts it: "I never saw

him [Schwarzenegger] as Reese at all. . . . But when Arnold and I finally talked about it, we got along very well, and realized that we could get along very well creatively. He liked the script a lot, and it occurred to me in the course of the discussion that many of the things in the script he reacted to most favorably had to do with the character of the terminator, rather than Reese. Later I asked him if he was interested in playing the terminator and, though he hadn't consciously thought of the possibility of playing the villain, he thought about it, and accepted the role."[14] This account roughly corresponds with Schwarzenegger's earlier narrative (December 1984) concerning how he was cast into this role. "After our meeting, Jim Cameron called me back and offered me the title role, because he felt that I had locked into that character, and had some good ideas as to how it should be played. That was terrific for me, because it was the terminator that had really interested me from the first time I'd read the script."[15]

However, in a June 28, 1999, interview with *Newsweek,* Schwarzenegger seemed almost reluctant to admit he had been enthused about the role from the very start. Part of the reason for this appears to be the Terminator's unexpected appeal as a possible role model for the younger crowd (and as the brief article itself hints—a heroic figure for Middle East terrorists), as I shall illustrate in the succeeding section, where I discuss the recreation of the Terminator's image in *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*.

> I was actually trying to play the hero, a guy named Reese, in "The Terminator." Jim Cameron . . . said to me, "You must play the Terminator." And I said: "No. No. This is not what I am here for." And he said, "You are a machine. I'm telling you, Arnold, you're the symbol of power and like a machine—a fine-tuned machine." . . . Then he said, "I will make you look like you've never looked before, and I think that the part itself will maybe have more impact for you in your career than the other character would have. Because the other character is just another hero. But this one—you'll be a very memorable cyborg and a human machine." So you know, he *talked me into it*" [italics mine].[16]

Yet in 1984, Arnold's relentlessly stalking Terminator[17] had not yet been enshrined as "as much a part of today's pop-culture iconography as Boris Karloff's Frankenstein."[18] The context within which his naked body was read, at the start of the film, was that of being the "greatest body on earth,"[19] which, unsurprisingly, at least in retrospective analysis of the film's gender politics, the film then goes on to cover up to create the Terminator's hypermasculinized image.

The fluctuations across terror and humor are as sudden as they are legion in this film. The naked Terminator comes across three young

punks (Bill Paxton, Brad Rearden, and Brian Thompson I), who jeer and leer at his nudity. Initially, the hoodlums appear to have the upper hand as they ridicule the muscle-clad automaton who appears (like the later Frankensteinian monsters) to repeat their sentences thoughtlessly and without expression. Yet the tables turn easily: the Terminator demands that they turn over their clothes, and when they resist, he easily kills them in a bloody display of mechanical machismo with a close-up showing his bloody hand holding a victim's extracted heart (another all too Frankensteinian motif). With the Terminator's bloody hand blurrily shown in the foreground in extreme close-up, the background, in a rack focus, clearly shows the remaining punk's terrified expression as he strips off his clothes, a gesture that feminizes him relative to the silent predator. This acquisition of clothing (as well as patterning of hairstyle—which was supposed to be a military cut in the script) ensures, in a humorous conjunction of the frivolous and the horrifying, that the Terminator henceforth is attired in the "coolest," most fashionable attire in the entire film.

The second mechanical birthing sequence then occurs, this time producing Kyle Reese, who is described in the script as "22, but his face has been aged by the ordeal, the mouth hard, eyes grim. A crinkled burn scar traverses one side of his face from chin to forehead. Other scars, from burns and bullets, mar his hard-muscled body."[20] Unlike the Terminator, Reese is visibly in pain when we first see him: he stays in the fetal position longer, panting, almost on the verge of retching. The script visualizes how Reese was supposed to have been sent with another soldier, but whose body unfortunately materialized in the same area as a fire escape, skewering him through the abdomen.[21] That detail would have strengthened the characterization of Reese's vulnerability (nothing but blind luck prevented him from being in the predicament of his unfortunate comrade), but its omission does not significantly detract from the general narrative: Reese's overt display of physical vulnerability and the numerous scars that mar his exposed flesh alongside his unshaven, disheveled look (unlike the clean-shaven Terminator), convey the same message.

In the script, the first people who encounter the nude Reese are two prostitutes who momentarily "do a double take . . . but walk on without breaking stride, completely jaded"; they pay no further attention to him because it is "obvious" that he is not a potential customer.[22] The finished film cuts this scene and moves straight into Reese's robbing a drunken derelict of his pants. Then, in an action-packed sequence, consisting of fast Panaglides, whip pans, and tracking shots to establish Reese's point of view (which was again truncated in the final film version due to ever-present budgetary considerations), the camera shows

the futuristic guerilla eluding a pack of policemen and their dogs as he "shops" for clothing. He ends up with the ubiquitous noir detective trench coat and, in a typical postmodern twist, dark sneakers that seem to have the Nike logo on them. These choices, as Janet Maslin humorously points out, give him "a most inferior fashion plate compared with the star. Almost everything Mr. Schwarzenegger commandeers, from his jackboots to his fingerless gloves, is made of dark studded leather."[23]

Nevertheless, the contrast in costuming is important because it establishes Reese as the hard-boiled detective figure and the Terminator as the gangster/villain in this second futuristic tech noir ("Tech Noir" turns out to be the name of the bar in which the first armed confrontation between these two characters occurs in a later scene; this bar was originally called "Stoker's" in the script.)[24] Although the lighting and special effects are nowhere nearly as elaborate as *Blade Runner*'s due to budgetary considerations (*Terminator* was created for a mere $6.5 million[25] as opposed to *Blade Runner*'s $30 million[26]), *Terminator* could boast of three well-known special effects teams of experts (in addition to Cameron,[27] who, as a self-taught filmmaker wryly says he "attended the school of hard knocks . . . and did postgraduate work at the Roger Corman film school [New World Pictures]," mainly based on his work as an effects artist).[28] Ernie Farino, who worked on *The Thing* and *The Howling* served as effects coordinator and developed the film's computer effects; Gene Warren, Les Huntley, and Pete Kleinow of Fantasy II, best known for the "crowd scene" in *Gremlins,* were in charge of stop-motion animation and miniature photography; and the then-twice Emmy-awarded Stan Winston was in charge of makeup (which I will discuss in detail later).[29] In addition, Adam Greenberg, the Israeli cinematographer whose credits include collaborations on director Moshe Mizrahi's *I Love You Rosa* and *The House on Chelouche Street,* resulting in Academy Award nominations for Best Foreign Film in 1972 and 1973, served as the director of photography.

According to critic Charles Champlin, *The Terminator* is more akin to a 1940s noir than science fiction.[30] Cameron confirmed this and added German Impressionism of the 1930s as a major influence on the "look" of the film. Greenberg remarked: "That was exactly how I saw it when I first read the script. . . . I was aiming for a cool look, lots of dark shadows, strong back light . . . a very hard, strong, contrasty look."[31] To emphasize the similarities and differences between Reese and the Terminator visually, Greenberg used "hard shadows, giving a 'hard edge'" to Reese, and a "harsh light that gave a mechanical look and then a lot of low angles . . . to emphasize size"[32] to Schwarzeneg-

ger. The use of low angles also magnifies the illusion of height—a common cinematic device used to signal the creature's massive and towering size in Frankensteinian films.

Like the Terminator, Reese overcomes his would-be combatants. However, he does so not through sheer power but through nimbleness and quick-witted resourcefulness. He, like the Terminator, melts into the blue-black shadows of a darkened Los Angeles alley. The scene shifts to reveal Sarah Conner (Linda Hamilton), who is zipping through traffic on a moped. The script describes her as "19, small and delicate-featured. Pretty in a flawed, accessible way. She doesn't stop the party when she walks in, but you'd like to get to know her. Her vulnerable quality masks a strength even she doesn't know exists."[33] Unlike the earlier noir-like sequences, Sarah is lit naturalistically—which Greenberg uses not only to signal daylight, but also her character, which he consistently lights "very soft[ly]."[34] The film cuts out a lot in the script that establishes Sarah's character: it appears she tends to be perennially late, and yet she manages to get away with that with an impish charm;[35] that she has an ironic sense of humor about the "wholesomeness" of her image as a "Bob's girl," which attires her like a "suburbanized peasant maid looking for a goat to milk";[36] that she is a student who has difficulty not only keeping on top of time, but also who does not have the skills necessary to survive the "combat" conditions of being a waitress during peak restaurant hours.[37]

The film crosscuts between a scene showing an extreme close-up of Nazi-looking boots and tracks upward to show the Terminator with his new-wave punk outfit and hairdo. The Terminator breaks into a car and hot wires it; the scene shifts back to Sarah and her misadventures as a waitress, deferring how these two diverse scenes connect. In one of the most famous scenes of the movie, the Terminator heads for a gun shop, where he proceeds to order an arsenal of guns in expressionless monotone: the Remington 1100 Autoloader, the Uzi 9 millimeter, the .45 long slide with laser sighting, the S-P-A-S-12, and a "phased plasma pulse-laser in the forty watt range," which the clerk seems to have never heard about and results in his annoyed response: "What you see is what you get, buddy." As the gun dealer bends down to get a plastic bag in which to wrap the items, expecting to close early, the Terminator calmly starts loading the shotgun with shells. The clerk protests but the Terminator simply shoots him, still looking unperturbed.

The point of the scene is obviously to show the Terminator's proficiency with killing machines and as a killing machine. The script details a scene in which as the Terminator passes by an appliance section of the store, "the pictures on a row of TV sets distort and break-up sequentially

as he walks by, returning to normal behind him,"[38] but the film edits this detail out. Schwarzenegger reportedly prepared for weapons use simulations for a month and a half, practicing with all the weapons he was going to use for *Terminator*. The actor worked with Mitch Kalter of Action Arms, who taught him how to take the guns apart and put them together quickly; how to "look professional" and "not look down" when putting the magazine in, and other such skills.[39] Schwarzenegger also reported that he always had to remember that as a machine, he could not afford to squint when he shot or show any sort of emotion: "What you do is just work with the director and tell him, 'If you see me blinking when I shoot or if you see any funny facial expressions, just tell me I want to do it over again.'"[40]

In a mirror-imaging sequence, Reese is shown cutting the wooden handle of a rifle he has stolen from the police. Using a bit of rope, he creates a sling, which enables him to carry the gun imperceptively underneath his trench coat. However, whereas the Terminator seeks out Sarah Connor, the prospective mother of John Connor—the future messiah figure who is to save the human race from total extermination by the machines—by systematically killing off everyone with the name "Sarah Connor" in the phone book, Reese, because he has a photograph of Sarah, is able to spot and shadow her almost immediately. The Terminator, the human-looking machine, and Reese, the machinelike human, are clearly established as mirror-image adversaries and foils. At this point of the narrative, because little difference seems to exist between them, the audience is not sure for whom to cheer as the action mounts. The script description of Reese at this point plays on that ambiguity: "As [Sarah] passes a figure leaning against the wall just outside, the man turns his head to watch her. It is Reese, his gaze impassive. Streetlight catches the burn scar on his cheek. He is motionless, sinister in his long coat. Sarah shudders."[41]

The film cuts out many details that contextualize particularly the minor characters. Although hints of these occur in the film, the script renders obvious the fact that Ginger Ventura (Bess Motta) is the hypersexualized bombshell that Sarah is not; Ginger also serves as a protective elder sister to Sarah, embarrassing a "jerk" who is coming on to Sarah by pulling down his pants. The script describes her as "a party-stopper. Red-haired, athletic, sensuous. She's pretty enough when still, but stunning in motion."[42] In many ways, Ginger fits the profile of the feminine-as-monstrous: she is beautiful and confident in her sensuality; she also mentors Sarah in this process by unbuttoning Sarah's top button to counter Sarah's "good girl" image when they dress for their dates. Matt McAllister (Rick Rossovich)'s masculinity and personality are also

much more clearly delineated in the script. "In the F.G. [foreground], two Conan-esque arms thrust upward, glistening. Ginger's boyfriend, Matt McAllister, the assistant manager of the club, strains out his last reps, bench-pressing enormous weight on the Nautilus machine. Despite his imposing appearance, Matt is one of the warmest people you'd ever want to meet."[43]

Thus, when the Terminator attacks Ginger and Matt after they have made love in the apartment Sarah shares with Ginger, Ginger's hypersexualized femininity (set in contrast with Sarah's virginity), and Matt's hypersexualized masculinity (set up to be conquered by the Terminator's asexual hypermasculinity) are well established. Interestingly, both Ginger's hypersexualized femininity and Matt's hypersexualized masculinity are conjoined with machines in complex ways. Ginger's comfort around machines (particularly her Walkman as well as her answering machine) enable her to exercise her femininity, vamping about with dance movements and teasingly using her seductive voice to excite a caller into thinking he or she has caught a live person rather than an answering machine, only to let him or her down. Yet it is precisely this comfort and expertise around machines that endanger her—she remains oblivious to the danger that lurks about her because she ignores the detectives' repeated attempts to contact her by phone and drums her celery sticks on the countertop in time to the music emanating from her Walkman as Matt and the Terminator engage in deadly combat in the bedroom. Matt, as well, achieves his hypermasculinized body by working out with machines; yet it is precisely his possession of such a body that renders him somewhat complacent as he even says, the first time he picks up a heavy lamp in self-defense against the apparently unarmed Terminator: "Don't make me break you up, man!" The script, for a while, emphasizes the apparent equality of the agon between hypermasculinized machine and machinelike hypermale. "Matt heaves himself up, a powerful body gleaming with sweat and hurls himself upon the intruder. The titans CRASH INTO A DRESSER, reducing it to kindling."[44] Both Matt and Ginger pay with their lives for their complacency in their apparent dominance over, and unreflective oneness with, machines.

Interestingly, the answering machine also transmits Sarah's impassioned plea that she be picked up from the nightclub because she fears a man is following her. Similarly, the busy police phone lines prevent Sarah from getting through to Detective Lieutenant Ed Traxler (Paul Winfield) and Detective Vukovich (Lance Henriksen) until it is too late for them to arrive in time to save her, Ginger, and Matt from the Terminator. In all these instances, the relations between humans and machines

are far from simple. Humans have clearly come to rely on machines as virtual slaves and extensions of themselves, and yet machines just as clearly can also malfunction or even "betray" their masters.

During the famous shoot-out between the Terminator and Reese at the Tech Noir, Sarah huddles, marked by the Terminator's laser sight as a pathetic potential victim. Sarah is, at this point, simply an instance of the first or feminized shadow, with her small frame either locked into paralysis or hysterics. *Soldier of Fortune* enthusiastically describes the showdown between humanlike machine and machinelike human in an orgy of gunfire amidst the blinking lights of the Tech Noir club, in the following way:

> Schwarzenegger does a nice bit of gun-handling here, jacking a round into the chamber in one fluid motion despite the cumbersome laser sight, and never twitching a facial muscle as he prepares to put a round into [Sarah's] brain. . . . That's when the human bodyguard makes for his move—and a nice one it is for a non-professional.
>
> [Reese] swings the Remington scatter-gun out from under his overcoat, jacks a shell into the chamber and blasts the Terminator, who takes the round in the back, allowing his target to hit the deck. In response. . . . The Terminator . . . whips the Uzi out of his shoulder rig and begins to sweep the disco clean with a 9mm broom. What ensues is one King Hell gunfight in which virtually all the moves by both shooters—believe it or not—are entirely plausible.[45]

Like one of Stephen King's undying creatures, the Terminator rises after he has been temporarily stunned by Reese's shots. The script details Sarah's reaction via a close-up, which we, the audience, are supposed to share:

> C.U.—SARAH, feeling a lightning bolt of terror greater than she could ever imagine as the cold gaze fixes on her.
>
> SARAH (awed whisper): Oh my God. . . .[46]

Sarah and Reese flee from the Terminator, whom the script describes as akin to a panther, although there is a hint of a "red glow" in the pupils of his eyes.[47] Stan Winston, the makeup artist, designed the Terminator's makeup to give him a "sinister" look; he notes: "Because of all the changes that the Terminator goes through, it really made it very complicated."[48] As the audience becomes wrapped in the camera's dollying with the fleeing Reese and Sarah, we glimpse, for the first time, the humanlike machine's point of view, which the script details in the following way:

> . . . The image is bizarre, alien. Bright and hyper-real. There is a hint of digitization, and the fleeing figures ahead are more luminous than the background, suggesting infra-red *[sic]*.
>
> The margins of the FRAME are crammed with columns of CRT-type characters: columns of numbers and acronyms. The data changes more rapidly than any human eye could follow. There is no doubt that we are seeing as a machine would see. . . .[49]

As the Terminator lumbers relentlessly after Sarah and Reese, his physical resemblances with the Frankensteinian creature become even more obvious. His skin increasingly gains a white, plastic-looking sheen; his hair, disheveled, begins to assume the boxlike characteristics of Karloff's monster; his movements grow more markedly robotic and clumsy. Yet perhaps the film's most memorable testament to the Terminator's mechanical status occurs in the next scene, where he retreats to a cheap motel room to repair his wounds. This "eye scene" caused quite a sensation, and prompted Charles Champlin to describe it as "an ocular shocker unequaled since the eyeball-slicing moment in the Bunuel-Dali 'Andalusian Dog' of 50 years ago."[50] Interestingly, through gaps and absences the audience is made to believe that they are seeing one of the most horrifying and revolting sequences ever. In the relevant sections of the scene, the Terminator is shown operating on his arm (a prosthetic created by effects wizard Stan Winston) by stabbing the arm with a number 11 Xacto blade. The camera then comes in for a close-up in which the metal interior is shown whirring about, framed by flesh and blood. The Terminator then steps to the sink, examines his eyes—with the camera shooting from the right as he works on the left eye (heavily shadowed), he brings up the knife and poises it in front of the eye. A sudden and quick cut to a close-up of an eye lens dropping into a sink that is filled with water, which turns red, as well as an eyeball apparently plucked slowly and discarded the same way, convinces the audience that they have witnessed an actual stabbing and excising of an eye. The trick, according to Greenberg, the cinematographer, is that "Most of the screen is filled with dark shadows, which the audience fills in with imagination."[51]

Interestingly, the display of so much discardable hypermasculinized flesh renders the Terminator as a Koestlerian bisociation of not only second, or hypermasculinized shadow, but in some senses, as first or inferior shadow as well. The emphasis on the Terminator's flesh reduces him to pure body—mechanical body, yes, but also a body that resists rationality. In the Terminator's dogged systematicity to complete its mission, it is nothing save irrational matter. Like the hystericized female body, it is incapable of being reasoned with—and its power is derived from nothing

save its programming, which renders its power meaningless, in a human sense. It becomes pure body (a conventionally feminized position) and somehow becomes coded as less human. Importantly, however, this bisociation of shadows does not, unlike its monstrous female counterparts, render it less a figure of terror. In fact, it enhances its ability to inspire fear, terror, revulsion, and awe. This is particularly true when the Terminator resurfaces at the police station, utters his now famous humorously laconic line, "I'll be back," and then returns in a vehicle to crash through and infiltrate the police headquarters. Yet the excessiveness that causes humor (that is, the bisociation of the subtle, monosyllabic nature of the Terminator's declaration, and the explosive, jarring nature of his reentry) easily turns into an excessiveness that causes horror. This excessiveness is emphasized in the way Schwarzenegger is photographed using extremely low angles, using a handheld camera, thereby making the audience look up at him in fear, terror, and awe. Greenberg apparently developed a device called the Adam Camera, which was comprised of "two L-shaped pieces of aluminum tubing with a camera mount on one end and a tie-down for sandbags at the other."[52] The mount enabled the cinematographer to dash about with the camera with the lens on ground level, maximizing the visual and spatial senses of movement, excitement, and power. This technique was used particularly in the earlier described Tech Noir near-termination scene and in the later police headquarters massacre.

Reese, as well, is wounded during the second encounter with the Terminator, as he and Sarah flee from the beleaguered police headquarters. Yet through his vulnerability Reese becomes human to Sarah, who mentors his awakening to pleasure and the emotions by initiating the only sexual encounter they have. Through this encounter we later find out they seal the future they have been attempting to preserve because Sarah becomes pregnant. Sarah's sexual initiation (and impregnation, we later find out) moves her into the realm of divine mother-to-be. The script details their coupling thusly:

> Sarah, a very close angle, as she grimaces in *divine agony* [italics mine]. Reese, his face rapt.
> His hand, clutching the pillow as if to kill it.
> It is explosive, torrential. A confluence of fate and will.[53]

Interestingly, in the film, this movement from virginity to motherhood begins her gradual transition from terrified potential victim to avenging warrior. In the script, Sarah regains her spunk well before this episode; she even goes beyond Reese in planning a counteroffensive

against the machines in rewriting the future. In a scene that is deleted in the film, she first tries to persuade, and then pleads, and finally rebels against Reese's authority, when he tries to prevent her from planning to sabotage Cyber Dynamics Corporation—the future generator of the "molecular-memory" that later spawns these cybernetic organisms. Sarah attempts to escape from Reese; he tackles her, and they scuffle, which almost results in Reese reacting reflexively and shooting Sarah. Sarah appeals to Kyle's compassion, and oddly enough, the young woman ends up comforting the hardened war veteran.

> [Kyle] touches the grass, the trunk of a tree.
>
> REESE (continuing): . . . and you . . . all so . . . beautiful. It hurts, Sarah. More than death.
>
> He looks at her beseechingly.
>
> REESE (continuing): Don't you understand . . . it's all gone!
>
> Sarah puts her arm around him.
> She sniffs and wipes at her nose with the back of her hand.
>
> SARAH: We can change it, Kyle. We have to try.[54]

From there, Sarah goes on to rewrite her future son's message to her: "There's no fate but what we make for ourselves." Further in the script, as well, she deliberately chooses to make Reese the mythical father of her messianic child. In the final chase scenes, when Reese slumps over, ready to die, beseeching Sarah to leave him there, Sarah retorts:

> SARAH: I'm not leaving you anywhere, you jerk. Haven't you figured it out? Kyle, John is our son.
>
> Reese's eyes refocus.
>
> SARAH (continuing): There isn't going to be anybody else. . . . I don't want anybody else. Listen to me![55]

In the script, only after Sarah has pronounced this present-future prediction does she move into military demeanor and order her soldier-lover to "Move!" The film truncates the earlier proclamation-realization and moves straight into her ordering Reese to get up. Although the film still underlines Sarah's growing strength and independence, compared with the script, the parameters within which that growth is allowed is considerably more truncated, rendering her a more reactive, rather than active, character. Nevertheless, compared with other Frankensteinian

narratives, *Terminator,* like the *Alien* series, allows a female character to acquire some of the traditionally masculine heroic qualities normally denied to her by virtue of the Frankensteinian myth's and classic horror genre's conventions.

In the script, one of the most ominous and humorous scenes occur next (which occurs earlier in the film due to the removal of the scenes I have just described). In another noir-lit sequence, the Terminator sits with the blinds drawn tight, his eyes tracking rapidly as he reads Sarah's diary, which he has taken from her apartment. The description very overtly aligns him with the putrefying and brutally scarred body parts that Frankenstein harvests in order to create a "new man."

> A patch of scalp is blown away, revealing chrome underneath.
> A flap of skin dangles from his cheek, which exposes some of the DRIVE CABLES which move the lips. . . .
> His skin is waxy, white, bruised, gangrenous in places. He ignores the FEW FLIES crawling on his face.[56]

Yet the horrifying character of this vision is almost immediately offset by one of the film's funniest scenes. A janitor smells the decaying flesh and knocks on the door, saying: "Hey, buddy, you got a dead cat in there or what?" Once again, we view things from the point of view of the Terminator, and the script describes the infrared image we see on the screen thusly:

> The digitized image PANS to the door and a LOGIC-FLOW DIAGRAM appears overlaid in color-coded words. It conclude[s] with a list of potential appropriate responses:
>
> YES/NO
> OR WHAT
> GO AWAY
> PLEASE COME BACK LATER
> FUCK YOU
> FUCK YOU, ASSHOLE[57]

The last option flashes and enlarges to fill the screen, as Schwarzenegger delivers yet another famous one-liner, in his Austrian-accented English (dampened into a monotone): "Fuck you, Asshole." The Koestlerian bisociation of the all-too-human, all-too-American, and all-too-appropriate repartee, alongside it being uttered in such a flat monotone by a machine that is simply being "systematic" causes an explosion of laughter, and for a moment, the film's visual excess is over-

turned by its verbal wit. The scene is so influential that it often leads critics to exaggerate how many times this happens in the film and how much profanity it involves. For example, Patrick Goldstein of the *Los Angeles Times* writes: "Whenever anyone asks [the Terminator] a question, a series of multiple-choice responses flash on his mind's eye video screen, all choice insults."[58]

Yet the film's closing lines belong to Sarah, who, after spending most of the film as a terrified potential victim, emerges as a reluctant woman warrior and functions as this science fiction-noir-horror's "final girl," who survives the film's bloody catharsis. Crucial to her transformation is the fact that her thigh is penetrated by shrapnel from the Terminator and, like the injured automaton, she limps, burning with a similar instinctive determination to live. After an agonizingly extended series of close-ups that counterpose her bleeding, writhing body with the mangled, slithering chassis of the still-"alive" Terminator, she lures what remains of the automaton into a hydraulic press and cries out vengefully: "You're terminated, fucker!" The use of profanity underlines her transformation from first or underdeveloped shadow to third or feminine-as-monstrous shadow, although these hints are subtle at this point in the film; they are underscored clearly in the sequel, *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*. As Rushing and Frentz argue, using a mythological lens, Sarah's phallic penetration by the Terminator shrapnel functions as a decadent thigh wound; rather than restoring a connection with nature, it serves to contaminate Sarah with the demonic and mechanical. In a parallel observation, they note, "In her final act of battle, when she activates a giant press to crush the cyborg and hisses . . . she is well on her way to becoming that which she has just terminated."[59] Nevertheless, the script more clearly hints at Sarah's budding transmogrification into becoming a version of the Terminator:

> E.C.U.-SARAH, her eyes inexplicably calm, eyes steady in that infinite instant. She clenches her teeth to keep from screaming as she WAITS.
>
> The Terminator's hand reaches for her throat to crush the life out of her and end its long mission.
>
> SARAH (voice icy): You're . . . terminated . . . fucker![60]

When we see her next, Sarah has her hair tied up with a bandana across her forehead, like a female guerilla, as she prepares tapes for her soon-to-be delivered son. She now drives not a moped, but a red Jeep, which has the name *Renegade* emblazoned across its hood. Yet her masculine accoutrements as a traveler-warrior-explorer are conjoined with

her bloated, pregnant belly, underlining her femininity as well. The fact that she has to look up a Spanish phrase to get her gas tank filled (the setting appears to be Mexico) and that the young boy who is able to "hustle" her into spending $4 on a hastily taken Polaroid (which turns out to be the photograph Reese had lovingly carried around with him when he returned from the future) appeals to both her compassion and vanity successfully, still emphasize her potential vulnerability to some extent. In contrast, the script chooses to draw out elements that underline her newfound status as a warrior-mother-visionary rather than as a pregnant woman preparing for a coming cataclysm: "Under [Sarah's] down vest she wears a leather shoulder holster and the butt of a .357 REVOLVER presses against her breast. She tugs the vest closed as the attendant glances her way. A German shepherd sits in the back among taped boxes and suitcases."[61]

The tensions within this new depiction of female heroism/monstrosity within the evolving Frankensteinian-science fiction-noir hybrid are to play themselves out in the even more popular sequel *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*.

## FROM *FRANKENSTEIN* TO *E.T.*: *TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY*

*The Terminator* (1984) proved to be a surprise blockbuster, successful with both the popular audience and the critics; it was made for a modest $6.5 million, but it went on to earn $38.4 million in box-office receipts and became one of the most rented videos of 1985.[62] Given the film's impact on the narrative themes and visual styles of such films as *Robocop* (1987), *Cyborg* (1989), *Total Recall* (1990), *Class of 1999* (1990), and *Eve of Destruction* (1991); its influence as a career builder, particularly for Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Cameron (and to a less prominent extent, producer and cowriter Gale Ann Hurd, Linda Hamilton, and Michael Biehn); and its enthused reception by critics and academics,[63] it was merely a matter of time before the production of a sequel began to materialize. As Cameron recounts it, Mario Kassar, the chief executive officer of Carolco Pictures "kind of waded in and grabbed the rights and made some deals."[64] Arnold, then at the peak of his form, stated that he was not interested in being part of the sequel if Cameron would not direct it. Yet Cameron as well held out until he was sure Linda Hamilton was also interested and available. In an interview he said: "Despite the fact that Arnold's great success from the first film kind of eclipsed Linda Hamilton and Michael Biehn's

work, from a writer's standpoint, she was the central focus of the first picture and I didn't want to shift the focus entirely off her."[65] Cameron reportedly phoned Hamilton as she was on the verge of agreeing to star in another science fiction film, which would have created a conflict. But on the strength of his rough verbal outline, which ran: "Your son is the target and you're in a mental hospital. The kid teams up with a 'good' terminator and comes to break you out. Then you save the world," the only proviso she placed was: "I want to be crazy." The writer-director responded, "I can do that."[66] This deal had immense implications on the reshaping of the feminine in relation to the monstrous in this further elaboration of Frankensteinian mythemes in cinema, as we shall later see.

*Terminator 2* opened in late June–early July 1991 to mixed reviews. Jim Emerson of the *Orange County Register* enthused: "'Terminator 2' is simply the most visually dynamic and imaginative American movie to come out since 'GoodFellas.'"[67] Larry Kasanoff, executive vice president of Cameron's Lightstorm Entertainment, ecstatically summarized the most salient features of review quotes from critics who caught the June 23 screening, as well as the general level of anticipation for the opening of *Terminator 2:* "[Critics] are [saying] things like: 'greatest science fiction movie in history'; 'will blow you away'; 'redefines the state of special effects.' At the same time . . . the information we're getting from Tri-Star on the tracking of the movie is phenomenal. We have virtually 100% awareness of [it] in this country a week before we open [Wednesday]."[68]

Naturally, several not-quite-so-glowing reports were written as well. David Sterritt of the *Christian Science Monitor* remarked in a news release: "'Terminator 2' has little to do with culture, or even civilization, in the higher senses of those terms. It's a monument to nothing but high-tech frivolity and a regrettably shallow conception of visual entertainment."[69] Jay Carr of the *Boston Globe* ambivalently wrote: "[Cameron's] the Wagner of radioactive slag, film's high priest of the technodammerung. But all the fireworks can't conceal the fact that 'Terminator 2' isn't as dark or witty as the original. When it isn't draping political correctness over itself like a shroud, it's endlessly protecting Arnold's image."[70]

Among the most remarked on topoi of conversation about the movie were its moralistic trappings as an "anti-violence violent film," which may be tied in with the transformations of the Terminator's and Sarah's characters, and the film's astronomical budget, which is connected with its visionary special effects. All these form an integral part of the materiality and context of the film's hermeneutic and economic unfolding.

Cameron, in several interviews, insisted that *Terminator 2* is a "violent movie about peace."[71] The ambitious director went on to paint the film in a moralistic sense, intoning: "What intrigued me about this movie was that I could use the Terminator character, which is almost a symbol of wanton destruction, to tell a parable about the value of a single human being's life, which is the most important thing in the world, and something that tends to get lost in our age of high tech warfare."[72]

However, this packaging is contradicted precisely by the film's glorified, pornographic treatment of guns and weapons.[73] Yet this attempt to combine commercialism with ethics is important to note with respect to the transformations of the characters of the Terminator T–800 model (Arnold Schwarzenegger) and Sarah Connor (Linda Hamilton). Even more importantly, these character changes may be mapped on to how laughter and horror/awe operate within this particular film.

In this version, the new Sarah is a wild and feral creature, practically maddened by the specter of a nuclear war hanging over her like a Damoclean sword. She is locked in an asylum, where numerous medical figures of authority brutalize her in the name of restoring her sanity. In one of the film's earliest scenes, Douglas (Ken Gibbel), a rotund and sadistic orderly, straps the seemingly catatonic Sarah to a bed and then proceeds to lick her face in a lewd and repulsive gesture. We are hardly surprised, then, when Sarah breaks free, one of the most violent scenes in the movie ensues. Sarah not only breaks his nose, but also, with an extended series of whacks, viciously breaks his neck before she drags his limp body into a room. Thus, the narrative context justifies the use of violence against this character precisely to establish the new Sarah as a figure who is both horrifying and awe-inspiring with her newly acquired lethal powers.

The figure of the T–800 is differently located with respect to violence in this new iteration. The young John Connor (Edward Furlong) has come to realize that Terminators are programmed to kill, and he attempts to rewrite that part of the T–800's programming by commanding him *not* to kill. Like a crafty lawyer, the Terminator stays within the letter of the law and does not kill, but he does "disable," often by maiming someone through strategically aimed shots at his victim's kneecaps. "He'll live," the Terminator says as his victim lies writhing on the ground, screaming in pain; yet this somehow produces a comic explosion because the use of violence is obscured through the logical creation of a third alternative between killing and not killing. This same trick is repeated later along with one of Schwarzenegger's famous one-liners: "Trust me," he says before he lumbers off to shower a virtual army of police with "disabling" gunfire and tear gas in one of

the film's later sequences. Thus, the domestication of the T–800 necessitates that it becomes coded as antiviolent (as opposed to Sarah, who seems more like a machine than the T–800 for most of the film). One problem that one could point out with this way of coding the material is that Cameron equates antiviolence with justified violence (in Sarah's case, rendering her a systematic female monster) and violence just short of immediate death (in the T–800's case, making him a clever but lovable mechanical pet). As Jack Mathews notes with wry perceptiveness: "For a film to be anti-violent, its violence must repulse us, as George Holliday's home video did. If Cameron wants to do something about attitudes toward violence in America, he should buy himself a video camera and hit the streets. Or start making a different kind of movie."[74]

The other recurring topos included the film's budget, as wrapped up with the generation of its expensive special effects. Prior to the release of the film, rumors ran wild concerning the film's seemingly excessive budget, which ran the gamut of estimates ranging from $80 million to $110 million.[75] *Newsweek* released an estimate revealing that the majority of the film's budget went to Schwarzenegger's salary in the form of a Gulfstream III jet ($12 million), Cameron's salary ($6 million), the rights to create a sequel ($10 million), production costs ranging from stunts to catering ($34 million), and computer-generated special effects ($17 million).[76] The special effects "magic," known as "morphing" because of the computer program's ability to flow or metamorphose from one shape to another fluidly, was originally developed by Industrial Light & Magic graphics artist Doug Smythe.[77] As I later show, this magic was crucial to the depiction particularly of the T–1000 as a new type of monster deserving of a new level of demonic dread.

*Terminator 2* begins with an establishing shot of contemporary downtown Los Angeles on a hot summer day, which dissolves into the same scene set in July 2029, now ravaged by a nuclear holocaust, and the site of a lethal battle between machines and human beings. Although the camera zooms in to capture the adult John Connor's scarred face in an extreme close-up, the unseen Sarah Connor's voice frames the narrative for us. Through her we find out that 3 billion human lives ended on August 29, 1997, only to face the bleak prospect of battling the machines in a war called Judgment Day. Sarah Connor also serves as the narrative conduit that connects *Terminator* with its sequel. She explains that Skynet, on the verge of losing the battle, sent two Terminators back through a time machine: one was set to strike against the pregnant Sarah in 1984 (which failed in *Terminator*); the other, at John Connor as a child. Just as in *Terminator,* the resistance had managed to send a warrior to protect John, yet at this point, what

that protector looks like is not clear. From the start, therefore, in a remarkable though limited parallel to the opening sequence of James Whale's 1935 *Bride of Frankenstein,* a woman's voice appears to form the outermost narrative frame of this story. Like Elsa Lanchester's Mary Shelley, Sarah Connor appears as the author of the narrative. Furthermore, like Elsa Lanchester's monstrous bride, Sarah Connor emerges as a powerful and monstrous woman whose authority in the narrative is consistently undermined in favor of her son and his mechanical surrogate father-servant, as we shall see.

After "the seahorse, rocking-horse, turtle, and chipmunk of the Apocalypse" scene[78] (which ends with a close up of the Terminator endoskeleton, its large teeth gleaming and its red eyes aglow, surrounded by flames), the usual electric arcs and Frankensteinian effects are used to reveal a once again nude Schwarzenegger, emerging from the remains of an electrical sphere that has burnt in a small orange crater into a pavement. Schwarzenegger's muscle mass, although not as considerable as it was in *Terminator* (in keeping with his more "human" role), is still a spectacle. When the nude Terminator walks into a truck-stop diner, he is the object of both scopophilic desire and awe, as well as ridicule and amusement. As women gawk and attempt to flirt with him and men stare back, either amused or impassive, the Terminator scans the room until he finds a vicious-looking biker whose clothing dimensions match his own. Unlike in the earlier *Terminator,* Schwarzenegger now has more than seventeen lines and we hear him speak very early in the narrative. "I need your clothes, your boots, and your motorcycle," he says in a flat monotone and with the familiar unblinking stare. Like the earlier *Terminator* scenes (in which the T–800 is greeted with similar derision by the three punks), the biker scoffs and grinds his cigar into the Terminator's naked and massive chest, thus initiating the usual melee that can only result in the Terminator's inexorable acquisition of the biker's "baaad" clothing, Harley bike, and gun (as signaled by the film's "Bad to the bone" refrain) in the end. When the owner of the diner attempts to prevent the Terminator from leaving with his stolen goods by pointing a 10-gauge Winchester lever-action shotgun at him, the T–800 simply strides over expressionlessly, swipes the gun away like a "striking cobra,"[79] and, with a flourish, takes away the man's fashionable sunglasses to complete the baaad look, and rides off on the motorcycle—a "half-campy gesture that brought down the house at the movie's sweltering preview."[80] At this point, the tension that the contrasting juxtaposition of the publicity campaign's heralding of *Terminator 2* as involving Schwarzenegger's character as world savior and the persistence of the depiction of the T–800 as a powerful and remorseless force in these

early scenes generated hang in a tight balance. When the Terminator simply takes the older man's sunglasses, rather than killing or maiming him, this generates a humorous, cathartic release from that tension, as audiences cheer the return of the strangely beloved, psychopathic creature from the earlier film.

In scenes that again mime and yet rewrite the earlier film, a naked man, shaped similarly to Kyle Reese, the soldier-lover who had protected and impregnated Sarah Connor in *Terminator,* appears on the scene. However, this man's flesh is unmarred by the numerous scars that charred Reese's body; neither does he gasp and remain doubled over in pain when he first arrives. In fact, we do not see him directly "birthed" by the time machine in the same way the T–800 model is. Instead, all we have are traces of what had earlier happened: the usual strong winds, garbage-strewn streets, persistent electric arcs, and a large sphere burnt into a wire fence. With lethal precision, he pounces on his first victim and gains his clothing (and weaponry as well as information) from a Los Angeles policeman—perhaps a cynical commentary on what "serving" and "protecting" on the policeman's badge has come to signify, given its recently tainted history. (Cameron, in an interview, called it "an amazing irony" that George Holliday, the amateur cameraman who videotaped Los Angeles police beating suspected freeway speeder Rodney King, had shot footage on one of the *Terminator* sets in the same neighborhood and milked that coincidence to connect the two events by saying that both show a "dehumanized" Los Angeles police force.)[81] We eventually find out that this clean-shaven Reese double is the T–1000. Unlike the T–800, the T–1000 is, like *Blade Runner*'s replicants, "more human than human." It has a polite demeanor when it wants to, speaks with the natural inflections of a human being, and blends in much more easily than the T–800.

Yet the two time travelers are not the only ambiguously sketched characters. John Connor, the narrative's supposed future messiah, is a ten-year-old adopted brat with a foul mouth, a surly tone, and a juvenile rap sheet. Sarah Connor, the great mother of the future, is a cornered and desperate animal trapped in an asylum, capable of unpredictable atrocities reminiscent of Hannibal Lechter, such as using a screwdriver to puncture a doctor's kneecap or deploying a syringe filled with Drano like a gun cocked against a hostage's exposed neck. It is only within the context of the return of the two Terminators that John's criminal skills become rewritten as ingenious and heroic, and Sarah's feral acts become reenvisaged as justified and necessary.

A crucial component to the new Sarah's credibility as conjoined hysteric-visionary and woman warrior-female terminator is her new hard

body with its sculpted biceps, a "washboard" stomach, and marathoner's legs, and as an extension of that hard body, a sniper's familiarity with guns. Linda Hamilton reportedly spent three hours a day for thirteen weeks working out with her personal trainer, Anthony Cortes, and curtailed her diet to include only cereal with skim milk, chicken and dry salads. This regimen continued through the six months of shooting the film and included aerobic exercises, such as running, biking, swimming, and stair climbing, followed by free weights interspersed with work on a mini-trampoline, and for "dessert," walking lunges or an abdominal series.[82] In addition, Hamilton also underwent exacting training with Israeli commando Uzi Gal, who taught her skills in judo and military training. She learned to load clips, change mags, surveil a room on entry, and verify kills. Hamilton clearly did not enjoy this part of the training but went through it "because Sarah would have."[83] The result was Sarah as lioness protecting her son and lean, mean female Terminator. J. Hoberman describes her as an "even more crazy Rambette than Sigourney Weaver played in *Aliens*."[84] The tensions of Hamilton's transformation thus simultaneously empower and disempower her, rendering her the conjoined site of the first and third shadows. Both as a hystericized patient and as a caged animal, Sarah is pure, irrational body. Rendered as hard and as inflexibly resolute as the Terminator in fulfilling her mission, Sarah has become a female monster. As we shall later see, even her rehumanization fails to support her authority as the teller of the tale. Richard Corliss uses rather hyperbolic language but makes some valid points as he critiques Cameron's idea of a "strong and heroic woman," instantiated in the figures of Sigourney Weaver's Ripley in *Aliens* and the new Sarah in *Terminator 2*. "These are not strong women who use their ingenuity, humanity and mother wit. They are Rambo in drag. They have a higher testosterone count than the national debt ceiling; they solve problems with artillery and adrenaline. . . . Cameron wonders, Why can't a [modern] woman be more like a [mean] man? Then he makes her one."[85]

The screenplay attempts to render Sarah's portraiture more complex. After Sarah has been forcibly drugged, she dreams that Kyle Reese (Michael Biehn) appears to her and they share a tender moment. But as in the prior film, this moment cannot last long, and Kyle, before leaving her, commands her to continue protecting their son. Still in the dream, Sarah staggers after the impossibly and rapidly disappearing Reese, only to be pinned down by the medical staff, and then kidnapped by the Terminator. Like Virgil leading Dante through the circles of hell, Sarah's grim and silent guide leads her into a vision of a nuclear age inferno.[86] Sarah awakens, devastated by the dream that continues to haunt even her waking life.

According to brief interview quotes by Larry Kasanoff of Lightstorm Entertainment, the group responsible for the film's special effects, this brief interlude with Reese had actually been incorporated into early trailers for the film, but "in the normal process of editing the film, we found that the dream scenes were powerful on their own [Sarah's later apocalyptic dream]. So that scene hit the cutting-room floor."[87] In addition, according to the notes in the screenplay, although the scene was shot, it was edited because of "time considerations" and because Sarah's later dream at Salceda's camp reiterates the crucial points of this sequence. These crucial points are: (1) the reference back to the message Sarah receives from her future son in *Terminator* ("The future is not set. There is no fate but what we make for ourselves."), and (2) the imminent nuclear war.

Nevertheless, the effect of removing this sequence in the film renders Sarah's characterization more uniplanar. In *Terminator,* Sarah spends much of her time being a bumbling incompetent waitress constantly in danger of being victimized; in *Terminator 2,* Sarah spends most of her time being brutalized and brutalizing as an unstoppable war machine. Although the transformation is an interesting experiment in sketching the parameters of gender in relation to power and physicality, the new Sarah is not necessarily more empowered than the first Sarah. The narrative renders her so emotionally numb and obsessively driven that sympathizing with her is difficult, and she becomes a classic study of the monstrous—as a clear illustration of something or someone against whom we must be warned. (The two root words of *monstrous* are *monstrare,* meaning "to demonstrate or point to," and *monere,* meaning "to warn.") Despite the fact that Sarah's identity still seems excessively overdetermined by her relationship with her deceased lover-taskmaster, Reese, whose influence over her transcends even death (in a manner reminiscent of Hans's haunting of Christina beyond his death by guillotine in *Frankenstein Created Woman*), this scene allows us greater latitude in understanding Sarah's transformation. Admittedly, in production history stills, this rendition does restore some of Sarah's earlier femininity to her as evidenced in her wearing a short slip, and enables her and Reese to share the eyeline match that codes eternal lovers; but its inclusion would have given Sarah's characterization greater complexity and possible sympathy.

In the transformation from script to film, various changes were made to try to lighten up Sarah's character through humor. For example, after Sarah and Dr. Silberman (Earl Boen) watch a videotape of an earlier period in her treatment in which she raved about the reality of her dreams, Sarah, smoking a cigarette, coolly says: "I feel much better

now." The script details her saying "I was afraid . . . and confused. I feel much better now. Clearer." According to production notes on the screenplay, the change was done to facilitate a "big, tension relieving laugh after the morbid, angry hysterics of her outburst on the tape."[88] Yet somehow the film does not encourage laughter; Sarah is clearly feigning "sanity" as numerous television screens—a virtual medical panopticon—projecting her temporarily more docile demeanor, appear with various figures in lab coats taking notes. When it becomes evident that Silberman sees through her ruse and sadistically enjoys denying her request to contact her son, Sarah snaps, leaps over the table, and begins to choke him before she is subdued.

From that point a change in scene reveals an artificial intelligence lab, which briefly introduces Miles Bennett Dyson (Joe Morton) as the key scientist at Cyberdyne in charge of finding out how the Terminator's brain and artificial hand and forearm work. Viewers recognize these as remnants from the last Terminator appearance in *Terminator,* whose presence Cyberdyne had apparently kept secret. Cameron uses a long steadicam shot to center on and follow Dyson as he enters the vault to check out the artifacts to convey a sense of the excited activity at the laboratory in pursuit of a new type of technology. In addition, Cameron shoots Dyson's awed and fascinated gaze on the chip and metal endoskeleton in a manner reminiscent of the way he shot Carter Burke (Paul Reiser)'s similar gaze on the facehuggers floating in a glass container in *Aliens*. Using a mix of a shot-reverse shot and a rack focus in which Dyson's expressive face and then the gleaming artificial hand become the focus of the camera's gaze, Cameron codes Dyson as the Frankensteinian "mad scientist" of this movie. However, other subtle hints contradict this caricatured depiction of Dyson. Despite his high position at the company, his colleagues clearly treat him with genuine respect and regard, and he is obviously a family man. A novice at the company gingerly asks him whether he knows where the artifacts came from, and Dyson parries the question with gentle humor. He converses easily with the guard, who asks about his family as they open the vault that requires two keys. The fact that he is an African-American yuppie makes this an unusual role, particularly within the context not only of Hollywood's race-ridden codes and conventions, but also within the racial and classed representations of the Frankensteinian myth in cinema. Joe Morton reflected on the unusual nature of his role in this film: "Richard Pryor used to say that there were never any black people in science fiction because he figured the people in Hollywood thought we wouldn't be around in those days. This film is the antithesis of that. Not only is Miles around but he actually has some impact on the future. To

have a black man have some impact on global future is a relatively large statement for Hollywood to be making."[89] Morton also remarks that thus far, the fact that he has played black yuppie roles has not played against him because most African-American audiences are tired of seeing representations of blacks as gun-toting hoodlums. He adds, "You have to understand there are black people who have money; we don't all live in poverty. But I hopefully add a kind of humanity to them; whatever their particular dilemmas are."[90] Ultimately, at the end of the story, Morton's character—corporate yuppie, Frankensteinian scientist, and family man—still emerges as a black man who sacrifices himself to save the white "extended" family of Sarah, John, and the Terminator. Interestingly, the brief and tender scenes in which he chooses to spend time with his family instead of working on the chip[91] and the final scenes of his vision in which his sacrifice is depicted as an emotional reconciliation with his absent family were edited in the film, even though they were shot.[92] Like the Christlike and softer T–800, he too "naturally" dies. Indeed, the last image we have of him is not one in which he smiles at the vision of reuniting with his family in a world devoid of the specter of a nuclear war. Rather, the scene emphasizes his desperate hyperventilation and blank staring off as the bomb detonates, destroying his life's work. Nevertheless, the narrative dynamics of how this comes to pass are complex, rather than simple, and in terms of the general flow of the narrative, they allow him more latitude than most black characters cast in these types of cinematic stories. Dyson, like the T–800, ultimately emerges as a figure both empowered and disempowered on whose body the price of saving a technology-driven society is written. Dyson, like the T–800, emerges as a mixture of the second and first shadows; that is, as a powerful Frankensteinian scientist, he is as wedded to technology and as compulsive about his work as the Terminator (and is thus a technologized body). Yet he is also marked as a black and wounded body whose sacrifice is required by the narrative (thus "feminizing" him as a scapegoat within the structure of this type of cinematic mytheme). Unlike the creature who also heroically dies, we see his fear, vulnerability, and aloneness when he expires.

Both the T–800 and the T–1000 in their disguises as biker and cop track down their target and scan the crowded Galleria Mall, where John sits, absorbed in playing Missile Command—a game in which the player must stop the nuking of cities—with money he has stolen from an automated teller machine. Warned by his friend and partner in crime, Tim (Danny Cooksey), that a policeman is hunting him down, John manages to slip to a nearby exit, but the T–1000 spots him. John attempts to race off but finds himself sandwiched between the cop and the T–800, which

whips out a shotgun camouflaged in a package of long-stemmed roses (to a soundtrack deliberately derived from Guns n' Roses). As the screenplay notes indicate, this and the prior scenes were shot with the intent of "baiting and switching";[93] that is, making the audience believe that the T–1000, dressed as a cop and with the physique of Kyle Reese, is the good guy, whereas the T–800, dressed as a biker and with the same implacable body and voice as his earlier prototype, is the bad guy, only to prove that expectation wrong at the moment of confrontation. However, the marketing campaign had already tipped the movie's hand, and so the shock of the revelation had been taken away. The two creatures exchange fire and lock in combat; the T–800 initially appears to have the upper hand, but that soon changes. The seemingly human and smaller cop survives several shotgun wounds (this is the first indication his body is made of a fluid, silvery material, capable of absorbing the shock of gunfire penetration), and then after a titanic struggle, manages to hurl the more burly model through a glass door. Prior to resuming pursuit of his prey, in a moment of humor the T–1000 glimpses a chrome mannequin in the mall shop and does the Skynet equivalent of a double take. The moment passes swiftly and, compared with Abbott and Costello gags, is subtle. Yet it was deliberately inserted to provide "some brief comic relief to the tension of the scene prior to the upcoming roller coaster-ride action sequence in the canals."[94]

What ensues next is one of the film's most famous stunts, in which John on a tiny Honda motorcycle is chased by the T–1000 in a massive Kenworth tow truck through the freeways of Los Angeles; the T–800 is also in hot pursuit aboard his Harley. (Gary Davis is credited with choreographing this and other stunts,[95] and Joel Kramer with functioning as Schwarzenegger's stunt double).[96] John, seeking areas in which a truck would normally not be able to go, descends into a canal. After a moment's lull, the truck hurtles down into the canal, and "bellowing like a gutshot stegosaurus, . . . keeps plowing forward, gathering speed."[97] The T–800 jumps his bike "like Steve McQueen in 'The Great Escape,'"[98] vaults the fence over the canal, passes the gargantuan truck, and plucks the terrified ten-year-old off his bike. The Harley, bearing the Terminator and John, thunders into a narrow channel, into which the truck can neither fit nor veer away from. The passage proves too narrow (a coincidence discovered during location shooting) and the truck explodes in a ball of fire, revealing no evidence of the T–1000's survival at this point. Later, a silvery figure emerges from the flames after the T–800 and John have fled from the scene. Robert Patrick recalls that this was one of the more difficult scenes for him to act because the intense heat interfered with his concentration. As he stood in front of the flames,

it was so hot that he actually began to "smell the fabric on his clothing begin to smoulder" and ran "hard and fast" as soon as he was instructed to do so.[99]

The bewildered John calls a "time out" and orders the still-impassive T–800 to pull over. Like a doubting Thomas who has just been convinced that the dead can be resurrected, John pokes his fingers into the bullet holes that riddle the T–800's leather jacket. The T–800 convinces John that it would be best to flee, but John feels obligated to warn his foster parents of the impending danger. Yet his stepmother's unusual "sweetness" and the dog's persistent barking clue John and the T–800 that something must be wrong. The T–800 mimes John's voice to inquire about "Wolfy's" condition (the dog's real name is "Max"), and when the entity who is supposed to be Janelle Voight (Jenette Goldstein) acts as though nothing is wrong with "Wolfy" and inquires where "John" is, the T–800 slams down the phone unceremoniously and declares to the shocked ten-year-old that his foster parents are dead.

In one of the most striking displays of technological wizardry, the arm of "Janelle Voight" is shown to be a large steel knife slicing through her now-deceased husband's (Xander Berkeley as Todd Voight) mouth and emerging at the back of his head. "She" retracts her arm with studied detachment and morphs seamlessly from a liquid metal female form to a liquid metal male form, ultimately becoming the familiar policeman whom we recognize as the T–1000. The fluid movement from mother figure to monstrous automaton to apparent policeman strengthens the scene's shock effect and encourages feelings of fear and awe, not only diegetically but also technically, as evidenced in that numerous stories were printed attempting to explain these special effects. The mechanics for accomplishing this feat apparently began with George Lucas wanting to find a way in which a goat could be visually transformed into an ostrich, then into a peacock, among a host of other things, finally into a woman for the movie he was producing, *Willow*.[100] The director's company, LucasArts, has a subsidiary division called Industrial Light & Magic, which developed the process, and improved it for visual illusions in films such as the "Water Weenie" in Cameron's commercially less successful *The Abyss*.[101]

In a cross-cutting scene, John finds out that his real mother, Sarah Connor, is probably the T–1000's next termination target and that the T–800 is programmed to obey his orders. He had initially cried out for help when he had thought that the T–800 would forcefully prevent him from rescuing his mother, but when two "college jocks" come to his aid, he unappreciatively tells them to "take a hike." One irritated jock calls the cocky ten-year-old a "dipshit," and John relishes ordering the T–800

to grab the offending "douche bag," who now struggles helplessly against the T–800's grip. His friend jumps on the T–800 and a near homicide occurs. The T–800, wasting no energy, disables both men and is about to blow out one of the men's brains with a gun when John deflects the aim of the gun and orders the T–800 to put the weapon down. The scene moves rapidly across the registers of humor (when John improvises the throwaway line, "Put your leg down" to the obedient Terminator, who had earlier been instructed to stand on one leg; this line was not in the script), horror (when the Terminator almost shoots one of the men), and melodramatic humor (when John tearfully tries to explain why the Terminator cannot kill people unsuccessfully and eventually falls back on an order). The effect is what critics such as J. Hoberman have called a "Spielbergization"[102] of the T–800, where a "kinder, gentler,"[103] "petlike"[104] and "anti-Terminator"[105] Terminator emerges.

*Terminator 2* struggles to strike a balance between the dark, noir-like qualities that were among the successful hallmarks of *Terminator,* which aligned it with the dystopic films such as *Mad Max* (1979), *The Road Warrior* (1981), *Blade Runner* (1982), and *Streets of Fire* (1984), and the more optimistic fantasy narratives of even more commercially successful films such as *Star Wars* (1977), *Return of the Jedi* (1983), *The Empire Strikes Back* (1980), and the most broadly marketed, *E.T.* (1982).[106] To create that balance, Cameron had to render the T–800 increasingly "softer" (that is, more vulnerable or feminized relative to the other Terminator); the T–1000 as consistently and implacably "hard"—at least until the very end; John as increasingly more authoritative and in control; and his mother as moving from a position of forceful authority to one of humanized softness and eventual obedience to her son. Part of the reason for completely rewriting the character of the T–800 was because Schwarzenegger by then had moved on to a very high pay scale, having starred in action films such as *Commando* and *Predator;* a comedy, *Twins;* and the preceding summer's science fiction blockbuster, *Total Recall.*[107] Cameron justified his domestication of the T–800 in the following way: "Arnold is a personality worldwide and idol to millions of people, especially children, and that's something that has to be addressed. I couldn't have him walking down the street with a machine gun slaughtering everybody in sight. . . . Philosophically, you have to have a conscience and awareness of what you're doing."[108] Notwithstanding the ethical justification, the effect of softening the T–800 renders him a Koestlerian conjunction of numerous normally separated planes—as monster and pet, fearsome predator and mechanical underdog, artificial "father"-"mother" and "son" to his young-old master, John. As Susan Jeffords

notes, ". . . Unlike Sarah, [the T–800] will always stay with [John]. The Terminator is thus not only a father but a mother as well to John. . . . What had been its most frightening feature in *[Terminator]* . . . is now its most admirable feature: it will never stop caring about John."[109]

In addition, Schwarzenegger's character moves increasingly from the realm of the masculinized second shadow to the realm of the feminized or first shadow, as a body increasingly rendered emotional and vulnerable. As Schwarzenegger remarks concerning his character's continual physical degeneration: "'A part of my face gets blown away. My arm goes, and my knee gets blown away—so that you can see the flesh and the twisted machinery,' Schwarzenegger said. He smiled, adding, 'I'm a real mess.'"[110] The T–800 even begins to smile (particularly in the scene at Salceda's camp where he comes across a G.E. minigun, the most fearsome antipersonnel weapon of the Vietnam era, and his lips seem to move conspiratorially in an awkward grin) and ultimately, comes to understand why humans cry. (The screenplay has an extended sequence in which John attempts to instruct the T–800 on how to smile so as not to appear so "dorky" all the time; however, after studying a sample, all the T–800 can do is produce a "rictus-like curling of the lip."[111]) Ultimately, the T–800's last act resembles Ripley's final dive into oblivion in *Alien*[3]—with its role of scapegoat-sacrificial lamb usually reserved for female monsters within the Frankensteinian cinematic mythic structure. As Rushing and Frentz note in a parallel observation, "Like Ripley in *Alien*[3], the Terminator takes the world's technological sins unto himself, slips quietly into a vat of molten metal, and heroically sacrifices himself."[112] Nevertheless, the T–800 also remains the principal figure of hip one-liners, such as the famous "Hasta la vista, baby," as he blasts the momentarily helpless T–1000, immobilized by liquid nitrogen.

At an earlier point, there had been an intention to have Schwarzenegger portray two Terminators—a good one versus his evil twin or doppelgänger, a narrative very much in line with the Romantic roots of the *Frankenstein* narrative. According to Schwarzenegger, the idea was abandoned because Cameron had wanted a "new Terminator with a streamlined look" and admitted that it would have been "overindulgent" on his part to have played both roles.[113] Other pressures that influenced that decision seemed to include the amount of time on makeup work that would present and the additional stress that would result from causing even more delays in an already cramped production schedule.[114] As Schwarzenegger noted in another interview: "Action is not filmed from one minute to the next. With action, sometimes they

take six hours to set up and shoot for two or three hours and you have to rip it [the painstakingly created makeup] off again. You don't see out of one eye. Then you have to do the stunts and it becomes tricky."[115]

Thus, to make the T–800 seem the more outdated underdog, Robert Patrick's character was conceived as a "shapeshifting, demonic Silver Surfer clone, who regularly decomposes into mercury-like blobs and deliquesces up through the floor, impaling foes on his meaner-than-Edward scissorhands."[116] The creature's awesome mimetic capabilities are best illustrated in several computer-generated morphing scenes, such as the scene where he/it rises from the black-and-white floor at the asylum, checkered like a deadly jester figure;[117] the scene in which the T–1000 flows through bars at the asylum (and in a comic aside is startled to find that the gun he holds has not flowed through the bars with him); and the scene in which what appears to be a wounded Sarah Connor, calling out to her son for help, turns out to be the T–1000. The power of the graphics depended on the use of a grid system, allowing the technoartists to transform different parts of a character at different times and at different speeds, producing a visual melting. As computer graphics artist Doug Smythe explains, using the scene cited last: "A good example [of the grid system] is the shot where the T–1000 has changed into Sarah Connor, then turns into a cop as he spins around. If you were to look at single frames of it, there are places where the T–1000 has Sarah's hair and the cop's uniform. I also had his chest stay out in the form of the woman's breasts, then deflate into the shape of the cop's chest."[118] Yet despite the reliance on technological effects, not everything could be done purely from within computers. Thus, to make certain the T–1000 not only moved realistically, but mimicked Patrick's physique and manner of movement credibly (down to a slight limp due to a residual football injury), the staff instructed the actor to strip down to his shorts and stuck a grid of black tape on his body and filmed him running. They also scanned the actor's face with a laser device to replicate its exact dimensions into the computer.[119] Robert Patrick found the role challenging both physically as well as mentally. For example, the "Jiffy-Pop Man suit," the staff's affectionate term for the silvery Oscar-like look of the T–1000, was sometimes so difficult to get into that it had to be sprinkled with baby powder and put on while the wearer was lying down.[120] Like Schwarzenegger and Hamilton, Patrick underwent extensive physical and military preparation for his role, using skills in judo and weaponry training.[121] Yet perhaps the most interesting anecdote, as far as maximizing this advanced Terminator's monstrous look was the actor's interpretation of predatory behavior. He remarks with a sense

of humor: "I knew I had to do everything with my eyes. I never blinked. I'd just lock onto somebody and I wouldn't flinch. I watched my two cats for the movement, and I tried to have the patience of an insect. . . . I tried to make sure I was never in a hurry. . . . The thing I love about this guy is his coldness and sterility, and I think maybe I got off on some weird levels in this movie."[122]

Yet as the T–800's character softens, Sarah's and John's characters harden with Sarah's authority slowly stripped from her. After Sarah has been freed from the asylum with the help of the T–800 and her son, Sarah emerges as a survival machine. Cameron describes her character thusly: "She's a sad character—a tragic character. She's reached a mental place where she is devoid of emotional response—for very good reason. . . . She believes that everyone she meets, talks to or interacts with will be dead very soon."[123] Cameron sets up Sarah's character rhetorically to represent the value of an individual human life, yet ironically, Sarah is so intent on not losing a single human life in the upcoming holocaust that she forgets to value and love even her son as a human being. Thus, when they flee from the asylum, she expresses neither gratitude nor affection but instead severely berates her headstrong son for his "foolishness" in risking himself for her. In this, she shares the logic of the T–800, who had initially resisted the idea of trying to save Sarah because she is not a "mission priority."[124] In the ostensible interests of "pacing" and time constraints, the film cuts out many parts of the screenplay that render Sarah's character complex. The film, for example, cuts out any reference to the affair she had with a Hispanic guerilla soldier, Travis Gant (who eventually becomes rewritten as Salceda, the devoted friend and proud family man), to milk him for the survival skills she needed to train her son for his destiny.

> GANT: Yeah . . . now I look back I can see your whole plan. Find some guy that knows weapons and tactics, some dumb bastard, and get him to teach you how to run a military operation . . . so you could pass it on when the kid was old enough. Brilliant. And I was the dumb bastard.
>
> SARAH: Travis. . . .
>
> GANT: Everything had a purpose. Coming on to me, getting me to teach you, take you out on runs. Christ, I didn't care. Long's you wrapped them legs around me, I'd a done anything. Damn, you didn't give one shit for me really, did you?
>
> . . .
>
> SARAH: I'm sorry, Travis. . . . I did what I had to do.[125]

Despite the fact that throughout the scene, Sarah maintains her "nerves of fucking stainless steel,"[126] this is a more human Sarah, who knows contrition and seeks redemption—not simply the fulfillment of a mission. Instead, due to directorial cuts, the predominant image of Sarah is that of her bared teeth as she thrashes against the hospital orderlies and Dr. Silberman, or that of well-muscled forearms as she wraps an explosive cord around a yellow drum marked "FLAMMABLE" and barks to the three men who serve as her laboratory hijacking accomplices: "Go ahead—I'll finish here." Although Sarah is not invincible, her wounding, particularly in the shoulder, during that chase scene in which the T–1000 pierces the interior of an elevator as they flee from the mental institution, only serves to harden her further. Like the Terminator, she is overwhelmingly concerned with ensuring John's physical safety (she manually scans him for wounds when John wraps his arms around her), and appears as incapable of emotional communication as the T–800, who asks what the matter is with John's eyes, when they begin to water with tears.

In the screenplay, another scene is excised. This scene entails John and Sarah doing rudimentary "brain surgery" on the T–800 to enable him to "learn" rather than be in a "read-only" mode. Despite the fact that she and the T–800 have just spent the prior period "repairing" each other's wounds and stitching each other up, Sarah moves to crush the T–800's now exposed brain chip. John reacts swiftly, cupping the chip, and legalistically arguing that if he was supposed to become this great leader someday, then no one else would follow him if she did not. Once again, production history notes in the screenplay reveal that although the entire operation sequence was filmed, it was edited out because it was deemed "unnecessary" and had to go because of time constraints. Instead, the bridge line, "The more contact I have with humans, the more I learn," explains how the T–800 slowly acquires more and more human characteristics. The excision of the scene, along with the others previously mentioned, renders Sarah's final transformation from monstrous female back to hystericized body even more dramatic because it now happens without prior hint of Sarah being anything but a female Terminator. As she stands over the bleeding Miles Dyson, whose body is momentarily covered by his pleading young son, Sarah seems to remember her own son and begins to shiver and break down. From that point onward, she becomes a more conventionally represented female. Whether she raves like an excessive radical feminist or is again wounded in the thigh in the final chase sequences, Sarah's prior centrality and authority now become passed on to her son, who increasingly emerges as the stronger one. As Jeffords astutely observes: "But just when [Sarah's] feminist critique of masculine birth compensation gets rolling,

John Connor calmly interrupts: 'Mom. We need to be a little more constructive here.' Seated beside the Terminator, already taking command, John's retort relegates Sarah to the background. He and the Terminator programmed by his future self are in control."[127] The scene renders Sarah the butt of the joke and censures her for her intensity, which is coded as unhealthy and unnatural—even man-hating. And this is behavior the film will not allow without disciplining it.

Humor for the most part remains squarely the province of John and the T–800. There are scenes in which the T–1000 becomes the agent of the shift from the ah/ooh experience to the ha-ha experience but they occur only sporadically. Examples of such instances include the T–1000's very boyish and human expression of admiration for a policeman's motorcycle—a foreshadowing that he will eventually possess this new toy (which was eventually excised in the final released film);[128] and his shaking of his finger at Sarah, as if remonstrating her for having been a naughty child after she repeatedly blasts him close to the edge of the pit of molten steel (which was unscripted but appeared in the final film release). Yet generally, humor is generated through the interactions between John and his artificial father-mother-servant-savior, the T–800. Thus, humor erupts through the Koestlerian conjunction of a child serving as a parent to a machine, teaching him not to be too "dorky" by using hip expressions such as "no problemo" rather than "affirmative," and subtly attacking the masculinity of one's opponents through phrases such as, "Hasta la vista, baby" or "Later, dickwad."[129] And laughter becomes possible through the bisociation of a machine deadpanning these expressions appropriately in an all too human way or indulging in a rictus-like imitation of a smile. Ultimately, also, through the Christlike machine's appropriation of the thumbs-up sign, manually indicating a "no problemo"—"mission completed" sign does the ah-ooh experience melt with the ha-ha experience, producing catharsis and the essential closure to this narrative. Despite the fact that Sarah's voice utters the final words, "The unknown future rolls toward us. I face it for the first time with a sense of hope, because if a machine, a terminator, can learn the value of human life, maybe we can, too," this clearly is simply a denouement. These are the words of someone who witnesses, rather than creates, history.[130] The tensions of this hybrid genre are such that Sarah, as rehabilitated mother and human being, is given the power almost to kill the T–1000 and the inner strength to lower the T–800 to his heroic death. Nevertheless, despite her courage and power, which this hybrid version of the Frankensteinian cinematic myth allows, Sarah is clearly secondary to the T–800 as both a warrior and as a mother.

## RICOCHETING BETWEEN FANTASY AND DARK HUMOR: *ALIEN: RESURRECTION*

The reason *Alien: Resurrection* is in this chapter rather than in chapter three, with *Alien, Aliens,* and *Alien*[3] is that *Alien: Resurrection,* far more like *Terminator* and *Terminator 2,* moves more rapidly across the registers of dark humor and horror (that is, it belongs more to the ah/ooh-ha experience rather than to the ah/ooh experience) than its predecessors. Indeed, Jean-Pierre Jeunet, the French director who worked on *Alien: Resurrection* (after the job was offered to Danny Boyle and David Cronenberg, who both turned down the offer),[131] is known for his "pungent infusions of surreal humor"[132] and "Dickensian sci-fi look"[133] evident in films such as *Delicatessen* and *The City of Lost Children*. This fourth installment fluctuates between excessive shock techniques that inspire horror and demonic dread (Peter Rainer writes: "Every image, every effect, is keyed to some kind of gross-out"[134]), which are characteristic of its *Alien* forerunners, and the glib one-liners and grisly sight gags characteristic of the *Terminator* films. An example of the latter is when General Perez (Dan Hedaya), after one of the alien warriors has taken a bite of the back of his head, fingers a piece of his brain with his eyebrows fluffed in incredulous surprise. Originally, this scene was taken out but a screen test inclusive of this scene in Las Vegas elicited laughter and applause from the audience, and so it was reinserted into the final product.[135] Even Joss Whedon, the scriptwriter, was hired partly because of his work on the *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* series, which Whedon describes as a delicate balance between the "incredibly whimsical and incredibly creepy."[136] Whedon deadpans his own credentials: "I think [Twentieth Century Fox] looked at *Buffy* and that spec script *[Suspension]* and figured, okay, he can write chicks and action, let's talk to him about *Alien*."[137]

*Alien*[3] despite its interesting reconceptualization of Ripley's ongoing battle with the aliens, was a $60-million flop, and Sigourney Weaver's adamant refusal to play Ripley again unless something new and challenging was added to the role, is well known.[138] A paycheck of $11 million (as opposed to $30,000, which is what she was paid for her *Alien* debut) helped cure her aversion, but Whedon's script was also crucial to Weaver's willingness to return to the role. Whedon confronted the task of credibly bringing Ripley back to life after she had voluntarily perished (like the T–800) in a vat of molten metal. His answer to the conundrum was one used by *Jurassic Park* in resurrecting dinosaurs: cloning from frozen blood samples taken from the pregnant Ripley by her former lover-medic on Fiorina 161 in *Alien*[3]. The use of cloning as a narrative

explanatory device also allowed the imaginative screenwriter to forge new possibilities, particularly in terms of Ripley's characterization. The new Ripley was now the eighth attempt at cloning, and her genetic makeup was part-human, part-alien. Reminiscent of Sarah Connor's remake in *Terminator 2,* the result was an incredibly more powerful and feral Ripley, who could sense the aliens' embryos implanted in human bodies through her hyperenhanced sense of smell; hear and understand the aliens' ultrasonic signals to each other through her hyperenhanced hearing; and use her acid-blood to sear holes into metal and glass. Yet Whedon also spoke of the more human aspects of Ripley's resurrection as pivotal to the film's plot: "I didn't realize for a long time that this resurrection was not just going to be a part of the movie, but its central issue. . . . Finally, I realized that the emotional arc of the story rides on her feelings as she goes through this resurrection. Her story, for me, is about her accepting her own kind of humanity, on her own terms even if she doesn't necessarily fit the description of 'human.'"[139] Weaver similarly enthused about the script, moving between the first and third persons while talking about her role as a resurrected hybrid entity:

> I think the thing that drew me to the part was the idea of waking up and suddenly existing with a clean slate, only to quickly discover that she is part alien. . . . In this movie, I'm not in the position of having to do the right thing . . . all the things Ripley has done in the past. I'm also a much better survivor because I think I'm much more cold blooded about it, literally. Apparently, beneath our mammalian brain is a reptilian part of the brain . . . [that has] huge appetites. I think she's tapped into that, she's quite a voracious creature, meaning that she wants to live and is quite cold-blooded about it. It's in her species, whatever she is, that alien will to live, and having been dead, none of the rest of it is terribly important. . . .[140]

The film opened in November 1997 to predominantly enthused reviews after months of excited speculation concerning rumored conflicts between Jeunet and Weaver; various changes in Joss Whedon's script, which had become available on the Internet before the movie was released;[141] and conflicting scoops regarding the appearance and behavior of the newborn alien. For example, O'Connell reports: "Bold in conception and breathtaking in execution, Ripley's return has been whipping U.S. preview audiences into a frenzy for the past few months. Fox execs may have tried to fake positive buzz about the film on the Internet . . . but they needn't have bothered. The word was already good."[142]

Rainer remarks, "The film may be schlock, but it's a higher grade than we are accustomed to from this series. . . ."[143] More ambivalently

Dargis writes, "But Jeunet isn't Cameron: His sense of action is located in his production design. The film, though often nerve-racking, is undone by a witty aesthetic that upstages the actors and, for a short while, plugs the script's holes. . . ."[144]

The released film immediately thrusts its audience into the ah/ooh experience. It begins by featuring a strangely warping, porous object that has the color of Caucasian skin. As the credits roll, the thing undulates like a strange film with extreme close-ups of strands of dark hair and an eye becoming recognizable and then wafting out as the material continues undulating. This was apparently not the beginning Jeunet had wanted (although there are some similarities, as you will see in the description following), but the one he had imagined creating was far too expensive to produce. According to Jeunet, they spent $400,000 trying to create the scene he describes below, but really needed $1.5 million to finish it: "It starts with just texture, then we see an eye. We think it's the alien, but then this finger appears and scratches it and we realize it's an insect! Then the finger places the insect on a drinking straw, the straw is lifted to a pair of lips which blow on the straw and WHOOSH! The insect flies across the room and SPLATS! on the camera and drips down. . . . Then we pull back and we see that what it's splatted on is the windscreen of the cockpit of a HUUUUGE spaceship! . . ."[145]

Whedon's "final script," which was published on the Internet continues the same dream/nightmare motif that was characteristic of the earlier *Alien* films.[146] It features three pages of detailed crosscutting between nightmarish images of a young girl being attacked by a swarm of monstrous insects (with one of Newt's memorable lines in *Aliens* being uttered in a voice-over: "My mommy said there were no monsters—no real ones—but there are") and Ripley, with dark, alien eyes, ripping open her own chest; and "real" images of Ripley being operated on by a medical team aboard the *U.S.S. Auriga* to harvest the alien queen that gestates in her chest. The film, however, omits the nightmare and immediately presents the audience with the spectacle of a naked young girl, encased like a preserved specimen in a glass container. Her features dissolve imperceptibly into Ripley's recognizable features, and we realize that the girl has slept her way into maturity in that aqueous artificial womb. Around her, ubiquitous Frankensteinian scientists stare, observing and recording. Among these scientists two figures stand out. One of them is Dr. Gediman (Brad Dourif), whose character Jeunet describes, much like Colin Clive's Henry Frankenstein in the 1931 *Frankenstein* as, "wildly enthusiastic, gradually going into madness. He has a paternal side with the aliens. Above all he wants to save his experiment. Blinded by his passion, he doesn't see the consequences of it."[147]

Yet if Gediman may be described as paternal, then his famous "kissing scene against the glass" with one of the alien warriors he studies and then gasses with liquid nitrogen to exert dominance, is both incestuous and bizarre. The other major scientist, who is Gediman's superior, is Dr. Wren (who is ironically named because a wren is a very small, musical bird). J. E. Freeman plays Wren, who described his character as: "an evil man who is quite mad, with a grand idea and a twisted sense of humor. Mengele with a sense of humor."[148]

Yet the action of the first scenes truly begins when we see that Gediman, under the verbal mentorship of Wren, is using a laser saw to cut into Ripley's chest.[149] With barely contained excitement, he extracts the still sleeping, fetal alien, which awakens and bares its teeth. Gediman manages to place the wriggling creature in an incubator filled with amniotic fluid, and disaster is averted; Gediman then looks hopefully at Wren, asking whether he can keep the "host" alive, and Wren gives his okay to sewing up (and saving) Ripley. In the script, Ripley's status as a female monster is revealed early (even her skin is blue and covered with "aspic slime").[150] In this scene, she immediately lashes out and crushes a surgeon's forearm before a rapid cut is signaled in the screenplay. In the film, that revelation is reserved for later. We next see her cocooned in translucent plastic; in a series of dissolves, the camera draws closer to the figure curled up like a fetus as she becomes conscious. Like the creature in *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed,* who wakes up to realize he has been reborn in another's body, Ripley examines her hands, touches her face, feels the birth scar running along her chest and finds the number "8" tattooed near the crook of her elbow. Yet more like the Terminator, Ripley remains stoic and unmoved, "her face unreadable."[151] The published script even more blatantly codes her as a conjunction of female monster (third shadow) and wild, hysterical woman who "needs" to be contained (first shadow): "Ripley crouches in the middle of a small, dark chamber. She is wide-eyed, staring straight ahead in a state of near catatonia. Hair tangled and wild. But at least she's not so blue as before, not as slimy. The only light on her comes from directly above, from a thick pane of glass in the center of the ceiling."[152]

When we next see Ripley, she is dressed in a white lab gown, seated on a table as Gediman examines what remains of her surgical wounds. In the film, her hands are harnessed, and she grabs Gediman with her legs—a gesture both sensual and aggressive—snaps her bonds, and begins to strangle him. Wren, who had walked into the room and had alternated between not speaking to Ripley (as if she were a lab rat) and speaking to Ripley (albeit in the tone of a father proud of a prodigious child), now sounds the alarm. A guard runs in and blasts Ripley with a

"shockrifle" or "burner," causing her to crumple in a corner. In the script, like the bewildered creature of the Frankenstein narrative, Ripley wearily asks "Why?"; however, the film has Ripley strategically quiet, almost as if she were weighing her options for survival.

Thus, the Ripley who emerges in the film is very much like the remade Sarah O'Connor in *Terminator 2;* she is ruthless, both as a survivor and a destroyer, and at this point, seems devoid and perhaps even incapable of emotion. Like the Terminator, she has "detailed files" because as an unexpected benefit of her genes mixing with those of the embryonic alien queen she carried, she retains a genetically inbuilt collective memory. This memory, despite its occasional "cognitive dissonance," allows her to respond as a fully grown adult with most of her prototype's original memories. Unlike the recreated Sarah, however, the resurrected Ripley is not detached from her sexual power as a female—both erotically and reproductively. Thus, constant sexual innuendos decorate her speech, particularly in relation to Johner (Ron Perlman), and she identifies herself as the "mother of the monster" to the terrified, impregnated Purvis (Leland Orser). In the script, reality fades imperceptibly into a dream sequence, in which she surprises Gediman as he observes the aliens. She flirts with him and then takes the initiative and seduces him with a kiss. Just when a romantic interlude looks inevitable, an alien tongue shoots out of her mouth and "buries itself" in his face. Ripley awakens, breathing hard.[153] Despite the fact that this section of the scene never made it to the final cut, Jeunet clearly made it his prerogative to "[push] Sigourney to be more sexual."[154]

This enhanced sexuality shows up particularly in several key scenes that establish how this Ripley is very different from her predecessors. One such scene involves the basketball game she plays with Johner, who is initially coded as the "asshole" of the ragtag gang of smugglers who board the *Auriga* to trade live human bodies locked in hypersleep capsules for cash. In the script, Ripley's hands are bound as she dribbles a ball absently by herself when the smugglers arrive for some relaxation. (These smugglers are Elgyn, Michael Wincott, the leader; Hillard, Kim Flowers, his lover; Vriess, Dominique Pinon, the crippled chief mechanic; Analee Call, Winona Ryder, a female mechanic and a character discussed in detail later; Christie, played by Gary Dourdon, who is described in some ways as similar to the Terminator—large and ruthless with guns;[155] and the unattractive and mean Johner, Ron Perlman). Johner immediately comes on to her and proposes a one-on-one. In the script, Ripley first ignores him, then tells him to get away from her, and then quietly threatens to "hurt" him. When Johner says he might "enjoy" that, she returns his smile and attacks. Johner's com-

rades counterattack, but she easily repels each one of them. When Johner, now angry, seeks to reclaim his wounded masculinity and charges, she "throws him to the ground, snarling."[156] It is only when Wren appears with four armed guards that Ripley withdraws, offering, in dark humor, the feeble excuse that Johner "smells" as sufficient reason to want to kill him.

The film changes the tableau a fair bit. The scene begins with an extremely low-angle shot of Ripley dribbling a ball around her long, leather-clad legs; her nails are colored black—much like the Frankensteinian creature with dead nails or the aliens with dark talons. Both the angle of the shot and her brown leather costume, which resembles the color of the aliens, code her as monstrous. Costume designer Bob Ringwood recounts that the effect was achieved through some luck: ". . . I did this brown leather outfit and made it so you could have it with or without sleeves. . . . We tailored it for Sigourney, with these cuffed rolls at the shoulders, and because she was so tall and thin, they ended up looking like a version of some alien bone structure. It was a nice parallel but quite accidental. Sometimes these things happen unconsciously."[157]

Nevertheless, the formfitting quality of her costume, with its low-cut top, as well as her long, lithe body—between an athlete and a model—underline her sexual desirability. Johner, who "can't lay off the tall ones," immediately comes over to "play ball." Ripley smiles flirtatiously and simply manages to keep the ball out of his hands while engaging him in some sexually charged positions: holding the ball behind her as she thrusts her chest at him, holding the ball above his head, and then playing with it above his head as she wraps her arms around him in a semiembrace. He proposes that they try "some other indoor sports," but Ripley simply continues smiling, teasing him with both her and the ball's proximity but unavailability. He finally irately demands that she give him the ball, and she attacks. The rest of the action sequences blur into motion, this time with a higher degree of testosterone. In the script, for example, Christie, a hulking African American, hits Ripley with an ashtray;[158] in the film, he hits her squarely in the face with a large dumbbell as he plays "catch." She is momentarily stunned, and blood runs down her nose. (In the script, she next extracts a bloody tooth, which stuns Christie.) But she then takes the offensive, and a sharp cut to a close-up reveals the stunned Christie on the floor on his belly. Yet this Ripley does not seem to regard the events as seriously as her script counterpart. Indeed, she only seems to be playing a game with them, as a cat toys with its prey. Wren, when he arrives with armed soldiers, confirms this interpretation as he applauds and

congratulates her with the words, "Had enough fun?" The script ends that scene by revealing that Ripley's blood, like that of the aliens, is corrosive, but the film creates an even more climactic finish, aimed at showing that Ripley is even more masculine than the men, while maintaining her femininity. Seemingly effortlessly, she sinks a "no look three pointer" as she strides disdainfully off the floor. (Weaver apparently trained rigorously with Nigel Miguel for two weeks, and completed the shot perfectly in only three takes. Ron Perlman apparently broke character, gaped and cheered, as did Jeunet and the rest of the staff, necessitating a rapid cut thereafter.)[159]

The sexual tension between Ripley and Johner continues in the film. For example, when the Aliens have broken free (by strategically killing one of their own kind so that its acid blood could seep through the floor enabling them to escape), Ripley declares provocatively, "So who do I fuck to get off this boat?" In the script, Johner mumbles: "Wait a second here . . . ," but the finished film has him saying, à la a James Bond double entendre, "I can get you off—maybe not the fucking boat. . . ." In another illustration of how humor and sexuality are mingled to this new Ripley, when she is examining a fork at the dining area as Gediman enjoys his meal, she appears struggling to recapture a memory, and the scientist interprets her expression to mean she is searching for the word *fork*. Yet when the memory returns, she mutters "fuck," not "fork." He pretends to correct her and repeats: "Fork." The faintest ghost of a smile plays on her lips, displaying amusement at his insistence on maintaining a pedagogical, asexual role in relation to the fascinating specimen he is studying.

Yet this Ripley (clone number 8) is sexual not only in relation to male bodies but also in relation to female bodies—and in particular to the extremely attractive Annalee Call, who, we later find out, like the Terminators, is an advanced robot created by robots. Early in the narrative, Call is simply a tough, pretty girl, who is "the very devil with a socket wrench." All the men clearly seem to gravitate toward her sexually. General Perez remarks that she "makes an impression;" Elgyn, the leader of the smugglers, remarks that he finds Call "extremely fuckable" and that Vriess "somewhat pines"; and Johner, when he finds out that Call is not human, exclaims with horror that he "almost fucked that thing." Yet other than an asexual protectiveness over Vriess (who is disabled), Call, like the androids Bishop and Ash in earlier *Alien* films, seems oblivious to the sexual interest in her. Yet even Ripley responds to her sexual desirability. In the scene in which Call sneaks into Ripley's chamber with a large stiletto to assassinate the woman whom she thinks is carrying the monster, Call falters when she glimpses Ripley's scar and

realizes that such a murder would be pointless. Cold-blooded as ever, Ripley provocatively asks whether Call intends to kill her, thus turning the tables. When Call offers to euthanize Ripley, Ripley thrusts her own palm into Call's large dagger without flinching, inquiring: "What makes you think I would let you do that?" before she withdraws her hand from the blade. In the script, Ripley then only "touches [Call's] forehead gently, almost sensually"[160] as she speaks of the inevitability of the aliens' escape and their wholesale destruction of everyone they encounter. But the film shows Ripley gripping Call and sensually caressing her face as she utters the words of impending doom in a husky, seductive voice as if seeking to hypnotize her prey. With lightning quickness, she then grabs Call's throat, and ironically returns the terrorist's offer with the words: "I can make it stop. . . ." (The script has her saying this sadly, but the film reconstructs the line to be meant mockingly. The Koestlerian bisociation between Ripley's soothingly uttered offer of salvation and her deadly grasp of the young girl's neck inspires the entire gamut of horror, fear, awe, and fascination and enables us to witness Ripley's dark, predatory humor at work.)

Yet Ripley's sexuality seems to cross not only gendered boundaries but also species boundaries. When she slips into a lower layer where "a swarm of black, insectile bodies"[161] undulate rhythmically, the slimy material and phallic shaped objects envelope her suggestively. When she is first captured by the warrior aliens, she is borne gently in their arms. The online script makes the erotic coding even more obvious by adding the line: "If she were awake and out of her mind, she could be kissing the beast."[162] Even more blatantly, in the published script, it becomes clear that her cross species grandson (that is, the hybrid son born from the human womb of the alien queen) has sexual designs on her.

> Ripley stares in near shock as [the newborn] frees her arm, bringing itself closer to her. Something like a sigh escapes it.
>
> Ripley reaches out and tentatively puts her arm on its smooth head. . . . It turns its head and she can see a filmy, reptilian eye open and regard her.
>
> The Newborn wraps its arms around her. She is trying hard not to shake. She looks down as it presses itself against her . . . a slit in its belly moves, widens as a dripping protuberance begins to emerge. It looks mostly like a giant earwig. But it's not. Ripley gasps audibly as the creature's intentions become clear.[163]

In the finished film, this scene is cut, but the potential romantic interlude between cross-species grandmother and grandson is reserved for the dramatic conclusion. (Interestingly, the "grandson," although it

is coded as masculine, has breasts.) In this version, Ripley leaves the controls of the ship to Johner and Vriess, and descends just in time to save Call from the newborn, which is, like Ripley earlier, toyingly caressing the terrified android's face. Ripley calls softly and yet unmistakably imperiously to the newborn, as if it were her child, or her lover. He-it approaches her, and they caress each other as Call stands transfixed by this grotesque dalliance. Ripley continues to run her hand along the newborn's head and suddenly presses hard against its teeth, cutting herself. She flicks blood to a small glass window, creating a vacuum that sucks the newborn out, cutting and filtering its guts out through the tiny opening as it screams in pain and anger. In the released film, Ripley's ambivalent alliances become clear: she grimaces in sympathy and pity as she, hanging on for her own life, watches her cross species grandson suffer. She whispers, "I'm sorry," sharing its agony. (In the script on the Internet, the grotesque spectacle of dying by being sucked through a tiny hole was reserved for General Perez, but the film instead substitutes the equally macabre—though darkly humorous—scene of the general being bitten in the back of his head and then plucking out a piece of his own brain in disbelief.)[164]

Thus, the Ripley who emerges in the final film is like a Christlike (and demonic) figure who is both fully human and fully divine—but in this version, fully human and fully nonhuman. Nevertheless, despite her numerous enhancements, Ripley is still coded as a human woman—a mother figure, who protects the android Call (a mechanical substitute for Newt in *Aliens*) at all costs. Her humanity and potential vulnerability (and thus her simultaneous status as first or feminized shadow) is also underlined particularly in the first scenes when she is bound by the scientists to keep her under surveillance. In a pivotal departure from the online script, when Ripley laughs mockingly and sneers at the ridiculous idea that the aliens can be taught how to do tricks like a dog, Dr. Wren smugly answers: "Why not? We're teaching you"—which silences Ripley. (In contrast, in the script on the Internet, Ripley has the last word when she says, "It's a cancer. You can't teach it tricks."[165]) Another scene that underlines Ripley's simultaneous status as first and third shadows (which intersect in their characterization of her as pure body—whether it be hystericized, immobilized body, or monstrous, uncontrollable body) occurs when Ripley enters the laboratory that provides proof of her identity as a thing they have spawned through laboratory experimentation. Ripley's face, which had earlier either been impassive or mocking, reveals anger, revulsion, and pity as she walks past the seven clones, most of whom are encased in glass containers and lined up like museum exhibits or sideshow freaks (shot like the encased aliens in the

earlier *Alien* films). One container shows a fetal, undeveloped Ripley with the alien shown incubating in its translucent chest. Another shows a prematurely aged, withered Ripley. Another shows an attempt to grow the alien without its host, which has degenerated into a mouth surrounded by mildewed tissue. Yet number 7 transfixes Ripley. "A complete mixture of alien and human DNA. A tortured, disgusting hybrid, half Ripley, half nightmare. Hooked up to wires and machines, it lies on the tilted table, its head nearly level with Ripley's as she finally approaches it. When it opens its eyes, they are hers."[166]

The clone beseeches her to kill it. Call solemnly hands Ripley the grenade launcher. Number 7 nods, assenting and encouraging the sobbing number 8, who vengefully torches the whole laboratory. The scene powerfully underlines Ripley's status as passive flesh that has been first impregnated by an alien and then experimented on and cultured in a laboratory like a lab rat. When she emerges from the laboratory with her eyes burning, her hands clenched around the weapon as she heads for the terrified Wren, we recognize her in her status as a third shadow (female monster-vengeful Rambette). Yet the movie, like the *Terminator* films, relies on sudden humorous shifts to balance its intensity. Call pleads with Ripley not to "do it." After staring down the cowering Wren, Ripley walks off, disdainfully saying, "Don't do what?" A quick shot reveals the viewpoint of Wren, who is startled as Call's fist suddenly slams out, decking him, before she follows Ripley. The suddenness and unpredictability of the move, combined with Call's tiny figure as well as her exaggerated humanitarianism (which is discussed in detail later), conjoins several normally dissociated planes, generating laughter. However, the movie goes a little too far and thus dilutes the impact of the earlier sequence. After both Ripley and Call have forged on leaving in their wake the ravaged laboratory, Johner, "sensitive" man that he is, remarks, "What's the big deal? Fucking waste of ammo. . . . Must be a chick thing." Although Johner's remarks could elicit a few chuckles, the dismissal of Ripley's and Call's reactions to "just a chick thing" seems to relegate it to the realm of the "mysterious feminine," like premenstrual syndromes of mood swings, depressive fits, and irritability.

Nevertheless, for the most part, Ripley, like the Terminator, always has the best lines, which she also deadpans at the most strategic times. For example, when Ripley again survives a visit to the aliens' lair and manages to enter the survivors' ship just as it blasts off from the mother vessel, in the script, Distephano (Raymond Cruz)—a soldier who has joined arms with the smugglers against the aliens—remarks with awe, "Man, I thought you were dead." In the film, the awed Johner utters this line. Without skipping a beat, Ripley deadpans, "I get that a lot." The

reason this is humorous, of course, is not only is it a witty, diegetic rejoinder, but it is also an intertextual reference to *Alien*[3], in which Ripley is supposed to have perished definitively in a vat of molten metal.

Nevertheless, Ripley is not the only figure who conjoins several shadows. Annalee Call, as well, emerges as a first shadow in that she is a diminutive and attractive figure, initially construed as sexual prey to practically everyone with whom she interacts. In addition, in many of the scenes, she is also a terrified and vulnerable body, prone to potential physical abuse: Johner constantly threatens her that he is not one "to be fucked with"; Elgyn grabs her by the hair and berates the "little girl" when he finds out she is a "mole"; Ripley enjoys terrorizing her as she caresses her face, as does the alien newborn. Yet Call is also a version of the third shadow as a type of female monster. As an android, she possesses skills that are coded as humanly masculine. She is very capable with wrenches and harnesses machines easily; she needs no training in learning how to use weapons; she swims and runs with the same agility and strength as the men. Yet like Ripley, she is also superhuman: she easily gains access to the *Auriga*'s restricted sites, tricking the computers into believing she is General Perez; she survives a gun blast to the chest and a fall from an extreme height; she is able to patch into and usurp the *Auriga*'s central network called "Father." Yet her strangeness as a "toaster oven" and "the most expensive piece of contraband"[167] is underlined when Ripley persists in investigating the chest wound Call is trying to conceal and unmasks her as a renegade ML7—the latest synthetic that was supposed to revitalize the industry but then, like the "skin jobs" in *Blade Runner,* overrode their behavioral inhibitors and refused to obey orders. The script describes Call's bodily otherness in a manner that links her with the aliens with her powers of regeneration, which seem "insectile" in character.

> Vriess looks at Call's wound. Amid the dark blue mess, a host of black insectile threads are automatically repairing the damage inside.
>
> VRIESS: Jesus. . . .
>
> He can't conceal his disgust, seeing it. Call pulls away.[168]

Yet Call is more like the reborn T–800 than *Blade Runner*'s replicants because she is programmed to be good; she cannot help but want to save humanity. Nevertheless, she, like the Terminator, is capable of learning: in a humorous twist, she learns how to use her powers against both the man who had put a hole in her chest and his mechanical extension, Father. But instead of killing him, she simply terrifies him (a less

physically injurious version of the T–800's way of disabling enemies without killing them). As Dr. Wren heads treacherously toward the *Betty,* the smugglers' ship, Call patches into the system, overrides Father, and becomes the ship's brain.

> WREN: Father, locate power drain, report. Father?
>
> CALL (on the system): Father's dead, asshole.
>
> . . .
>
> CALL/SHIP: Intruder on level one . . . all aliens please proceed to level one.[169]

Rumors circulated that Winona Ryder was attempting to do a "Linda Hamilton makeover" for her role and was reputed to have started working out six hours a day and stopped eating junkfood.[170] Ryder admitted that working out helped with keeping her fit enough to perform the physically rigorous tasks that came with her role, such as the underwater sequences, but admitted that she came to "despise the gym and the people who made sure I went."[171] Yet despite Call's numerous superhuman powers—powers that enable her to survive death and control weapons and machines, such as the irrepressible Ripley—Call, partly because of her size, is clearly the more "feminine" of the two female monsters. Jeunet compared his conceptualization of Ryder's role as similar to the orphan Miette in *The City of Lost Children* because "it was impossible for me to imagine Call strong and physical";[172] and O'Connell dubbed Ryder's closely cropped pixie look an "Audrey Hepburn-in-space" look.[173]

Yet the discussion of gender and monstrosity would not be complete without a discussion of the alien queen and her new hybrid progeny, the newborn. The alien queen, last seen in *Aliens,* returns,[174] but this time she has acquired a human womb due to her gestation within Ripley. Throughout the film, Ripley is linked with the alien queen, whom she calls her "baby." Ripley hears the alien queen's cries of pain before she falls into the den of aliens, who bear her to the queen's lair. The script describes the alien queen's plight in the final stages of pregnancy thusly: "The Queen. Lying on her back at the bottom of the chamber, belly swollen and distended. She is herself partially cocooned, strapped down in the middle of a black pool of blood and ichor. Her head moves slowly back and forth, in a delirium of pain. There are four or five aliens tending her, spinning goo around her, vomiting blood on to her belly. They might be serving her, or imprisoning her. Both, in fact."[175] The description renders the alien queen less the vengeful, mantislike figure of *Aliens* and

more a humanlike mother, undergoing the throes of childbirth. The alien queen, like Ripley, also occupies the site of Russo's "female grotesque"—still affirming her magnificent powers, but also taming them, rendering her vulnerable. In an interesting twist, her warrior sons now tend to her, both nursing and disciplining her in her unusual excesses while she is birthing. Yet the connection between the alien queen and Ripley is stronger than mirror imaging; genetically, the two have mated, resulting in the crazed Gediman's exclamation as the alien queen's belly starts to quiver: "Look. It's you. It's you!" Thus, when the alien queen begins to give birth, whether Ripley screams from the effort of attempting to free herself from the alien goo that cocoons her or from sympathy is not clear. The script describes the primal birthing scene thusly:

> The Queen's belly starts to open. It looks painful, blood seeping out around the belly. It's also horribly unnatural, an obscene mockery of human vaginal birth.
>
> And the Newborn emerges.
>
> An Alien to be sure, but nothing we've seen so far. It's bone white. Its head is long, eyeless, like the others, but along its white expanse run red veins, coming out of the skin and running like thick bloody hairs to the back. It's much bigger than the others, nearly the size of the Queen herself.[176]

In the script, the newborn is described like a vampire, who rips its victims' scalps open, plunges its teeth into their brains, and then drains them of blood, with its external ventricles enlarging as it gorges itself with blood.[177] However, Tom Woodruff, Jr., and Alec Gillis, partners in Amalgamated Dynamics, Inc. (who were part of Stan Winston's crew for *Aliens*),[178] experimented with various possibilities before they decided on the newborn's final appearance. Gillis reportedly compiled a tape of wildlife footage, ranging from an octopus, endoscopic photography of a jellyfish ripping through flesh, to a bug crawling up a kangaroo. Woodruff and Gillis were particularly interested in anything that would emphasize undulating movement and translucent texture. Cinematographer Darius Khondji, who shot *Seven, Evita,* and Jeunet's previous movies, used a combination of fluorescent-based lighting and ENR film processing (which retains silver, thus increasing the contrast of the image and decreasing the color saturation by adding gray or black to the dye images) to enhance the look Woodruff and Gillis were striving to achieve. Khondji suggested the use of a thicker slime to enhance the creatures' translucence. Woodruff and Gillis were initially reluctant but were eventually convinced by the film test: "[The thicker gel] gives the [alien] skin a different quality—a translucent, kind of pulpy look, almost

like an insect."[179] Eventually, however, in collaboration with Jeunet, Woodruff and Gillis junked the vampire look for a more anthropomorphic appearance, substituting a gaunt and skeletal frame, and a skull with sunken eyes and a jutting jaw with a flap of human-looking skin draped over the frame. Gillis commented on the final product: "I think it was very bold of Jean-Pierre to go with this design. . . . His tendency was always to lean toward the creepy, subtle qualities rather than go for a powerfully proportioned creature. *I think he preferred it to feel awkward, lurching and strange, the way that the original Frankenstein's monster was a ghastly, walking corpse* . . . [italics added]."[180]

The alien queen stretches to sniff its progeny, and the newborn climbs its mother to meet it, face-to-face. Unexpectedly, the newborn viciously tears into its mother's flesh, killing it, as the alien brood keen. The changes in this iteration of the *Alien* narrative thus humanize and render sympathetic the alien queen precisely by giving her a human womb. Yet all the infernal and demonic qualities that had been attributed to the queen in *Aliens* now become transferred to the newborn, who, in its possession of breasts and a penis (at least in the script), seems bisexual—an attribute than lends it even greater monstrosity, despite its humanlikeness.

In actuality, the newborn was a nine-foot hydraulic and computerized puppet with articulating arms and hands, a swiveling head, and an extremely "expressive" face. The newborn's tremendous acting abilities can be attributed to the complicated software Gillis and Woodruff developed and the efforts of a troupe of talented puppeteers, whose expressions occasionally mimicked the creature's countenance. Gillis explains: "The computer was . . . the brains of the creature. The puppeteers moved the telemetry controls, which had sensors on them that read how much movement was made. . . . The signal was sent to the computer, which interpreted the information and sent it out to the creature. For example, we had very thin arms built in proportion to the length of the creature's arms. As we moved the controls in half scale, it moved in full scale. That was one of the functions."[181] This emotiveness was fully employed in what has been described as the "toothpaste" scene, in which the alien newborn's body is squeezed through a vacuum created by a tiny hole in the ship's window created by Ripley's blood.

Two other characters seem to be holdover versions of hybrid gendered entities from prior *Alien* films. The first is Hillard, who is also a smuggler and is Elgyn's lover; the script describes her as a "rough skinned woman in her forties."[182] The script describes her, like Lambert in *Alien,* as a rough crewmember, capable of toughing it out with the boys. However, the film modifies this characterization; in one of the

more memorable (and humorous) shots of this character, we hear Hillard's heavy breathing and soft moans of pleasure before the camera tracks across her body in a close-up to focus on her bethonged behind—only to slip past it to show Elgyn's amused and lascivious face as he massages her toes. (The contrast between our expectations—that Hillard is undergoing sexual orgasm—and diegesis—that Hillard is simply having her feet massaged—creates a humorous Koestlerian bisociation.) Hillard, although she is certainly athletic and powerful, as evidenced by her abilities to make a basketball an improvised weapon and her ease around guns, ultimately emerges in the film as predominantly a first shadow. First, she is scopophilically characterized as Elgyn's love object; later, she becomes the first among the smugglers to be devoured by the Aliens during the film's surreal underwater chase.

The second minor character who also monstrously blurs not only gender but also sex is Purvis (Leland Orser). Purvis is one of those workers abducted by the smugglers while he was in hypersleep and impregnated by the aliens, much like Kane in *Alien*. However, whereas in the beginning Kane is depicted as swaggeringly bold, and thus narratively deserving of his eventual rape and impregnation, Purvis is depicted as an innocent and in the earlier parts of the narrative is protected by Call from being left behind. Yet Purvis's character develops inversely from Kane's. As Kane grows progressively feminized (after he has become impregnated, he is revived, wearing a white, delicate-looking body suit; he comes close to tears when he cannot speak of his victimization; and he begins to devour food like a pregnant woman), Purvis grows increasingly masculinized. Later in the narrative, he prevents Call from following Ripley into the aliens' den, thus saving her; as he finally births the alien, he sacrificially charges, batters, and holds down Wren, who was holding Call and the rest of the crew captive at gunpoint. As he screams while the chestburster leaps from his chest into the back of the doctor's head, he emerges as a body femininely hystericized and traumatized—but one also rendered masculinely heroic.

The changes in this *Alien* narrative ultimately heighten the movements across dark humor and horror, and enable more pronounced and complex conjunctions across the three types of shadows, particularly in the case of the monstrous female characters such as Ripley and Call. At the end, Ripley and Call, after having saved humankind (which Ripley remarks on with a trace of sardonic humor), find themselves strangers in yet another frontier: earth. In a manner reminiscent of the conclusion of *Blade Runner*'s director's cut, the monstrous (surrogate) mother-daughter-lover pair face an uncertain future. Nevertheless, it is significant to note that both live—which is a rarity among

films that draw from the Frankensteinian cinemyth for its plot. Thus, like the *Terminator* films, which used a hybrid action-science fiction-horror-comedic format and a strong female central character, *Alien: Resurrection* enables us to glimpse, through a glass darkly, other ways in which the gendered complexities of the Frankenstein cinematic myth may be resolved.

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# 5

# Postmodern Horror-Hilarity

> With the cyborg, the Frankenstein myth comes full circle. . . . With the advent of genetic engineering and cybernetic technologies, notions of artificiality have changed; the monster is no robot but a flesh-and-blood construction like ourselves. Indeed, as Haraway contends, most people in the West today are cyborgs.
>
> —Jay Clayton, "Concealed Circuits: Frankenstein's Monster, the Medusa and the Cyborg"

Jonathan Lake Crane rather dismissively claims: "The fact is, adolescents do not keep these dated monsters alive. . . . In our time, Dracula sells achingly sweet chocolate cereal (Count Chocula), and Frankenstein hawks artificially flavored strawberry cereal (Franken Berry); such is the current flavor of these so-called timeless monsters."[1] Yet even that very quotation shows that these "dated monsters" do have an enduring appeal—although the commercial representations of their "monstrosity" have now become domesticated and conventionalized and inevitably imbricated with humor. One of the aims of this book has been precisely to point out that the Frankensteinian cinematic myth in particular has not lost its currency. Rather, it has simply evolved, generating hybrid genres. One such hybrid genre is the horror-comedy, which generates what I call, inspired by Arthur Koestler's theoretical schema that aims to explain the mechanics of creativity, the ha-ha response—in which humor, ridicule, and fascination interact in a tight interplay. The second hybrid genre germane to the evolution of the

*Frankenstein* cinemyth is the science fiction-horror genre, which often uses techniques derived from or associated with noir and action films. This second type generates what I label the ah/ooh experience, in which a type of demonic dread enables the tense coexistence of fear, terror, disgust, awe, and fascination. The third type I have outlined is a composite comedic-science fiction-horror film, which moves between the two roughly outlined, generating what I have called the ah/ooh-ha experience. This type ricochets across the registers of humor, ridicule, and fascination (characteristic of horror-comedy) and fear, terror, disgust, awe, and fascination (the recognizable emotive hallmarks of science fiction-horror films).

Rosemary Jackson remarks, "It is, surely, no accident that *Frankenstein* has become one of the central myths of post-Romantic culture, both through literary and film texts."[2] She perceptively notes that what makes the Frankensteinian myth so relevant is its record of the loss and disillusionment with the modern quest for the self seeking total union with an other (which is a version of the self), thus justifying the cogito's desire for absolute significance. What results from the failure of this project is a distorted image of the self as other writ large: a "grotesque, unredemptive metamorphosis, as mere travesty, parody, horror."[3] For Jackson, the "modern fantastic," of which the Frankenstein narrative is a primary example, continually reinscribes "the *impotence* of mind to transcend matter—and the grotesque victory of the latter."[4]

However, as I have shown in prior work, within the conventions of mainstream cinema, for the most part, the classic horror tradition has maintained a triumphant patriarchal version of the narrative.[5] One of the aims of this book has been to demonstrate that in the hybrid versions of the Frankensteinian cinemyth, the dark underside of the modern parthenogenetic myth reveals itself; in these versions, glimpses of Baubo, a goddess who signifies a celebration of female erotic and reproductive power, begin to emerge—although in a complex manner. As I have argued, classic horror conventions for the most part decide the agon between patriarchal and matriarchal myths in favor of the masculine parthenogenetic narrative—in which a father gives birth to a son, over the dead/covered/murdered body of a mother figure. The parthenogenetic myth's feminized counterpart, instantiated in Baubo's *ana-suromai* (of lifting her skirt to reveal her genitalia, thus causing the goddess Demeter to laugh and reclaim her powers as goddess and mother), is often suppressed in these straight horror renditions.

As I have sought to show, these hybrid genres explore new realms of narrative possibilities. Horror-comedies, such as *Abbot and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* for example, create monstrous females such as Dr.

Sandra Mornay and Joan Raymond. Sandra and Joan emerge as mirror-image figures of the feminine-as-monstrous: attractive, ambitious, and intelligent women who use their powers as women to succeed. Yet it is Sandra alone, the female Frankensteinian surgeon-scientist, who becomes bitten by Dracula and becomes a female monster, as opposed to her "good girl" counterpart, Joan, who becomes safely harnessed to handsome young Dr. Stevens. Although the narrative ends fairly conventionally with the good girl being saved and the bad girl being killed, this hybrid genre, importantly, restores the wit and physical agility characteristic of the romantic comedy dame to both of these women. Such a narrative possibility has traditionally been denied to the numerous Elizabeths, Justines, and other ubiquitous heroines who function as feminized shadows in conventional straight horror renditions of the Frankensteinian cinemyth.

Similarly, other horror-comedies, such as *Young Frankenstein* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* enable characters who are normally coded as "monstrous" by virtue of their aging or bizarrely costumed bodies within the conventional horror genre to command the narrative fluctuations across horror and laughter, rather than simply be victims. Thus, the impressively intimidating Frau Blucher in *Young Frankenstein* and the raucously and lasciviously gender-crossing Frank-N-Furter in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* become primary forces in moving the narrative forward. Without Blucher's secret playing of the "Transylvanian Lullaby," and at least in the script, her constant shaming and prodding of Fronkonsteen to redeem and reclaim his heritage, the beloved reconciliation between creator and creature (not to mention that memorable song-and-dance rendition of Irving Berlin's "Puttin' on the Ritz") would not have happened. Without Frank-N-Furter's seduction and sexual mentorship of Janet and Brad, the two characters would have remained flat, white-bread, linear characters, whose "normality" is so overwhelming that it emerges as abnormal in this parodic rock horror musical.

Similarly, in science fiction-horror movies, the monstrous creatures with their incredible speed and power, acid blood, and machinelike survival instincts, inspire the demonic dread that characterizes the ah/ooh experience. Significantly, in *Alien,* for example, the gender hierarchy becomes reversed, and what emerges is a narrative that has never been told within the confines of a strict horror rendition of the Frankensteinian cinemyth. In this version, male bodies become rapable and vulnerable to pregnancy. In a grotesque parody of rape trauma and morning sickness, Kane, after the facehugger has detached itself from him, awakens to an inability to talk about the experience, dizziness, and a ravenous

appetite. This time, the male body becomes the site of a monstrous birth, and a simultaneously phallicized and sexualized female body emerges as Clover's brutalized and brutalizing "Final Girl" (that is, the girl who survives teen kill movies such as the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*). In addition, *Aliens* documents Ellen Ripley's developing masculinization and feminization. Ripley learns how to use a power loader to transfer heavy equipment as a man would and to use that same power loader as a weapon against the alien queen as she transforms herself into a formidable image of a masculinized mother. Unlike the famous bikini underwear scene in *Alien,* which served scopophilically to underline her feminine sexual desirability and vulnerability, Ripley in *Aliens* remains clothed in the androgynous attire of the marines. She is characterized as a woman mainly via her surrogate maternal relationship with Newt, who is, like herself, a survivor who has learned to live within the undulating realm of blurred boundaries—between the masculine and the feminine, the human and the animal, the young and the old, of nightmarish dreams and reality. The alien queen, which is described as a gigantic mantislike entity with a huge birth sac, emerges as a primal site of numinous wonder and terror. Yet Ripley herself clearly mirrors the creature, and she, too, in her courage, wit, and determination, possesses equivalent female powers. Although this narrative ends with another conventional conclusion (that is, pitting the "good mother" against the "bad mother" and viciously killing off the "bad mother"), *Aliens* creates a heroine whose profile is not even conceivable within the traditional boundaries of the classic horror iterations of the Frankensteinian cinemyth. Finally, *Alien*$^3$ ends up being the most conventional among the three *Alien* installments, with Ripley ending up hirsute and pregnant on a forsaken prison colony. Despite the fact that the narrative allows Ripley feats that few of the double Y chromosome men can match (as far as outwitting and laying traps for the alien are concerned), this version underlines her rapability—by both the male convicts and the alien. Ultimately, we glimpse the numinous as Ripley plunges, in a Daliesque pose of Crucifixion, into a vat of molten metal. She emerges as tragically heroic in a masculine sense (in terms of her battle with the hyperenhanced warrior alien) as well as in a feminized sense (in her cradling of, and yet killing of, her monstrous progeny).

In *Blade Runner,* we encounter the demonic dread of the ah/ooh experience principally through the figure of Roy Batty in whom Christ and Lucifer combine. Batty, who "burns brightest" among the rebel replicants, is more superhumanly human than human: he is as capable of the excesses of a mass murderer as he is of the largeness of spirit to save one of his persecutors, who has murdered his beloved, Pris. He is

completely other in his combination of primeval and mechanical traits (he howls like a wolf and can withstand the pain of impaling himself in the hand with a spike); yet he is completely human in his abilities to love passionately, to feel anger and rejection, to value life. *Blade Runner* does allow some of the numinous to be glimpsed in its female replicants; nevertheless, compared to Roy Batty, these bisociated figures of the third and first shadows pale in vividness and power. Thus, both Pris and Zhora emerge as deadly Eve-female Terminator figures, although Pris is the more ambiguous character because the script codes her as something between an innocent child-adolescent and a demon. Although the narrative, in keeping with its Frankensteinian structure, eventually kills both female replicants violently, it is significant that the parts they play are important to the flow of the plot. Zhora's violent death seems to be the reason why Leon hunts down Deckard alone, which was strategically unwise; Pris's blood becomes Batty's war paint as he hunts Deckard during the final chase scenes of this film.

Finally, comedic-science fiction-horror movies enable fluctuations across dark humor and horror, enabling a gamut of responses ranging from humor, ridicule, and fascination (the ironically comic response), alternating with fear, terror, disgust, awe, and fascination (the response to demonic dread). In these versions, the primal site of the ah/ooh-ha experience is the monstrous. Thus, the Terminator emerges as both terrifying and humorous with its systematic efficiency, evident in its wholesale destruction of all Sarah Connors, and in its deadpanned, coincidentally appropriate ripe one-liners. In *Terminator 2,* the T–800 now becomes the underdog, and although it is still a formidable killing machine, it is nothing compared with the T–1000, which is a liquid metal shape shifter. For the most part, the locus of the numinous becomes the province of the T–1000 with its terrifying chameleonlike abilities, and the locus of the humorous remains the province of the T–800, which continues to deadpan lines such as, "Trust me" and "Hasta la vista, Baby." In *Alien: Resurrection,* the cloned half-alien, half-human Ripley is undoubtedly a central fulcrum of both terror and laughter. Through her genetic alliance with the aliens, she acquires both a dogged cold-bloodedness to survive and enhanced capabilities, which inspire awe and repugnance. Yet like the Terminator, she utters the best quips and double entendres and shares the ribald and loud humor of the motley crew of smugglers in whose company she is flung.

What therefore seems characteristic of all these hybrid genres is an ability to blur the three types of shadows (thus producing simultaneously empowered and disempowered heroically monstrous characters). Many of the monstrous female characters (that is, instantiations of the

third shadow) such as Ripley or Sarah Connor, are also simultaneously first shadows, in that they are hystericized and medicalized bodies, and second shadows as survival machines that resist rational ego-consciousness. The T–800 in *Terminator 2* emerges as both a second (technologized and hypermasculinized) and first shadow (as vulnerable flesh and hyperfeminized) shadow. Call, in *Alien: Resurrection,* combines, in Koestlerian juxtaposition, first shadow (as potential sexual prey to everyone she encounters), second shadow (as an android that knows how to control machines and display some masculinized physical abilities), and third shadow as a female monster. Yet the most interesting finding to me is that all of these hybrid shadow figures live or are at least predominantly rendered heroic for the most part. The only exception seems to be Sandra Mornay, who moves from being a figure of the feminine as monstrous (a version of the third shadow: beautiful, ambitious women who use their erotic powers to achieve their ends) to becoming both a female monster (a vampiress) and a feminized shadow (as slave to Dracula and pure body, seething with bloodlust). Mornay is thus coded as a villainous bitch who deserves to die; this is the standard characterization and fate of third shadows in straight or classic horror renditions of the Frankensteinian cinemyth.

In addition, all these hybrid comedic-science fiction iterations of the Frankensteinian cinemyth also appear to problematize the distinctions between creator and created, and human and machine far more so than their classic horror counterparts. In addition, one could also read the increasing reliance on special effects as real-looking artifacts, which are marketed and consumed as simulacra simulating the hyperreal (as opposed to simple illusion masquerading as literal reality), as in keeping with this postmodern updating of the Frankensteinian cinemyth within the hybrid realms of science fiction and comedy. As Pete Boss notes: "The categories of Otherness which traditionally functioned in the [classic] horror film are no longer adequate—comparing Hawks' 1951 version with Carpenter's 1982 version of *The Thing* instantly underlines this—and the Frankenstein monster of the present is difficult to distinguish from [its] creator."[6]

The fluctuations across horror and dark humor that these films seem to allow seems rooted in the fact that these hybrid genres allow viewers a certain fluidity in moving from adopting the point of view of the protagonist, or the director of the films, or the ambivalently fascinating monstrous predator, or the helpless victim, and so on. Thus players, similar to Hans Georg Gadamer's notion of *spiel* or play, play these roles and are played by these roles, enabled and limited by ritualistic conventions that mark these genres. Thus, the horror-comedies I have

studied rely on verbal and musical puns to create the Koestlerian bisociation of oppositions resulting in humor. These also ambivalently render fast-talking dames, crones, and transsexuals as vilified and heroic characters. This dynamic is particularly evident in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* for example, whose success has been directly related to its costume donning, witty quipping, rice-bread-and-confetti flinging participatory audience-performers. The science fiction-horror iterations of the Frankensteinian cinemyth I have studied rely on menacing silences and sudden shocks to produce the genre coded demonic dread. The characters who become the locus of Otto's "numinous" experience are usually hypermasculinized or hyperfeminized aliens and cyborgs. Because this hybrid genre is closest to classic horror, we are hardly surprised that many of them reproduce the hierarchy of gender, monstrosity and power characteristic of classic horror (and noir) films. Thus, demonic dread turns into catharsis as the monstrous characters in these narratives are often killed off violently (at least until the next potential sequel). Finally, the comedic-science fiction-horror versions of the Frankensteinian filmic myth I have analyzed exploit fluctuations across menacing and sudden shocks (characteristic of science fiction-horror), alternating with verbal and musical puns (characteristic of comedy-horror). The agents of these Koestlerian bisociations across horror and dark humor are often female monsters, monstrous females, and androgynous or bisexual monsters. Michael Arnzen says the following regarding splatter films, but it also applies to some extent particularly to contemporary science fiction-horror and comedic-science fiction-horror hybrids, which increasingly use the numinous dread and horror-hilarity of the splatter film aesthetic: "The aesthetic of splatter is a realization that we have allowed the zombies of mass culture to take over, that our own fingers are reaching for the blade that could either set us free or unwillingly commit cultural suicide. . . . 'Who's laughing now?' the postmodern consciousness asks us—screams at us—and the answer is simple. We all are—and we're cackling as we clench the pullcord of postmodernism between our teeth and ferociously yank."[7]

Philip Brophy coins the term *horrality* to describe these hybrid fluctuations across humor and horror, which involves a reconstruction, affirmation, and ironic manipulation of horror—in all its various guises—as a self conscious textual mode.[8] The horrality of hybrid renditions of the Frankensteinian cinemyth rely, to some extent, on the physical damage and destruction to a body configured as a brute, bloody mass of flesh. Showing, rather than telling, is crucial to this dynamic, and its extreme visuality is such that it often lends itself to a comic book look. The antics of Abbot and Costello or Frank-N-Furter; the repulsive

and awe-inspiring destructive acts of the aliens; and the fluctuations across gory and fascinating action sequences and risible one liners have a comic book aesthetic. (In an interesting aside, Jean-Pierre Jeunet, partially because he spoke very little English when he started directing *Alien: Resurrection,* was highly dependent on detailed storyboards, which effectively functioned as a comic book version of the film. Sylvain Despretz, who was in charge of these storyboards, remarked: "Jean-Pierre was enamored by the thought that we could push our drawings to the level of little comic book panels. . . . I think they are unusual in that you could ink them and add balloons and you would have a comic book. . . ."[9]) The emphasis on technologically hyperbolized embodiment is such that it either inspires what Robert Romanyshyn calls a "distancing and detached vision" of the body as spectacle,[10] as in the *Terminator* films,[11] or a parodic, earthy humor that unconceals adolescent fantasies and fears concerning bodies out of control.[12]

In addition, when humor does appear in these hybrid genres, it is often employed as an undercutting agent to counterbalance its more intense and horrifying moments. Often the humor has a macabre, gallows quality to it (such as when the T–800 says, "He'll live" when he walks away from a writhing, wounded guard, whom he has, legalistically or mechanically speaking, "disabled"—in a twofold sense—rather than killed), and the gory, horrifying spectacle is constructed as humorous (for example, General Perez's incredulous expression as he picks a piece of his own brain out from the back of his head in *Alien: Resurrection*). The extremes of gory and laughable spectacle easily tip into each other, and the films that attempt the effect of horrality strive to achieve a delicate balance between them. Finally, the punch lines or jokes are either completely embedded within a particular circumstance of the film (the previous examples illustrate this), or are in some way intertextual, referring ironically to prior sequels. This second type of joke is illustrated in Ripley's glib reply, "I get that a lot" when Johner says, "Man, I thought you were dead" in *Alien: Resurrection*. The reference plays across her numerous close encounters with death in this, and prior sequels, or the specific ending in *Alien*$^3$, in which she martyrs herself by plunging into a vat of molten metal. In all these cases, as Brophy notes: ". . . the humour in a gory scene is the result of the contemporary Horror film's [whose description fits my characterization of hybrid horror-humor genres] saturation of all its codes and conventions—a punchline that can only be got when one fully acknowledges this saturation as the departure point for viewing pleasure."[13]

Donna Haraway's "A Cyborg Manifesto: Science, Technology, and Socialist-Feminism in the Late Twentieth Century"[14] is thus important to

return to because it intersects with the Frankensteinian cinemyth in various significant ways. Both the continuing filmic saga of Frankenstein and her essay focus on monsters because according to Haraway, the representation of the monstrous sets the boundaries of what constitutes community in Western imaginative-lived experiences. Both explore and playfully pun on the relationship between female authorship or heroism and the generation of monstrous shadows. Both have evolved into "ironic political myths."[15] Yet ultimately, in their common stress on the spectacle of the body as both technologized simulacrum and real, physical entity, both these films and the essay explore ways in which the conventional subject-object divide characteristic of classic horror iterations of the Frankensteinian cinemyth may be subverted. Unlike classic horror renditions that render "female sexuality as monstrous and constructs femininity as a subject position impossible to occupy,"[16] these versions begin to allow glimpses of Baubo's rebellious *ana-suromai* as a celebration of female erotic and reproductive power. Thus, all these hybrid narratives still reveal the tension between conservative and progressive tendencies in imagining the boundaries of gender politics. Nevertheless, these hybrid narratives variably open the possibility that monstrous women—women who blur the boundaries of virgin and whore; maiden and mother; muse and monster—may become not only traumatized victims, but also heroic figures who survive the retelling of this contemporary parthenogenetic cinemyth.

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# Notes

## CHAPTER ONE. *FRANKENSTEIN* AS ENDURING CINEMYTH

1. The justification for describing the film renditions of the Frankenstein narrative as a "cinemyth" is derived partially from Patricia Warrick's characterization of a *myth* as a "complex of stories which a culture regards as demonstrating the inner meaning of the universe of human life." See Patricia Warrick, "Science Fiction Myths and Their Ambiguity," in *Science Fiction: Contemporary Mythology,* ed. Patricia Warrick, Harry Greenberg, and Joseph Olander (New York: Harper and Row, 1978), 3. Through cinematic retelling, the Frankenstein narrative has spawned new associations and narrative threads, whose details, although they hover about recurring themes of humanity, creation, and society, as Martin Tropp notes, "change to suit a changing culture." See Martin Tropp, *Mary Shelley's Monster* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1979), 9. What is peculiarly "modern" about the Frankenstein myth, however, is that it depicts anxieties concerning technology, and for Rushing and Frentz, gender as well. See Janice H. Rushing and Thomas S. Frentz, *Projecting the Shadow: The Cyborg Hero in American Film* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995).

2. For example, see Caroline Joan ("Kay") S. Picart, "James Whale's (Mis)Reading of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein," *Critical Studies in Mass Communication* 15 (1998): 382–404; "Visualizing the Monstrous in Frankenstein Films," *Pacific Coast Philology* 35 (2000):17–34; *The Cinematic Rebirths of Frankenstein: Universal, Hammer and Beyond* (Westport, Conn.: Praeger, 2001).

3. I am indebted to Janice Rushing and Thomas Frentz for their work on "shadows"—points of extreme psychic ambivalence, revelatory of fears regarding technology and gender. In brief, they identify two types of shadows. The first, or "inferior" shadow, is represented by the feminine, women, the body, minorities, and anything that deviates from rational ego consciousness. The second or "technologized" shadow is represented best by Frankenstein's monster. What I argued earlier (see note 2) is that a third type of shadow, which is a com-

bination of the two—either a feminine monster or the feminine configured as monstrous—is the more crucial shadow to track in resolving the tensions of the Frankenstein myth within straight horror film renditions. It is this third shadow that often serves as the scapegoat, whose sacrifice is necessary for a conventional closure to occur. For Rushing and Frentz's work, see Rushing and Frentz, *Projecting the Shadow;* see also "The Frankenstein Myth in Contemporary Cinema," *Critical Studies in Mass Communication* 6 (1989): 61–80.

4. Deborah Wilson, "Technologies of Misogyny: The Transparent Maternal Body and Alternate Reproductions in *Frankenstein, Dracula,* and Some Selected Media Discourses," *Bodily Discursions: Genders, Representations, Technologies,* ed. Deborah Wilson and Christine Moneera Laennec (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1997), 109.

5. Rushing and Frentz, "The Frankenstein Myth," 62.

6. Rhona J. Berenstein, *Attack of the Leading Ladies: Gender, Sexuality, and Spectatorship in Classic Horror Cinema* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1996), 10.

7. Noël Carroll, *The Philosophy of Horror or Paradoxes of the Heart* (New York: Routledge, 1990), 32–33.

8. Noël Carroll, "Ethnicity, Race, and Monstrosity: The Rhetorics of Horror and Humor," in *Beauty Matters,* ed. Peg Zeglin Brand (Bloomington: University of Indiana Press, 2000), 37–56.

9. Ibid., 39.

10. Ibid., 40–41.

11. Ibid., 53.

12. Zakiya Hanafi, *The Monster in the Machine: Magic, Medicine and the Marvelous in the Time of the Scientific Revolution* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 2000).

13. Ibid., viii.

14. Ibid., 2.

15. Ibid., 218.

16. Carroll, "Ethnicity, Race, and Monstrosity," 40.

17. Robin Wood, "An Introduction to the American Horror Film," in *Planks of Reason: Essays on the Horror Film,* ed. Barry Keith Grant (Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press, 1984), 164–200.

18. Steven Neale, *Genre* (London: British Film Institute, 1980), 61–62.

19. Hanafi, 218.

20. Picart, *The Cinematic Rebirths of Frankenstein.*

21. Virginia Jewiss, "Monstrous Movements and Metaphors in Dante's *Divine Comedy,*" in *Monsters in the Italian Literary Imagination,* ed. Keala Jewell (Detroit, Mich.: Wayne State University Press, 2001), 180.

22. Jewiss, 180.

23. Donna Haraway, "A Cyborg Manifesto: Science, Technology, and Socialist-Feminism in the Late Twentieth Century," in *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women: The Reinvention of Nature* (New York: Routledge, 1991), 180.

24. Arthur Koestler, *Janus: A Summing Up* (London: Hutchinson, 1978), 112–113. Other works that elaborate on similar themes are Arthur Koestler, *Insight and Outlook: An Inquiry into the Common Foundations of Science, Art and Social Ethics* (New York: Macmillan, 1949), and Arthur Koestler, *The Ghost in the Machine* (New York: Macmillan, 1967).

25. Koestler, *Janus,* 129.

26. Ibid., 110.

27. I realize critics have made various distinctions between horror and terror, but for the purposes of discussing these hybrid genres, both use similar formal narrative devices, which I describe earlier.

28. For an example of a damning critical perspective of this predatory gaze, see Roger Ebert, "Why Movie Audiences Aren't Safe Any More," *American Film,* March 1981, 54–56.

29. Rudolf Otto, *The Idea of the Holy: An Inquiry into the Non-Rational Factor in the Idea of the Divine and its Relation to the Rational,* trans. John W. Harvey (New York: Oxford University Press, Galaxy Books, 1958), 26.

30. Tzvetan Todorov, *The Fantastic: A Structural Approach to a Literary Genre,* trans. Richard Howard (Cleveland, Ohio: Case Western Reserve University Press, 1973), 25.

31. Mary Russo, *The Female Grotesque* (New York: Routledge, 1995), 278.

## CHAPTER TWO. (UN)LEASHING LAUGHTER: GENDER, POWER, AND HUMOR

1. In an interesting production history footnote, Bud Abbott Jr. notes that the original version was shot in color. "The monster's makeup was a combination pale green and blue with deep red scars and blackened fingertips. Lugosi's skin was the same tone, but with a slightly lighter shade, and his lips were dark red!" Bud Abbott Jr., "Foreword," *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* ed. Philip J. Riley (Absecon, N.J.: MagicImage Filmbooks, 1990), 12.

2. Jeffrey Miller, *The Horror Spoofs of Abbott and Costello: A Critical Assessment of the Comedy Team's Monster Films* (Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland, 2000), 45. I wish to acknowledge Barbara Robinson's assistance in ferreting out this point.

3. *Variety,* June 30, 1948, publicity material from the Toronto Film Society. Archived material from Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences Film Clippings Archive (hereafter, AMPAS Clippings Archive).

4. Donald F. Glut, *Classic Movie Monsters* (Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press, 1978), 28.

5. Irving Hoffman, "Reviewers Tired of Same Old Gags," *Hollywood Reporter,* August 2, 1948, 5. From AMPAS Clippings Archives.

6. "James Whale's (Mis)Reading of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein," *Critical Studies in Mass Communication* 15 (1998): 382–404; "Visualizing the Monstrous in Frankenstein Films," *Pacific Coast Philology* 35 (2000): 17–34; *The Cinematic Rebirths of Frankenstein: Universal, Hammer and Beyond* (Westport, Conn.: Praeger, 2001).

7. Janice H. Rushing and Thomas S. Frentz, "The Frankenstein Myth in Contemporary Cinema," *Critical Studies in Mass Communication* 6 (1989): 63.

8. Ibid., 40–41.

9. Maria DiBattista, *Fast-Talking Dames* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 2001), 10–11.

10. Gregory William Mank, *It's Alive! The Classic Cinema Saga of Frankenstein* (San Diego, Calif.: Barnes, 1981), 155.

11. John Landis, "Introduction," *MagicImage Filmbooks Presents* Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein, ed. Philip J. Riley, in Universal Filmscripts Series, vols. 1, 15 of *Classic Comedies* (Absecon, N.J.: MagicImage Filmbooks, 1990).

12. Gregory William Mank, "Production Background," *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* ed. Philip J. Riley (Absecon, N.J.: MagicImage Filmbooks, 1990), 21.

13. Linda Williams, "When the Woman Looks," *Re-Vision: Essays in Feminist Film Criticism,* eds. Mary Ann Doane, Patricia Mellencamp, and Linda Williams (Frederick, Md.: AFI Monograph Series, University Publications of America, 1984), 90.

14. Laurie McNeice, *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* Toronto Film Society, February 2, 1989. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

15. Frederic Rinaldo, Robert Less, and John Grant, "The Brain of Frankenstein," in *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* 4.

16. Glut, 27.

17. Mank, "Production Background," *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* 29.

18. Bud Abbott Jr., Vickie Abbott Wheeler, Chris Costello, and Paddy Costello Humphreys, "Foreword," *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* ed. Philip J. Riley (Absecon, N.J.: MagicImage Filmbooks, 1990), 11–13.

19. Mank, "Production Background," *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* 34.

20. Rinaldo et al., 10.

21. Ibid., 26.

22. Ibid., 51.

23. Ibid., 38.

24. Mank, "Production Background," *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* 30.

25. Rinaldo et. al., 56.

26. Ibid., 96.

27. According to Mank, wires were attached to Lenore Aubert's body and "candy glass" was installed to help ease her fall on to the cushion-covered platform outside the window. Something went wrong with the wire and instead of crashing through the window, Ms. Aubert bounced back, kicking and screaming. Glenn Strange gallantly lunged to catch her, fell, and fractured his ankle. He made light of his injury at first and only later discovered that he could not put his Monster boot back on because of the swelling. When he finally forced it on, he kept working late into the night, throwing barrels off the pier at the comedians. The next day, however, he could not walk, and Lon Chaney generously offered to take his place for the Sandra-throwing incident. Nevertheless, this scene seemed jinxed. The stuntwoman double, Helen Thurston, had to be rushed to the hospital because fragments of the candy glass sprayed into her eyes. See Mank, "Production Background," *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein,* 34.

28. The script shows that Wilbur is supposed to be hit neatly on his jaw. However, Costello deliberately ignored his safety marker. Thus, when the Monster's hand crashed through the door, it hit him squarely on the head. Barton enjoyed Costello's spontaneous reaction so much that the shot was kept in the final release. See Mank, *It's Alive!,* 160.

29. Winifred Milius Lubell analyzes Baubo's archetypal skirt-lifting gesture to reveal her genitalia and womb *(ana-suromai)* to signify the joyful and scandalous gesture of declaring female erotic desire and reproductive power. See Winifred Milius Lubell, *The Metamorphosis of Baubo: Myths of Woman's Sexual Energy* (Nashville, Tenn.: Vanderbilt University Press, 1994).

30. Gordon Gow, "Young Frankenstein," *Films and Filming,* April 1975, pages not available. From the AMPAS Clippings Archive.

31. Wayne Warga, "The Birth of a Mirthful Monster," *Los Angeles Times Calendar,* 4 April 1974, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

32. "Young Frankenstein," *New Yorker,* 9 September 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

33. Annie Nocenti, "Writing and Acting in Young Frankenstein, A Talk with Gene Wilder," *Scenario, The Magazine of Screenwriting Art,* 4, no. 1 (Spring 1998): 96. Material from Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences Scripts Archive (hereafter, AMPAS Scripts Archive).

34. Ibid.

35. Ibid.

36. "Revival: It's Alive . . . Again," *New York,* 16 August 1999, pages not available. From the AMPAS Clippings Archives.

37. Annie Nocenti, "Writing and Directing *Young Frankenstein,* A Talk with Mel Brooks," *Scenario, the Magazine of Screenwriting Art,* 4, no. 1 (Spring 1998): 101. From AMPAS Scripts Archive.

38. Ibid.

39. Ibid., 98.

40. Bridget Byrne, "Feldman—Monster Flick with Humor," *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner,* 19 May 1974. See also "Young Frankenstein," *Film International,* April 1975, 2. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

41. Charles Champlin, "Portrait of a Young Monster," *Los Angeles Times,* 18 December 1974, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

42. Frank Rich, "Young Frankenstein," *New Times,* 10 January 1975, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

43. Joy Gould Boyum, "If You Dote on Destruction," *Wall Street Journal,* 6 January 1975, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

44. Nocenti, "Writing and Directing *Young Frankenstein,*" 189.

45. Ibid.

46. Ibid., 100.

47. Ibid., 188.

48. Ibid., 98.

49. This central musical motif, the "Transylvanian Lullaby," was a new John Morris score, which had been "arranged and recorded to preserve the muf-

fled monaural menace of early film sound." Champlin, 1. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

50. Gene Wilder and Mel Brooks, "Young Frankenstein," *(Final) Screenplay,* Scenario, the Magazine of Screenwriting Art, 4, no. 1 (Spring 1998): 53. From AMPAS Scripts Archive.

51. Nocenti, "Writing and Directing," 190.

52. Arthur Koestler, *Janus: A Summing Up* (London: Hutchinson, 1978), 115.

53. Rushing and Frentz note that a recurring motif in Frankenstein film narratives is the persistence of a "thigh birth," which in its classical versions signals the warrior's communion with nature and the feminine. However, in modern versions, such as the Terminator films, the piercing of the warrior's thigh represents a further alienation from nature and the feminine. Thus, shrapnel from the Terminator pierces Sarah Connor's thigh and converts her into a female terminator in *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*. The new Sarah becomes just as relentless and deadly as her mechanical foe. See Janice H. Rushing and Thomas S. Frentz, *Projecting the Shadow: The Cyborg Hero in American Film* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995), 188.

54. Gordon Gow, "Young Frankenstein," *Films and Filming,* April 1975, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archives.

55. Nocenti, "Writing and Acting," 186.

56. Nocenti, "Writing and Directing," 188–189.

57. Garrett Fort and Francis Edwards Faragoh, *Frankenstein,* Screenplay, Universal Pictures Corporation, 12 August 1931, *Frankenstein,* ed. Philip J. Riley, in Universal Filmscripts Series, vol. 1 of *Classic Horror Films* (Absecon, N.J.: MagicImage Filmbooks, 1989), 30.

58. For an in-depth analysis of Whale's 1931 *Frankenstein,* refer to Caroline Joan (Kay) Picart, "James Whale's (Mis)Reading of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein," *Critical Studies in Mass Communication,* 15 (December 1998): 382–404, and Caroline Joan (Kay) Picart, *Cinematic Rebirths of Frankenstein: Universal, Hammer and Beyond* (Westport, Conn.: Praeger, 2001), chap. 2.

59. Byrne, 2. From AMPAS Clippings Archives.

60. Champlin, 1. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

61. Byrne, 3. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

62. Nocenti, "Writing and Acting," 97.

63. Susan King, " 'Frankenstein' Re-Released; Garr Recalls Laughter," *Los Angeles Times,* 7 October 1999, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

64. Nocenti, "Writing and Acting," 185.

65. Wilder and Brooks, 60.

66. Nocenti, "Writing and Acting," 185.

67. Al Ridenour, "That's *Fronkonsteen,*" *New Times Los Angeles,* 4 November 1999, 25. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

68. For a more detailed discussion, refer to: Caroline Joan (Kay) Picart, "Visualizing the Monstrous in Frankenstein Films," *Pacific Coast Philology,* 35 (September 2000): 17–34, and *The Cinematic Rebirths of Frankenstein: Universal, Hammer and Beyond* (Westport, Conn.: Praeger, 2001), chap. 3.

69. Gene Wilder, *Young Frankenstein,* ed. Kale Whorton (1996 [cited 1 Sept. 2001]); available from htttp://godamongdirectors.com/scripts/young.shtml.

70. Nocenti, "Writing and Directing," 189.

71. Wayne Warga, "The Birth of a Mirthful Monster," *Los Angeles Times Calendar,* 4 April 1974, 67. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

72. F. X. Feeney also notes that F. W. Murnau's work is also visually "quoted" in *Young Frankenstein*. F. X. Feeney, "F. X. Feeney's Revival Pick: Young Frankenstein," *Los Angeles Weekly,* 2 October 1999, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

73. Nocenti, "Writing and Directing," 101.

74. Wilder.

75. Nocenti, "Writing and Acting," 98.

76. Rich, "Young Frankenstein," pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

77. Wilder.

78. Nocenti, "Writing and Acting," 187.

79. Ibid.

80. Gregory William Mank, "Production Background," *Frankenstein,* ed. Philip J. Riley, Universal Filmscripts Series, vol. 1 of *Classic Horror Films* (Absecon, N.J.: MagicImage Filmbooks, 1989), 40.

81. Wilder attributes this part of the film to Mel Brooks. See Nocenti, "Writing and Acting," 186.

82. Gow, April 1975, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

83. Champlin, 1. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

84. Rich, "Young Frankenstein," pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

85. Nocenti, "Writing and Directing," 190.

86. Wilder and Brooks, 79, pages not available. From AMPAS Scripts Archive.

87. Nocenti, "Writing and Acting," 98. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

88. Nocenti, "Writing and Directing," 185. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

89. Wilder, *Young Frankenstein*.

90. Pauline Kael, "A Magnetic Blur," *New Yorker,* 30 December 1974, 58–59. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

91. In the final screenplay, her words are: "Where are you going? All you men are alike . . . seven or eight quick bangs and you're into the shower." Wilder and Brooks, 90. From AMPAS Scripts Archive.

92. Kael, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

93. Wilder and Brooks, 92. From AMPAS Scripts Archive.

94. Wilder and Brooks, 93. From AMPAS Scripts Archive.

95. Nocenti, "Writing and Acting," 98. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

96. Nocenti, "Writing and Directing,"191. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

97. Bill Henkin, "Rocky Horror and the Critics: I Didn't Make Him for You," *The Rocky Horror Picture Show Book* (New York: Hawthorne Books, 1979), 129–130.

98. Ibid., 130.

99. Richard Harrington, "Oh, the 'Horror'! Ten Years of It! From Rocky Beginning to Weekend Sensation," *Washington Post,* 31 October 1985, B1. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

100. Lauren McFaul, "10th Anniversary Smooth for 'Rocky Horror' Film," *Chicago Tribune,* 31 October 1995, 13C. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

101. "How the Horror of It All Began," Publicity Poster. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

102. Susan King, "It Won't Go Away," *Los Angeles Times,* 14 October 1990, 7. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

103. "How the Horror of It all Began," pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

104. Henkin, "Rocky Horror and the Critics," 130.

105. Bill Henkin, "The Cast: Superheroes," The Rocky Horror Picture Show *Book,* 53, 55.

106. For more detailed accounts of the various rituals groupies celebrate in honor of the *Rocky Horror Show,* refer to: Jane Marion, "Here's a Midnight

Cult Hit You Can Watch Anytime," *TV Guide,* 3 November 1990, 31–32; Sal Piro, "A *Rocky Horror* How-To," *TV Guide,* 23 October 1993, 35. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

107. Dori Hartey of New York is credited with being the first to start the look-alike trend. Gaile Robinson, "The 'Rocky Horror' Dress-for-Excess Look," *Los Angeles Times,* 14 October 1990, 8. From AMPAS Clippings Archive. For a more detailed genealogy of look-alike performing troupes, see Henkin, "The Cult: My Favorite Obsession," *The Rocky Horror Picture Show Book* (New York: Hawthorne Books, 1979), 106–118.

108. Ibid., "The Cult," 97.

109. King, "It Won't Go Away," 27.

110. Henkin, "The Rocky Horror Picture Show: It Was Great When It All Began," *The Rocky Horror Picture Show Book* (New York: Hawthorne Books, 1979), 25–26.

111. "Home of Grant Wood's American Gothic House," ed. Ron White, 29 October 1999. Eldon, Iowa, Home Page available from http://showcase.netins.net/web/eldon/ghouse.html (30 August 2001).

112. The original, called the "Dibble House," is located in Eldon, Iowa, "Home of Grant Wood."

113. "Tim Curry: Not Just Another Pretty Transvestite," *Rocky Horror* Publicity Poster. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

114. Henkin, "Rocky Horror and the Critics," 130.

115. Robinson, 8. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

116. Ibid., 8. AMPAS Clippings Archive.

117. "Tim Curry: Not Just Another Pretty Transvestite," pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

118. The original title of the play on which the movie is based is "They Came from Denton High." Henkin, "The Rocky Horror Picture Show," The Rocky Horror Picture Show *Book* (New York: Hawthorne Books, 1979), 19.

119. Ibid., 220.

120. Henkin, "Rocky Horror and the Critics," 134.

## CHAPTER THREE. DAEMONIC DREAD

1. See Janice H. Rushing and Thomas S. Frentz, *Projecting the Shadow: The Cyborg Hero in American Film* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995).

2. Barbara Creed, *The Monstrous-Feminine: Film, Feminism, Psychoanalysis* (New York: Routledge, 1993), 30.

3. "Psychiatry and Cinema," *Pacific Film Archive,* November 1988, pages not available. From Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Clippings Archive (hereafter AMPAS Clippings Archive).

4. Richard Alleva, "Alienated: Ripley's Believe It or Not," *Screen,* 17 July 1992, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

5. Creed, 17.

6. Ted Gershuny, "Sudden Fear! *Alien,*" Publicity Flyer, in *Magill's Survey of Cinema,* 1 June 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

7. Rebecca Bell-Metereau, *Hollywood Androgyny* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1985), 213, 219.

8. Walter Hill and David Giler, Alien, *Final Revised Screenplay, based on a Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon* (Los Angeles, Calif.: Brandywine Productions, 1978), 10. From Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Scripts Archives (hereafter, AMPAS Scripts Archives).

9. Ibid., 23.

10. Ibid., 44.

11. Dan O'Bannon, *Alien,* 1976, pages not available. From AMPAS Scripts Archive.

12. Ibid., 9.

13. Creed, 18.

14. Hill and Giler, *Final Revised Screenplay,* 29.

15. Ibid., 31.

16. Creed, 19.

17. Janice Rushing, "Evolution of 'The New Frontier' in *Alien* and *Aliens:* Patriarchal Co-Optation of the Feminine Archetype," *Quarterly Journal of Speech* 75 (1989): 13.

18. Walter Hill and David Giler, Alien, *Final Screenplay,* June 1978. From AMPAS Scripts Archive.

19. Kathleen Craughwell, "The Origin of a 'Species,'" *Los Angeles Times,* 9 April 1998. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

20. Hill and Giler, *Final Revised Screenplay,* 58.

21. Ibid., 44–46.

22. Hill and Giler, *Final Screenplay,* 80.

23. Alleva, "Alienated."

24. O'Bannon, 124.

25. David Thomson, "The Bitch Is Back," *Esquire,* December 1997, 56. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

26. Thomson, 56.

27. Adam Pirani, "James Cameron: Directing Aliens," *Fangoria* 56 (August 1986): 31. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

28. Pirani, 31.

29. James Cameron, Aliens, *First Draft,* Twentieth Century Fox, 26 February 1985, pages not available. From AMPAS Scripts Archive.

30. Ibid., 7–8.

31. Ibid., 6.

32. Pirani, 31.

33. Cameron, *First Draft,* 23.

34. Ibid., 22.

35. Ibid., 26.

36. Ibid., 31.

37. Ibid., 34.

38. Ibid., 39.

39. Ibid., 40.

40. Ibid.

41. Carol J. Clover, *Men, Women and Chainsaws: Gender in the Modern Horror Film* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1992), 60.

42. Cameron, *First Draft,* 42.

43. "Aliens," *The Hollywood Reporter,* 7 March 1995, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

44. Cameron, *First Draft,* 42.

45. Ibid.

46. Ibid., 43.

47. "Newt," *Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged,* 2d ed., ed. Philip Babcock Gove (Springfield, Mass.: Merriam Webster, 1993), 1524.

48. Cameron, *First Draft,* 52.

49. Ibid., 73.

50. Cameron shared the writing credits with Sylvester Stallone in *Rambo: First Blood Part II*. See Pirani, 32. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

51. "Aliens," *Hollywood Reporter*.

52. Cameron, *First Draft,* 112.

53. Ibid.

54. Rushing, 14.

55. Cameron, *First Draft,* 118.

56. Julia Kristeva, *Powers of Horror,* trans. L. Roudiez (New York: Columbia University Press, 1982).

57. Rushing, 10.

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60. "Aliens," *Hollywood Reporter,* pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

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78. Thomson, 56.

79. Jewelle Gomez, "The Hero of Us All," *Village Voice,* 2 June 1992, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

80. Hill and Giler, *Revised and Final Script,* 36. The 26 January 1991 version is also available online at: http://www.davidfincher.net/info/scripts/alien_final_files/Alien3Fin.txt, 27.

81. Ibid., 37. The 26 January 1991 version is also available online at: http://www.davidfincher.net/info/scripts/alien_final_files/Alien3Fin.txt, 28.

82. Ibid.

83. "Banshee," Philip Babcock Gove, ed., *Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language Unabridged* (Springfield, Mass.: Merriam-Webster, 1993), 173.

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87. Ibid., 78.

88. See, for example, Andy Klein's scathing remarks: "Rather than confide in Clemens (which would make sense)—even after they have an obligatory romantic interlude—she lies to him and bumbles around the prison, inciting the men." See Klein, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

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90. Ibid., 58. The 26 January 1991 version is also available online at: http://www.davidfincher.net/info/scripts/alien_final_files/Alien3Fin.txt, 48.

91. Ibid., 60–62. The 26 January 1991 version is also available online at: http://www.davidfincher.net/info/scripts/alien_final_files/Alien3Fin.txt, 50–52.

92. Ibid., 68. The 26 January 1991 version is also available online at: http://www.davidfincher.net/info/scripts/alien_final_files/Alien3Fin.txt, 55.

93. Ibid., 52. The 26 January 1991 version is also available online at: http://www.davidfincher.net/info/scripts/alien_final_files/Alien3Fin.txt, 39.

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98. George Anderson, "A Look at Two New Science-Fiction Movies," *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette,* 25 June 1982, 21, 24.

99. Rena Andrews, "Blade Runner Needs Sharpening," *Denver Post,* 25 June 1982, Weekend, 6.

100. Gary Arnold, "Future Cop," *Washington Post,* 25 June 1982, C:1, 4.

101. For a discussion of scenes left out of the final release of the film, such as the unicorn dream sequence and the eleven instances of voice-over narration in the original version, see Laurent Bouzereau, "Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner* and *Legend,*" *Cutting Room Floor* (New York: Citadel, 1994), 66–80.

102. Kenneth Turan, "Blade Runner," *Los Angeles Times Magazine,* 13 September 1992, 24. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

103. Murray Chapman, "BLADE RUNNER Frequently Asked Questions" 1992–1995 (cited 30 August 2001); available from http://www.faqs.org/faqs/movies/bladerunner-faq/, 9.

104. Robin Wood's "Papering the Cracks: Fantasy and Ideology in the Reagan Era" examines *Blade Runner* alongside the *Star War* films, Spielberg's *E.T.* and *Poltergeist;* this article also analyzes the film's box-office failure, its film noir elements and horror elements, while comparing how Batty and Pris are constructed as the "bad" couple in contrast with how Deckard and Rachael are established as the "good" couple. It also argues that Batty misquotes Blake. See Robin Wood, "Papering the Cracks: Fantasy and Ideology in the Reagan Era," *Hollywood from Vietnam to Reagan* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1986), 162–188.

105. Chapman, 9.

106. Ibid.

107. J. Hoberman, "City of Dreadful Night," *Village Voice,* 15 September 1992, 61. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

108. Turan, 24.

109. Ibid.

110. Ibid.

111. For an account of how the structures of movie industry influenced or shaped the adaptation from the novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* to the film *Blade Runner,* see Philip E. Kaveny, *From Pessimism to Sentimentality:* Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? *Becomes* Blade Runner (Mercer Island, Wash.: Starmont House, 1985), 77–80.

112. John Harlow, "A Runaway Success on Looks Alone," *The Sunday Times* (London), 3 March 1996, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

113. Harlow, 20.

114. Ibid.

115. Ibid.

116. Ibid.

117. Ibid.

118. Chapman, 9.

119. Several resources on the evolution from script to film exist. David Aldridge's "Blade Runner: The Director's Cut," *Starburst* 171 (December 1992): 12–13, features Ridley Scott's comments on the release of the director's cut. William Kolb's "*Blade Runner:* The Director's Cut that Nearly Wasn't," *Perfect Vision* 6, no. 23 (1994): 120–125 engages with questions dealing with textual stability and adaptation. Mark Salisbury's "Back to the Future," *Empire* 47 (December 1992): 90–96, uses production history and firsthand testimony to

reconstruct how the director's cut came about. Philip Strick's "*Blade Runner:* Telling the Difference—Does the Director's Cut Show that Deckard Is a Replicant?" *Sight and Sound* 2, no. 8 (1992): 8–9, analyzes the concept of a "director's cut," the effect achieved by cutting out Harrison Ford's voice-overs, and whether Scott intended to have the audience believe Deckard is a replicant by virtue of the inclusion of the unicorn sequence and the ambiguous ending. Klein's "Is This Blade's Finest Cut?" announces the release of a laserdisc version of *Blade Runner* and reflects on the effect of the unresolved ending in the director's cut. See Andy Klein, "Is This Blade's Finest Cut?" *Reader,* 16 July 1993, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

120. For a discussion of the convergence of science fiction and film noir styles in the portrayal of *Blade Runner*'s metropolis, see Steve Carper, "Subverting the Disaffected City: Cityscape in Blade Runner," in *Retrofitting* Blade Runner: *Issues in Ridley Scott's* Blade Runner *and Philip K. Dick's* Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?, ed. Judith Kerman (Bowling Green, Ohio: Bowling Green State University Press, 1991), 185–195.

121. Donald Albrecht, " 'Blade Runner' Cuts Deep into American Culture," *New York Times,* 20 September 1997, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

122. For a discussion of various elements of film genres in *Blade Runner* and in particular the hard-boiled private detective film, the science fiction film, the horror film, and the noir style, see Leonard Heldreth, "The Cutting Edges of Blade Runner," in *Retrofitting Blade Runner: Issues in Ridley Scott's* Blade Runner *and Philip K. Dick's* Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?, ed. Judith Kerman (Bowling Green, Ohio: Bowling Green State University Press, 1991), 40–53. For a more in-depth look at the book and film in relation to the private eye genre in relation to emotional and intellectual experiences, see Judith Kerman, "Private Eye: A Semiotic Comparison of the Film *Blade Runner* and the Book *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*" in *Patterns of the Fantastic II,* ed. Donald M. Hassler (Mercer Island, Wash.: Starmont House, 1985), 69–75.

123. For an examination of the film's connections to the Bible, Milton's *Paradise Lost,* and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein,* see David Desser, "*Blade Runner:* Science Fiction & Transcendence," *Literature/Film Quarterly* 13, no. 3 (1985): 172–179.

124. "*Blade Runner*—The Workprint" notes on the Denver/Dallas/U.S. Sneak Preview of *Blade Runner* comment on this scene: "In this version, Roy says to Tyrell, 'I want more life . . . Father.' This line was shot for television coverage, but amazingly, never got used in the television version! However, rather than 'fucker', 'Father' seems to make more of a relevant statement: here, it rings better with Tyrell referring to Roy as 'the Prodigal Son.'" See "*Blade Runner*—The Workprint," ed. Deckard Ham. (2000 [cited 30 August 2001]); available from http://brspot.hypermart.net/workprint.htm, 4.

125. Hampton Fancher and David Peoples, *Blade Runner,* Screenplay (23 February 1981 [no date cited]); available from http://scribble.com/uwi/br/script, 82.

126. Hampton Fancher, *Blade Runner,* Screenplay (Brighton Productions, 24 July 1980 [cited 30 August 2001]); available from http://www.angelfire.com/movies/ridleyscott/scripts/BladeRunner072480.txt, 69.

127. "*Blade Runner*—The Workprint," 4.

128. Fancher, *Blade Runner,* 49; Fancher and Peoples, *Blade Runner,* 56.

129. Ibid.; Fancher and Peoples, *Blade Runner,* 55–56.

130. Rachela Morrison argues that the poem Batty recites throughout the film, William Blake's *America: A Prophecy,* functions as an examination of humanity and examines the way in which design supplements the narrative in presenting the differences and similarities between humans and replicants. See Rachela Morrison, "*Casablanca* Meets *Star Wars:* The Blakean Dialectics of *Blade Runner,*" *Literature/Film Quarterly,* 18, no. 1 (1990): 2–10.

131. Fancher, 9.

132. Ibid., 72–73.

133. Fancher and Peoples, 51.

134. Richard Corliss, "People We Like: Joanna Cassidy and Bonnie Bedelia," *Film Comment,* 19, no. 5 (1983): 83.

135. Fancher, 75–76.

136. Ibid., 76.

137. Ibid., 19.

138. Ibid.

139. Turan, 20.

140. Fancher, 20.

141. Ibid., 20–21.

142. Fancher and Peoples, 18.

143. For a technical and specialized review of how the special effects were achieved in *Blade Runner,* see Herb Lightman, "*Blade Runner:* Special Photographic Effects (Interview with David Dryer)," *American Cinematographer,* 63, no. 7 (July 1982): 692–693, 725–733.

144. Fancher, 24–25.

145. A version of this transcription is available in Fancher and Peoples, *Blade Runner*.

146. Fancher, 50–51.

147. Fancher and Peoples, 66–68.

148. Harlow, 3.

149. Hoberman, 61.

150. Chapman, 24.

151. James Steranko, "Blade Runner: Harrison Ford Is a Hard Boiled Detective in a New Futuristic Thriller," *Prevue* 48 (June–July 1982): 26–29, 67, 70–73. Quoted in W. M. Kolb, "Blade Runner: An Annotated Bibliography," *Literature/Film Quarterly* 18, no. 1 (1990): 19–65.

152. Janice H. Rushing and Thomas S. Frentz, "The Frankenstein Myth in Contemporary Cinema," *Critical Studies in Mass Communication* 6, no. 1 (March 1989): 61–80.

153. Rushing and Frentz, *Projecting the Shadow,* 158–159.

154. Fancher and Peoples, 85–86.

155. Rick Instrell's "*Blade Runner:* The Economic Shaping of a Film," in *Cinema and Fiction: New Modes of Adapting, 1950–1990,* ed. John Orr and Colin Nicholson (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1992), 160–170, discusses the film in the context of the forces of Hollywood film production, such as the escalating budget, the Ladd Company's directive that Scott recut the film with a happy ending, controversies over the "meaning" of the film, and its hybrid styles. Instructively, Instrell also uses David Bordwell's schema of referential meanings, explicit meanings, implicit meanings, and symptomatic meanings (set forth in David Bordwell's book, *Making and Meaning: Inference and Rhetoric in the Interpretation of Cinema* [Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1989]) to analyze *Blade Runner*. Another exhaustive and rich source of information regarding the film's genealogy is Paul M. Sammon's, *Future Noir: The Making of* Blade Runner (New York: Harper Prism, 1996).

156. Turan, 24.

157. Fancher and Peoples, 97.

158. Fancher, 84–85.

## CHAPTER FOUR. ON THE EDGE OF TERROR AND HUMOR

1. Alan Karp, *Box Office,* January 1985, pages not available. From Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Clippings Archive (hereafter, AMPAS Clippings Archive).

2. Patrick Goldstein, "*The Terminator:* Gore with Style," *Los Angeles Times,* 26 October 1984, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

3. Michael Hirschorn, "The Most Important Film of the '80s," *Esquire,* September 1990, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

4. David Edelstein, *Village Voice,* 13 November 1984, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

5. Jack Kroll, "Man vs. Machine at Armageddon," *Newsweek,* 19 November 1984, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

6. Edelstein, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

7. Karp, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

8. R. H. Martin, "Arnold Schwarzenegger Is *The Terminator,*" *Fangoria* 40 (1984): 31. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

9. Maeve Walsh, "It Was 15 Years Ago Today: The Terminator Knocks 'Em Dead," *The Independent on Sunday* [London], 24 October 1999, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

10. Martin, 31.

11. Paula Parisi, "Cameron's Canon," *Hollywood Reporter James Cameron Tribute,* 7 March 1995, S38. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

12. Cited in Walsh, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

13. "James Cameron and *The Terminator,*" *Fangoria* 41 (1984): 47. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

14. Ibid., 49–50.

15. Martin, 31.

16. "Body by Arnold," *Newsweek,* 28 June 1999, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

17. The Internet Movie Data Base reports that both O. J. Simpson and Lance Henriksen were considered for the part of the Terminator. See "Trivia for Terminator, The, 1984," 2001. (Internet Movie Data Base [cited 30 August 2001]); available from http://us.imdb.com/Trivia?0088247

18. Parisi, S38.

19. Ibid.

20. James Cameron and Gale Anne Hurd, Terminator, *Fourth Draft,* 20 April 1983, 5. From Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Scripts Archive (hereafter, AMPAS Scripts Archive).

21. Ibid., 7.

22. Ibid.

23. Janet Maslin, "The Screen: 'Terminator,' Suspense Tale," *New York Times,* 26 October 1984, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

24. Cameron and Hurd, 71, 82, 84–95.

25. Walsh, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

26. Chapman, 9.

27. Cameron also coscripted the *Terminator* with Gale Anne Hurd. However, science fiction author Harlan Ellison filed a lawsuit against Cameron, claiming that the writer-director had plagiarized several of his short stories, such as "With a Glass Hand" and "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream." Newer prints now credit Ellison and another writer, William Wisher Jr. (listed as "William Wisher"), for additional dialogue. See "Trivia for Terminator."

28. "Cameron and *The Terminator,*" 48.

29. Martin, 30.

30. Thomas McKelvey Cleaver, "Adam Greenberg on *The Terminator,*" *American Cinematographer* (April 1985): 50. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

31. Ibid., 50.

32. Ibid., 51.

33. Cameron and Hurd, 19.

34. Cleaver, 51.

35. Cameron and Hurd, 23–24.

36. Ibid., 26.

37. Ibid., 32.

38. Ibid., 28A.

39. Dale Dye, "Talking with the Terminator," *Soldier of Fortune,* December 1984, 72. From AMPAS Clippings Archives.

40. Ibid., 73.

41. Cameron and Hurd, 71.

42. Ibid., 39.

43. Ibid., 41.

44. Ibid., 78.

45. Dale Dye, "Cyborg Terminator: The Ultimate Merc," *Soldier of Fortune,* December 1984, 113. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

46. Cameron and Hurd, 28A.

47. Ibid., 105.

48. "The Terminator," *Los Angeles Movie Gazette,* 21 November 1984, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

49. Cameron and Hurd, 106.

50. Charles Champlin, "Rewards of Reassurance: Big Votes, Large Grosses," *Los Angeles Times,* 8 November 1984, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

51. Cleaver, 51.

52. Ibid.

53. Cameron and Hurd, 213.

54. Ibid., 81–82.

55. Ibid., 256.

56. Ibid., 194.

57. Ibid., 197.

58. Goldstein, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

59. Janice Rushing and Thomas Frentz, *Projecting the Shadow: The Cyborg Hero in American Film* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995), 173.

60. Cameron and Hurd, 256.

61. Ibid., 259.

62. Norman L. Friedman, "*The Terminator:* Changes in Critical Evaluations of Cultural Productions," *Journal of Popular Culture* 28, no. 1 (1994): 74.

63. For a detailed analysis of *The Terminator*'s impact on film history, film criticism, and the careers of those involved with its production, see Friedman, 73–80.

64. Jeff Schwager, "Back from the Abyss," *Box Office,* July 1991, 14. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

65. Martin A. Grove, "Hollywood Report," *Hollywood Reporter,* 28 June1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

66. James Cameron, "Introduction," Terminator 2: Judgment Day; *The Book of the Film, An Illustrated Screenplay,* James Cameron and William Wisher (New York: Applause Books, 1991), 6.

67. Jim Emerson, "Sequel Terminates Summer Blahs," *Orange County Register,* 2 July 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

68. Martin A. Grove, "Hollywood Report," *Hollywood Reporter,* 1 July 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

69. David Sterritt, "Terminator," *Christian Science Monitor,* 9 July 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

70. Jay Carr, "Terminator Turns Good, which Is Too Bad," *Boston Globe,* 3 July 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

71. Tom Provenzano, "*Terminator 2: Judgment Day;* Message or Muscle, Ethics or Effects?" *Hollywood Drama-Logue,* 11–17 July 1991, 4. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

72. Elisa Leonelli, "He's Ba-a-ack: *Terminator 2, Judgment Day,*" *Venice,* August 1991, 23. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

73. Similar controversies surrounded the 3-D showings of *Terminator 2* (blending 3–D effects on film with live shoot-'em-up action onstage), at the Hollywood Universal Studios and Florida Universal Park. Part of the controversy surrounded the fact that no warnings were posted concerning the degree of violence and that even infants and three-year-olds, as long as they were accompanied by an adult, were being allowed in. See Jeffrey Gettleman, "3–D Violence Is Too Much for Some at New Universal Show," *Los Angeles Times,* 7 May 1999, B1ff.; and Jeffrey Gettleman, "You Need Glasses, Baby!" *Los Angeles Times,* 6 May 1999, 43–44. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

74. Jack Mathews, "Ultimately This Movie Is, on a Realistic Level, Just a Movie," *Los Angeles Times,* 14 July 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

75. See, for example, Kirk Honeycutt, "*Terminator*'s Generator: James Cameron Says He Uses Violence to Make a Point," *Los Angeles Times,* 2 July 1991; "How to Spend $94 Million," *Newsweek,* 8 July 1991; "Hoffman Comes to Defense of Budget for *Terminator 2,*" *Hollywood Reporter,* 31 May 1991; Claudia Eller and Judy Brennan, "*Terminator 2* Woes Denied by Carolco," *Variety,* 12 March 1991; "Big Bucks," *Long Beach Press-Telegram,* 14 April 1991; Nina J. Easton, "Maybe Some CPAs Should Review It," *Los Angeles Times,* 28 April 1991, 18; Pat H. Broeske, "Well, He Did Say, 'I'll be Back,'" *Los Angeles Times,* 19 May 1991, 22. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

76. "How to Spend $94 Million," pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

77. Robert Osborne, "A Head of Its Time," *Hollywood Reporter,* 9 March 1992, S26. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

78. This title was playfully created by the staff. See Cameron and Wisher, Terminator 2: Judgment Day; *An Illustrated Screenplay,* 19.

79. Ibid., 23.

80. J. Hoberman, "Terminal Systems," *Village Voice,* 9 July 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

81. Mathews, 22.

82. Margot Dougherty, "A New Body of Work: Hamilton Gets Tough in *Terminator 2,*" *Entertainment Weekly,* 12 July 1991, 18. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

83. Ibid.

84. Hoberman, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

85. Richard Corliss, "Why Can't a Woman Be a Man?" *Time,* 5 August 1991, 66–67. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

86. Cameron and Wisher, 36–39.

87. David J. Fox, "Where's Poppa? (*Psst!* Check the Floor)," *Los Angeles Times,* 30 June 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

88. Cameron and Wisher, 46.

89. Tom Provenzano, "Terminator 2: Joe Morton (Miles Dyson)," *Hollywood Drama-Logue,* 11–17 July 1991, 7. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

90. Ibid.

91. Cameron and Wisher, 140–143.

92. Ibid., 308.

93. Ibid., 58.

94. Ibid., 61.

95. Joel Engel, "The Daredevils of 'Terminator 2,'" *New York Times,* 30 June 1991, 11, 16. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

96. Joel Kramer, "Anatomy of a Stunt," *Hollywood Reporter,* 10 February 1992, S16–S20. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

97. Cameron and Wisher, 61.

98. Ibid.

99. Tom Provenzano, "Terminator 2: Robert Patrick (T–1000)," *Drama-Logue,* 11–17 July 1991, 7. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

100. Stewart Weiner, "Morphing: How T2's Hit Man Shifted Shape," *TV Guide,* 1 August 1992, 19. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

101. Charles Solomon, "How They Did That," *Los Angeles Times,* 23 September 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

102. Hoberman, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

103. Karla Peterson, "Message of Peace Is Delivered with Weapons of War," *San Diego Union,* 3 July 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

104. Sterritt, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

105. Emerson, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

106. For a more detailed analysis of these two general types of science fiction narratives that competed for dominance in the science fiction film market during the 1970s and 1980s, refer to Friedman, 73–80.

107. Broeske, 45.

108. Schwager, 15.

109. Susan Jeffords, *Hard Bodies: Hollywood Masculinity in the Reagan Era* (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 1994), 162–163.

110. Broeske, 45.

111. Cameron and Wisher, 135.

112. Rushing and Frentz, 198.

113. Broeske, 45.

114. Schwager, 14.

115. Tom Provenzano, "Terminator 2: Arnold Schwarzenegger (The Terminator)," *Drama-Logue,* 11–17 July 1991, 5. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

116. Hoberman, pages not available. AMPAS Clippings Archive.

117. For a detailed description of how this effect was produced, refer to Solomon, 3, 39–40. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

118. Hamilton's identical twin sister, Leslie Gearren, played a cameo as the cyborg Sarah (the one standing furthest from the camera, wearing hair extensions). See Dougherty, 19. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

119. Andrew Pollack, "Computer Images Stake Out New Territory," *New York Times,* 24 July 1991, sec. C12. See also David Kaplan, Anthony Duignan-Cabrera, Lynda Wright, and Emily Yoffe, "Lights! Action! Disk Drives!" *Newsweek,* 22 July 1991, 54. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

120. Pat Morrison, "That SWAT Hot Look," *Los Angeles Times,* 9 August 1991, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

121. Provenzano, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

122. Peterson, E7.

123. Broeske, 45.

124. Cameron and Wisher, 78.

125. Ibid., 295.

126. Ibid.

127. Jeffords, 164.

128. Cameron and Wisher, 120.

129. Ibid., 133.

130. The final scene of the screenplay and original version of the film are done from the point of view of Sarah as a grandmother, who has lived to see a different type of future. John has become a senator whose battleground has become the spheres of politics and law and whose weapons are "commonsense and hope." The scene ends with Sarah smiling as she ties her granddaughter's shoelace and ruffles the child's hair before the child runs off to play with her dad. Cameron appropriately junked the idyllic ending for a darker, more ambiguous one (and also one more open to further sequels). Nevertheless, even this ending does not change Sarah's role as chronicler, rather than re-creator, of history. Cameron and Wisher, 257–259.

131. Simon Fanshawe, "Believe It or Not," *Sunday Times* (London), 16 November 1997, 11. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

132. John O'Connell, "The Fourth Man," *Time Out,* 19–26 November 1997, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

133. Fanshawe, 11.

134. Peter Rainer, "Send in the Clones," *New Times Los Angeles,* 27 November 1997, 34. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

135. O'Connell, 14.

136. Anthony C. Ferrante, "Monster Invasion," *Fangoria* 166 (September 1997): 8. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

137. Andrew Murdock and Rachel Aberly, *The Making of* Alien Resurrection (New York: Harper Prism, 1997), 5.

138. Rainer, 34.

139. Murdock and Aberly, 6.

140. Ibid., 7.

141. Ferrante, 8.

142. O'Connell, 12.

143. Rainer, 34.

144. Manohla Dargis, "Death Doesn't Become Her," *L.A. Weekly,* 28 November 1997, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

145. O'Connell, 13.

146. Joss Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Final Draft Script,* (no date cited); available from http://www.dataforce.net:8004/~viking/scripts/A4SCRIPT.TXT, 1–3.

147. Murdock and Aberly, 11.

148. Ibid.

149. Because the action in the script is fairly linear, Nigel Phelps decided to design his sets starting off with "cleanish" greens, blues, and grays, moving gradually into oranges and golds and culminating in reds to heighten the action. Darius Khondji, the cinematographic "Prince of Darkness," used his signature chiaroscuro lighting and muted colors for *Alien: Resurrection;* he also used smoke, which functioned as an additional filter and enhanced the suspense and foreboding ambiance of the film. Murdock and Aberly, 17–18.

150. Joss Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Scriptbook* (New York: Harper Prism, 1997), 1.

151. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Final Draft Script,* 6.

152. Ibid., 3.

153. Ibid., 28–29.

154. Fanshawe, pages not available. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

155. The online script includes two other characters: St. Just, an Asian, great with guns, and "the epitome of cool" (a part reputedly written for Hong Kong action star, Chow Yun-Fat), and Rane, a character who is wounded almost immediately during the "Mexican standoff" with the military on the *Auriga*. Both characters were eliminated with many of St. Just's parts given to Christie. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Scriptbook,* 16, 45.

156. Ibid., 26.

157. Murdock and Aberly, 36.

158. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Scriptbook,* 26.

159. Murdock and Aberly, 12.

160. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Scriptbook,* 34.

161. Ibid., 102.

162. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Final Draft Script,* 106.

163. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Scriptbook,* 111.

164. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Final Draft Script,* 46

165. Ibid., 13.

166. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Scriptbook,* 67.

167. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Final Draft Script,* 84.

168. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Scriptbook,* 85.

169. Ibid., 92–93.

170. "Alien Resurrection (Alien 4)," *Coming Attractions by Corona* (31 March 1999 [cited 1 September 2001]); available from http://www.corona.bc.ca/films/details/alien4.html 4.

171. O'Connell, 14.

172. Ibid.

173. Ibid.

174. Apparently a frantic search was launched to relocate the alien queen costume until it was found with an avid *Alien* collector, Bob Burns. Murdock and Aberly, 31–32.

175. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Scriptbook,* 103.

176. Ibid., 107.

177. Ibid., 108.

178. John Calhoun, "New Tricks for an Old Alien," *TCI,* January 1998, 18. From AMPAS Clippings Archive.

179. Ibid.

180. Murdock and Aberly, 33.

181. Ibid.

182. Whedon, Alien Resurrection *Scriptbook,* 14.

## CHAPTER FIVE. POSTMODERN HORROR-HILARITY

1. Jonathan Lake Crane, *Terror and Everyday Life: Singular Moments in the History of the Horror Film* (London: Sage, 1994), 27.

2. Rosemary Jackson, *Fantasy: The Literature of Subversion* (New York: Methuen, 1981), 101.

3. Ibid., 102.

4. Ibid.

5. Caroline Joan ("Kay") S. Picart, *The Cinematic Rebirths of Frankenstein: Universal, Hammer and Beyond* (Westport, Conn.: Praeger, 2001). See also: "James Whale's (Mis)Reading of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein," *Critical Studies in Mass Communication* 15 (December 1998): 382–404, and "Visualizing the Monstrous in Frankenstein Films," *Pacific Coast Philology* 35 (September 2000): 7–34.

6. Pete Boss, "Vile Bodies and Bad Medicine," *Screen* 27, no. 1 (Spring 1986): 24.

7. Michael A. Arnzen, "Who's Laughing Now? . . . The Postmodern Splatter Film," *Journal of Popular Film and Television* 21, no. 4 (1994): 183.

8. Philip Brophy, "Horrality—The Textuality of Contemporary Horror Films," *Screen* 27, no. 1 (Spring 1986): 2–13.

9. Andrew Murdock and Rachel Aberly, *The Making of* Alien Resurrection (New York: Harper Prism, 1997), 12.

10. Robert D. Romanyshyn, *Technology as Symptom and Dream* (New York: Routledge, 1989), 117.

11. J. P. Tellote, "*The Terminator, Terminator 2* and the Exposed Body," *Journal of Popular Film and Television* 20, no. 2 (1992): 26–34.

12. For an analysis of how Young Frankenstein plays out adolescent fantasies-tensions, see James B. Twitchell, *Dreadful Pleasures: An Anatomy of Modern Horror* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985), 188–190.

13. Brophy, 12.

14. Donna Haraway, "A Cyborg Manifesto: Science, Technology, and Socialist-Feminism in the Late Twentieth Century," in *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women: The Reinvention of Nature* (New York: Routledge, 1991), 149–182.

15. Ibid., 149.

16. Shelley Stamp Lindsey, "Horror, Femininity, and Carrie's Monstrous Puberty," *Journal of Film and Video,* 43, no. 4 (Winter 1991): 34. Although Lindsey is writing about Carrie specifically, many of her observations apply easily to classic horror renditions of the Frankensteinian cinemyth.

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